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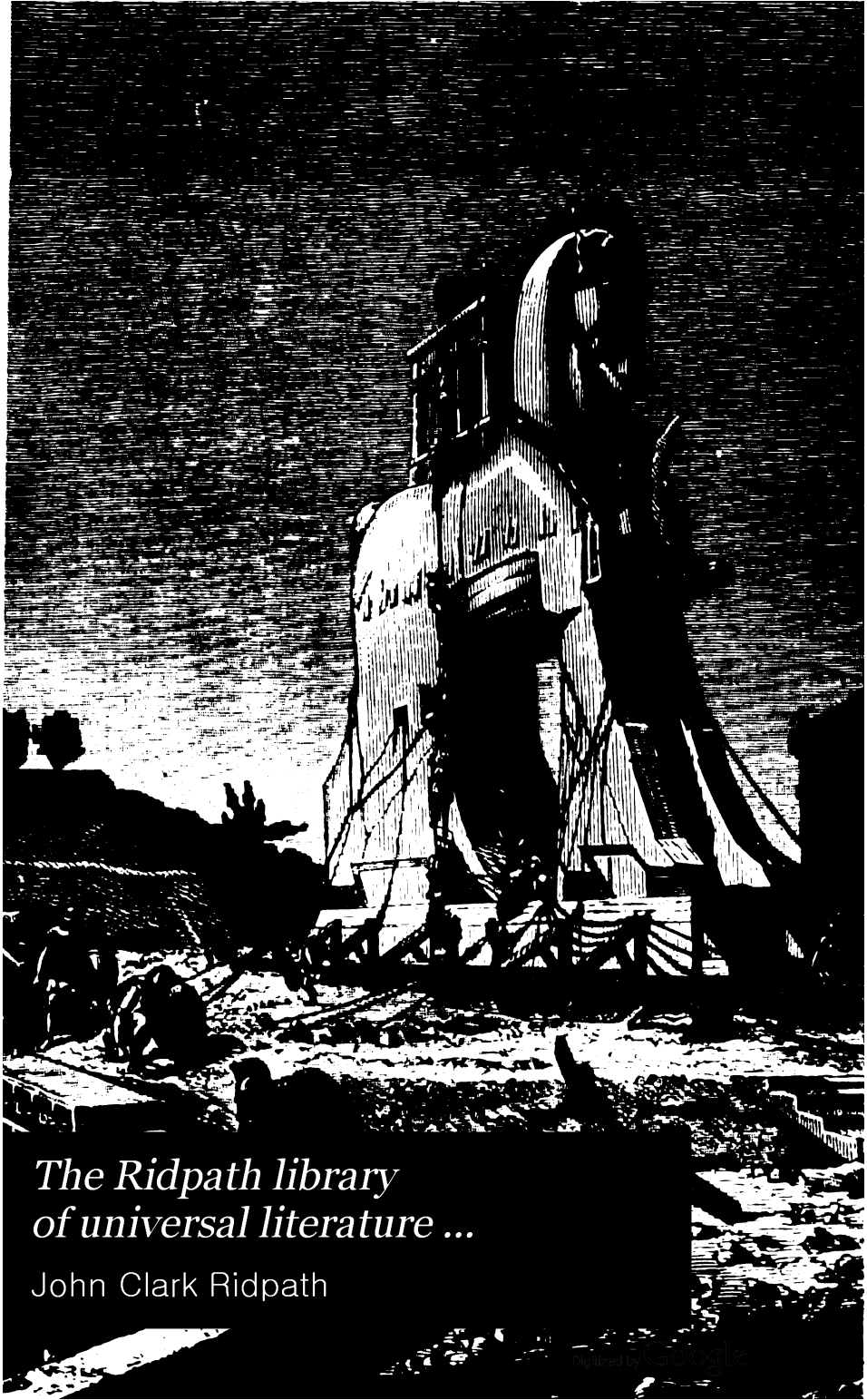
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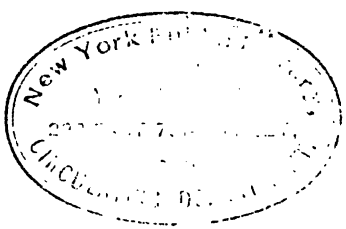
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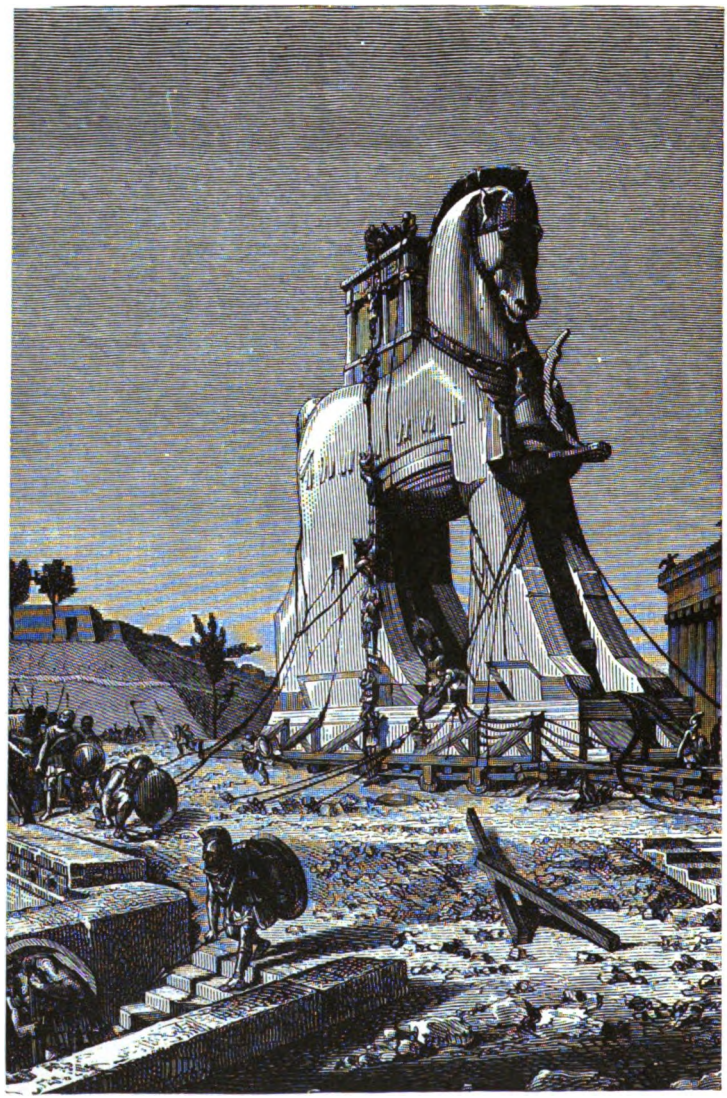
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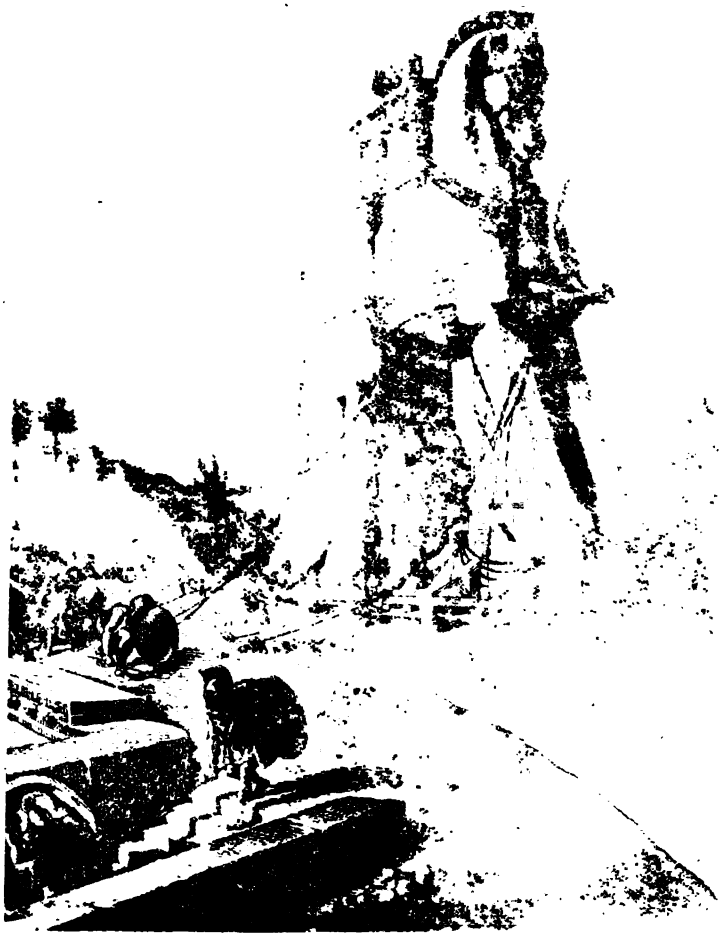
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NEW YORK

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

V. 11

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
å as in fall, talk.
á as in ask, fast, ant.
à as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ė as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
u̇ as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:
ạ as in prelate, courage.
ẹ as in ablegate, episcopal.
ọ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ụ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:
a̤ as in errant, republican.
e̤ as in prudent, difference.
i̤ as in charity, density.
o̤ as in valor, actor, idiot.
ṳ̈ as in Persia, peninsula.
ö̤ as in *the* book.
ṳ̄ as in nature, feature.

A mark (⌣) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:
t̰ as in nature, adventure.
d̰ as in arduous, education.
s̰ as in pressure.
z̰ as in seizure.
y as in yet.
B Spanish b (medial).
ċh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
ṅ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
TH as in then.
D = TH.

′ denotes a primary, ″ a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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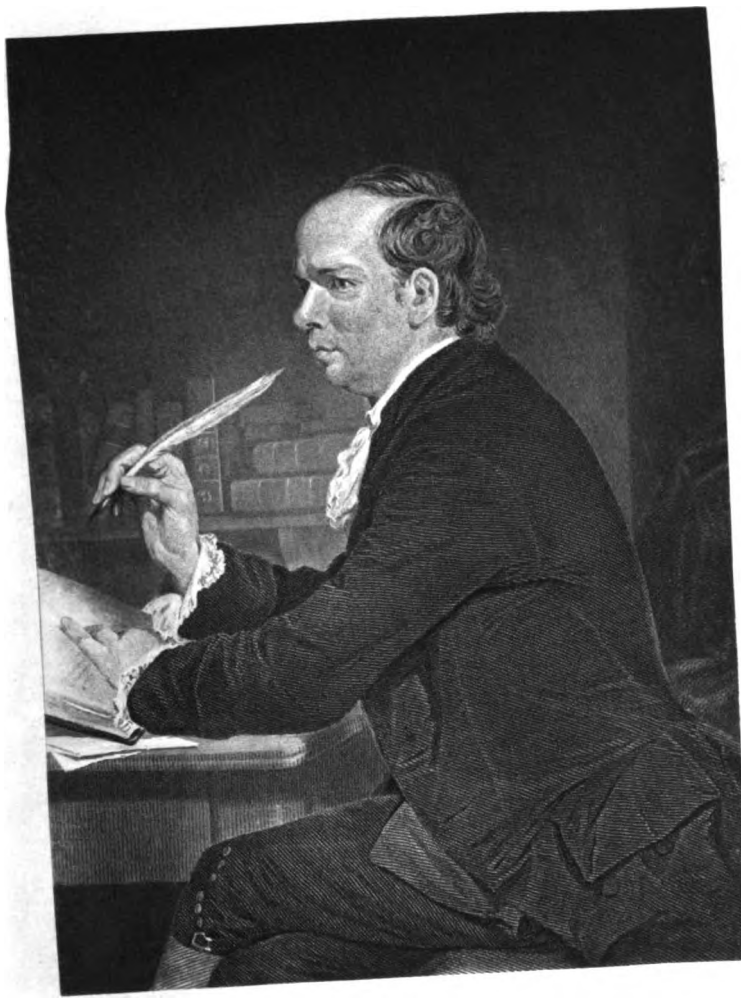
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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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Furness (fẽr'nes), Horace Howard.
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Gilbert (gil'bẽrt), William Schwenck.
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Gilfillan (gil fil'ạn), George.
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Gilman, Caroline (Howard).
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Gilpin (gil'pin), William.
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Gladstone (glad'stǫn), William Ewart.
Gleig (gleg), George Robert.
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Goldschmidt (gōld'schmit), Meyer Aaron.
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Goncourt (gôñ kör'), Edmond Louis Huot de and Jules Alfred Huot de Goncourt.
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Goodrich (gūd'rich), Frank Boott.
Goodrich, Samuel Griswold.
Gore (gōr), Catherine Grace Frances (Moody).
Gosse (gos), Edmund William.
Gosse, Philip Henry.
Gosson (gos'ǫn), Stephen.
Gottschall (got'shäl), Rudolph.
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Grahame (grām), James.
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Grant. Ulysses Simpson.
Grattan (grat'ạn), Henry.
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FULLER, HENRY BLAKE, an American novelist, was born at Chicago, in 1857, and was educated at the public schools of his native city. After his graduation from the high school he entered a counting-house, and it was supposed that he would pursue the calling of his father and grandfather, who were merchants of high standing. After a trial of business life, however—in which he obtained that knowledge of local business methods which is shown in his later novels—he went abroad to study music. He became an accomplished musician; but already his mind was upon literature, and he gave more attention to the writing of librettos than to composition. His first novel, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, was brought out under typographical disadvantages and under the pen-name of "Stanton Page;" and the book and its author were practically unknown until James Russell Lowell, having received a copy as a Christmas present from Professor Norton, pronounced it "a precious book," and it was reproduced, revised and enlarged, in 1892. In the same year appeared *The Châtelaine of La Trinité* as a serial in the *Century*. *The Cliff Dwellers* was published in *Harper's Weekly* in 1893. "With almost the first line," says *The Bookman*, "there is an abrupt departure from the author's former manner; a change from dreamy idealism to vigi-

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lant realism, as startling as though the roll of alarm drums had suddenly succeeded to the music of lutes." This was followed by *With the Procession*, another "literary *tour de force*," as Edith Brown called it in a review of Fuller's writings. *The Puppet Booth*, a collection of light little plays, which appeared in 1896, was not taken very seriously by the literary world. "Mr. Fuller," said the *Critic*, "should put aside his puppets and other playthings. He has shown himself more than a maker of ingenious toys. He has in Chicago and the West an immense field before him, full of truly heroic material; and we believe him capable of entering in and working a large section of it."

CHICAGO.

Does it seem unreasonable that the State which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch of our history, and which has done most during the last ten years to check alien excesses in American ideas, should also be the State to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis? "And you personally—is this your belief?"

Fairchild leaned back his fine old head on the padded top of his chair and looked at his questioner with the kind of pity that had a faint tinge of weariness. His wife sat beside him silent, but with her hand on his, and when he answered she pressed it meaningly, for to the Chicagoan—even the middle-aged female Chicagoan—the name of the town, in its formal, ceremonial use, has a power that no other word in the language quite possesses. It is a shibboleth as regards pronunciation; it is a trumpet-call as regards its effect. It has all the electrifying and unifying power of a college yell.

"Chicago is Chicago," he said. "It is the belief of us all. It is inevitable; nothing can stop us now."—*From The Cliff Dwellers.*

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A GENUINE MOZART.

In one of these churches, one morning, the Governor having inexplicably vanished, the young men were taking advantage of so appropriate a time and place to air their theological views. Zeitgeist had already upset the sacred chronology, to the scandal of Aurelia West, and Fin-de-Siècle was engaged in cracking a series of ornamental flourishes against the supernatural about the startled ears of the Châtelaine, when the Governor, emerging from nowhere in particular, as it seemed, came tripping toward them, to the great relief of the orthodox sex, with a twinkle in his eyes and a dusty document in his extended hand. He announced with great glee that he had just got hold of another Mozart manuscript, and he justified himself before the reproachful Châtelaine, who appeared to be suspecting some grave impropriety, or worse, by a statement of facts. He had burst unexpectedly at once into the sacristy and into a rehearsal. He had found a lank old man in a cassock seated before a music-rest in the midst of a dozen little chaps dressed in red petticoats and white over-things, and every one of those blessed choristers was singing at the top of his lungs—had any of them heard it?—his own proper part in a Mozart mass from a real Mozart manuscript. They were being kept to the mark by a pair of lay brothers who played—incredible and irreverent combination!—a tuba and a bassoon; and the master had quieted his obstreperous aids, and had come straight to him in the most civil manner, and—well, here was the manuscript; twenty florins well spent. It was not a mass,—oh, dear, no; let nobody think it,—it was a little trio—la-a-a-, la la la, la-a-a, that was the way it went. These parts here were for two violins, probably, but they would go well enough on the flute and the upper strings of the 'cello. Really it was not so difficult after all, this finding of manuscripts, and he felt that he could soon leave Salzburg quite content.—*From The Châtelaine of La Trinité.*

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FULLER, THOMAS, an eminent English clergyman and biographer, born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in June, 1608; died in London, August 16, 1661. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, winning the highest university honors, and was presented to the living of St. Benoit's, Cambridge, where he came to be noted as an eloquent preacher, and was also made Prebendary of Salisbury. After some years he went to London, where he received the lectureship of the Savoy. Upon the outbreak of the civil war between the Parliament and Charles I. Fuller warmly espoused the royal cause, became a chaplain in the army, and suffered some inconveniences during the Protectorate of Cromwell. After the restoration of Charles II. he was made chaplain-extraordinary to the King, regained his prebendary, of which he had been deprived, and it was in contemplation to raise him to a bishopric; but he died before this intention was carried out. His principal works are *Historie of the Holy Warre* (1639); *Holy and Profane State*, proposing examples for imitation and avoidance (1642); *Church History of Britain from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year MDCXLVIII* (1655), and *History of the Worthies of England*, published in 1662, soon after his death. This last work is the one by which Fuller is now best known.

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THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

There is scarcely any profession in the commonwealth more necessary which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself. . . .

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all—saving some few exceptions—to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are

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new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterward prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterward the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. The schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forward. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.—*The Holy and Profane State.*

ON BOOKS.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them—built merely for uniformity—are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look

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through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables of contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.—*The Holy and Profane State.*

HENRY DE ESSEX, STANDARD-BEARER TO HENRY II.

It happened in the reign of this king there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, in Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex—*animum et signum simul abjecit*—betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl; under which, between shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.—*The Worthies of England.*

Fuller is especially notable for the quaint and pithy sayings scattered through his writings, often where one would least expect them. Thus he says: "The Pyramids, themselves doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders." Negroes are felicitously characterized as "God's image cut in ebony." . . . "As smelling a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are one's thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul."

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MISCELLANEOUS APHORISMS.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther.

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard. In a west window, in summer time toward night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body; their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

Learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

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FULLERTON, LADY GEORGIANA CHARLOTTE (LEVESON-GOWER), an English novelist, born September 23, 1812; died January 19, 1885. She was the second daughter of the first Earl of Granville. In 1833 she married Captain Fullerton, and removed to Ireland. Her first novel, *Ellen Middleton*, was published in 1844. She subsequently wrote many works, among them *Grantley Manor* (1849); *Lady-Bird* (1852); *The Life of St. Francis of Rome* (1855); *La Comtesse de Bonneval* and *Histoire du Temps de Louis XIV.* (1857); *Rose Leblanc* (1860); *Laurentia, a Tale of Japan* (1861); *Too Strange Not to be True* (1864); *Constance Sherwood* (1865); *A Stormy Life* (1867); *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* (1869); *The Gold-Digger and Other Verses* (1872); *Dramas from the Lives of the Saints* (1872), and *A Will and a Way* (1881). She also made many translations from the French.

A CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

Maître Simon's barge was lying at anchor near the village. It had just landed a party of emigrants on their way back from the Arkansas to New Orleans. He was storing it with provisions for the rest of the voyage, and was standing in the midst of cases and barrels, busily engaged in this labor, when Colonel d'Auban stepped into the boat, bade him good morning, and inquired after his daughter. On his first arrival in America he had made the voyage up the Mississippi in one of Simon's boats, and the bargeman's little girl, then a child of twelve years of age, was also on board. Simonette inherited from her mother, an Illinois

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Indian, the dark complexion and peculiar-looking eyes of that race; otherwise she was thoroughly French, and like her father, whose native land was Gascony. From her infancy she had been the plaything of the passengers on his boat, and they were, indeed, greatly in need of amusement during the wearisome weeks when, half imbedded in the floating vegetation of the wide river, they slowly made their way against its mighty current. As she advanced in years, the child became a sort of attendant on the women on board, and rendered them many little services.

She was an extraordinary being. Quicksilver seemed to run in her veins. She never remained two minutes together in the same spot or the same position. She swam like a fish, and ran like a lapwing. Her favorite amusements were to leap in and out of the boat, to catch hold of the swinging branches of the wild vine, and run up the trunks of trees with the agility of a squirrel, or to sit laughing with her playfellows, the monkeys, gathering bunches of grapes and handfuls of wild cherries for the passengers. She had a wonderful handiness, and a peculiar talent for contrivances. There were very few things Simonette could not do, if she once set about them. . . .

Simonette heard Mass on Sunday, and said short prayers night and morning; but her piety was of the active order. She studied her catechism up in some tree, seated on a branch, or else swinging in one of the nets in which Indian women rock their children. She could hardly sit still during a sermon, and from sheer restlessness envied the birds as they flew past the windows. But if Father Maret had a message to send across the prairie, or if food and medicine were to be carried to the sick, she was his ready messenger—his "carrier pigeon," as he called her. Through tangled thickets and marshy lands she made her way, fording with her naked feet the tributary streams of the great river, or swimming across them if necessary; jumping over fallen trunks, and singing as she went, the bird-like creature made friends and played with every animal she met, and fed on berries and wild honey.—*Too Strange Not to be True.*

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FURNESS, HORACE HOWARD, an American Shakespearian scholar and legal writer, son of William H. Furness, was born in Philadelphia, November 2, 1833. He was educated at Harvard University, studied law, and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1859. In 1871 he began editing a variorum edition of Shakespeare, and in the first year completed *Romeo and Juliet.* Subsequent volumes are *Macbeth* (1873); *Hamlet* (1877): *King Lear* (1880); *Othello* (1886); *The Merchant of Venice* (1888); *As You Like It* (1890); *The Tempest* (1893), and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* (1895). This work, upon which the author's literary reputation rests, is one of the most valuable contributions to Shakespeariana of recent years. In 1886 the University of Pennsylvania appointed a commission, known as the Seybert Commission, to investigate the claims of modern spiritualists, and Dr. Furness was made a member, and he made some valuable contributions to the report. He has also written on medical subjects.

Among the degrees conferred upon him for his eminent services in this branch of literature, is that of Ph.D. by the University of Göttingen. His wife, formerly Miss Helen Kate Rogers, also published a valuable *Concordance to Shakespeare's*

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Poems (1873), and prepared an index for Walker's *Text of Shakespeare*. She died in 1883.

"If the American editor maintains throughout," said the London *Spectator*, "the spirit and industry which he has displayed in his first volume, he will furnish a new reference Shakespeare that, in booksellers' phrase, no library should be without." "From a variety of indications we are satisfied," said the *Nation*, "that his self-imposed task has been executed with conscientious and unwearied fidelity."

THE "FIRST FOLIO" OF SHAKESPEARE.

When reading Shakespeare, we resign ourselves to the mighty current, and let it bear us along whithersoever it will; we see no shoals, heed no rocks, need no pilot. Whether spoken from rude boards or printed in homely form, the words are Shakespeare's, the hour is his, and a thought of texts is an impertinence. But when we study Shakespeare, then our mood changes; no longer are we "sitting at a play," the passive recipients of impressions through the eye and ear, but we weigh every word, analyze every expression, sift every phrase, that no grain of art or beauty which we can assimilate shall escape. To do this, we must have Shakespeare's own words before us. No other words will avail, even though they be those of the wisest and most inspired of our day and generation. We must have Shakespeare's own text; or, failing this, the nearest possible approach to it. We shall be duly grateful to the wise and learned, who, where phrases are obscure, give us the words which we believe to have been Shakespeare's; but as students we must have under our eyes the original text, which, however stubborn it may seem at times, may yet open its treasures to our importunity, and reveal charms before undreamed of.

This original text is to be found in the first edition of his Works, published in 1623, and usually known as

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the "*First Folio*," which was presumably printed from the words written by Shakespeare's own hand or from stage copies adapted from his manuscripts. Be it that the pages of this First Folio are little better than proof-sheets, lacking supervision of the author or of any other, yet "those who had Shakespeare's manuscript before them were more likely to read it right than we who read it only in imagination," as Dr. Johnson said. Even grant that the First Folio is, as has been asserted, one of the most carelessly printed books ever issued from the press, it is, nevertheless, the only text that we have for at least sixteen of the plays; and condemn it as we may, "still is its name in great account, it hath power to charm" for all of them. . . . If misspellings occur here and there, surely our common-school education is not so uncommon that we cannot silently correct them. If the punctuation be deficient, surely it can be supplied without an exorbitant demand upon our intelligence. And in lines incurably maimed by the printers, of what avail is the voice of a solitary editor amid the Babel that vociferates around, each voice proclaiming the virtues of its own specific? Who am I that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words? Even if a remedy be proposed which is by all acknowledged to be efficacious, it is not enough for the student that he should know the remedy; he must see the ailment. Let the ailment, therefore, appear in all its severity in the text, and let the remedies be exhibited in the notes; by this means we may make a text for ourselves, and thus made, it will become a part of ourselves, and speak to us with more power than were it made for us by the wisest editor of them all.—*Preface to The Moor of Venice.*

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FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY, an American clergyman and theological writer, born in Boston, 1802; died in Philadelphia, January 30, 1896. He was educated at Harvard University, studied theology at Cambridge, and in 1825 became pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Philadelphia. Before the Civil War he became distinguished for his zealous opposition to slavery. He was the author of *Remarks on the Four Gospels* (1836); *Jesus and His Biographers* (1838); *A History of Jesus* (1850); *Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth* (1859); *The Veil Partly Lifted and Jesus Becoming Visible* (1864); *Jesus* (1870); *The Story of the Resurrection of Christ Told Once More* (1885); *Pastoral Offices* (1893). He was a man of refined taste and high literary culture. His translations from the German have received high praise, especially that of Schiller's *Das Lied von der Glocke*, which is said to be the best English version of that beautiful poem. He has also published *Domestic Worship*, a volume of prayers (1850); a volume of *Discourses* (1855), and numerous *Poems*, original, or translated from the German.

"He is a man," wrote A. P. Peabody in the *North American Review*, "whom to know is to love, who is deeply penetrated with the spirit of Christianity, and whose whole life and character

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have grown from intimate heart-communion with the objects of his religious faith. He is a man of a rich, active, and fruitful intellect; of the most liberal culture, of warm enthusiasm and glowing fancy. But he is neither a logician nor critic. Æsthetic considerations weigh more with him than historical proofs, and vividness of conception than demonstration. So far is he from needing facts to verify his theories, that he is ready to reject the best-authenticated facts, if they flow not necessarily from his *à priori* reasoning. A History of Jesus is a title worthy of the author's honesty. The definite article would have been sadly out of place; for the work is not an exposition of the Gospels as they are, but an original gospel, embracing and endorsing such portions of the record of the Evangelists as accorded with his notions of what must and what should have been, and telling the rest of the story as the Evangelists would have told it had they belonged to his school of philosophy and theology. His theory is, we believe, entirely original and peculiar. It is naturalism in a form so irrational and untenable that we can hardly conceive of its ever finding a second advocate."

THE PERSONAL PRESENCE OF JESUS.

The greatest act may be spoiled by the way in which it is done, and the homeliest office of kindness may be discharged with a grace that shall hint of heaven. It is not in the form or in the word, but in the spirit, that lies the power. And the great personal power of Jesus cannot, I conceive, be fully accounted for without bringing distinctly into view what it seldom occurs to us to think of, as it is scarcely once alluded to in the Gospels,

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and if it were alluded to, was not a thing that admitted of being readily described: His personal presence, in a word, His manner. All that we read in the records in regard to it is that His teaching was marked by a singular air of authority. No, this was not a thing to be described. It was felt too deeply. It penetrated to that depth in the hearts of men whence no words come, whither no words reach. It was the strong humanity expressed in the whole air of Him, and unobstructed by any thought of Himself, that drew the crowd around Him, or at least fixed them in the attitude of breathless attention. Many a heart, I doubt not, was made to thrill and glow by the intonations of His voice attuned to a Divine sincerity, or by the passing expression of His countenance beaming with the truth, which is the presence and power of the Highest. In fine, it was His manner that rendered perfect the expression of His humanity, and gave men assurance of His thorough sincerity. And the peculiar charm of His humanity is, that it bloomed out in this fulness of beauty, not in the sunlight of joy, but under the deep gloom of an early, lonely, and cruel death, ever present to Him as the one special thing which He was bound to suffer.

Although He had renounced every private concern, and bound himself irrevocably to so terrible a fate, He nevertheless retained the healthiest and most cordial interest in men and things. Life lost not one jot of value in His eyes, although He knew that He had no lot in it but to die in torture, forsaken and defamed. On the contrary, who ever, within so brief a space of time—or indeed in any space of time, though extended to the utmost limit of this mortal existence—made so much out of it, or so enhanced its value, as He? With what light and beauty has He transfigured this life of ours! The world had nothing for Him but the hideous Cross, and yet He has flooded the world through that Cross with imperishable splendors, unconquerable Faith, and immortal Hope. Notwithstanding the deadly hatred of men, He loved them with a love stronger than death, and put faith in them as no other ever has done. The outcast He treated with a brother's tenderness, identifying Himself with the meanest of His fellow-men, and in

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the most emphatic manner teaching that sympathy withheld from the least is dishonor cast upon the greatest.—*The Veil Partly Lifted.*

A SINGLE EYE.

Let thine eye be single,
And no earth-born visions mingle
With thy pure ideal.
Then will its undimmed light
Make all within thee bright,
And all around thee real.

But if thine eye be double,
Black care will rise to trouble
And veil that light.
Then blindly wilt thou grope,
Cheated of faith and hope
By phantoms of the night.

ETERNAL LIGHT.

Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

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FUSINATO, ARNOLDO, an Italian poet, born near Vicenza in 1817. He was educated at the Seminary of Padua, studied law, and received his degree, but gave more attention to poetry than to legal practice. In 1848 he married the Princess Colonna, and after her death he married (in 1856) the poetess Erminia Fua, who, though born of Jewish parents, professed Christianity, and took a keen interest in matters pertaining to female education. She wrote *Versi e Fiori* (1852); *La Famiglia* (1876); *Scritti Educativi* (1880). In 1870 she went to Rome and founded a high school for young ladies. A sumptuous edition of Fusinato's *Poesies* was published at Venice in 1853. In 1870 he went to Rome as Chief Reviser of the Stenographic Parliamentary Reports. In 1871 appeared at Milan a volume of his *Poesie Patriottiche Inedite*, which contained, among other pieces, the popular *Students of Padua*. The poem quoted below has been translated into nearly every European language. In 1849 the Austrians, who had some months before been driven from Venice, returned, and bombarded the city, which, having been reduced to famine, and the cholera prevailing, surrendered, raising the white flag over the lagoon bridge by which the railway traveller enters the city. The poet imagines himself in one of the little towns on the nearest mainland:

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ARNOLDO FUSINATO

VENICE IN 1849.

The twilight is deepening, still is the wave;
I sit by the window, mute as by a grave;
Silent, companionless, secret I pine;
Through tears where thou liest I look, Venice mine.

On the clouds brokenly strewn through the west
Lies the last ray of the sun sunk to rest;
And a sad sibilance under the moon
Sighs from the broken heart of the lagoon.

Out of the city a boat draweth near:
"You of the gondola! tell us what cheer!"
"Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows."

No, no, nevermore on so great woe,
Bright sun of Italy, nevermore glow!
But o'er Venetian hopes shattered so soon,
Moan in thy sorrow forever, lagoon!

Venice, to thee comes at last the last hour;
Martyr illustrious, in thy foe's power;
Bread lacks, the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

Not all the battle-flames over thee streaming;
Not all the numberless bolts o'er thee screaming;
Not for these terrors thy free days are dead:
Long live Venice! She's dying for bread!

On thy immortal page sculpture, O Story,
Others' iniquity, Venice's glory;
And three times infamous ever be he
Who triumphed by famine, O Venice, o'er thee.

Long live Venice! Undaunted she fell;
Bravely she fought for her banner and well;
But bread lacks; the cholera deadlier grows;
From the lagoon bridge the white banner blows.

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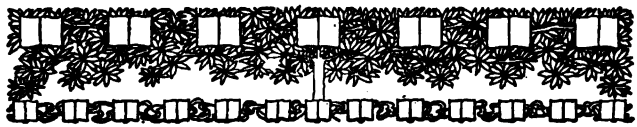
And now be shivered upon the stone here
Till thou be free again, O lyre I bear.
Unto thee, Venice, shall be my last song,
To thee the last kiss and the last tear belong.

Exiled and lonely, from hence I depart,
But Venice forever shall live in my heart;
In my heart's sacred place Venice shall be
As is the face of my first love to me.

But the wind rises, and over the pale
Face of its waters the deep sends a wail;
Breaking, the chords shriek, and the voice dies.
On the lagoon bridge the white banner flies.
—*Translation of* W. D. HOWELLS.

Speaking of the protracted inactivity of Fusinato's pen, after the publication of his beautiful *genre* pictures of Italian society, Sauer, in his *Geschichte der Italianischen Litteratur*, says: "It is a pity that the poet has been so utterly silent for these many years. With his humorous talent he might have created many another bright picture."

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GABORIAU, ÉMILE, a French novelist, was born at Saujon, in the department of Charente-Inférieure, November 9, 1835; died at Paris, September 28, 1873. He was for a short time a cavalryman, after which he was for a while in the express business; and while engaged in these occupations he began to gather the store of incidents which helped to make him famous as a writer of detective stories. His earlier sketches appeared in the lesser Parisian journals; and were afterward brought together under such collective titles as *Mariages d'Aventure*, *Ruses d'Amour*, *Les Comédiennes Adorées*. These were supposed to represent contemporary life among military, theatrical, and fashionable people generally. They were followed in 1866 by his first novel, *L'Affaire Lerouge*. Next appeared *Le Dossier No. 113* (1867) and *Le Crime d'Orcival* (1868), elaborate stories of gloomy crime and its detection, the plots of which—often compared by critics to those of Collins and Poe—are worked out with great skill and dramatic effect. His later publications during his life included *Monsieur Lecocq* (1869); *Les Esclaves de Paris* (1869); *La Vie Infernale* (1870); *La Clique Dorée* (1871); *La Corde au Cou* (1873). He left manuscripts of other works, which were published posthumously, including *L'Argent des Autres* (1874) and *La Degringolade* (1876).

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"Gaboriau's novels," says a recent writer, "are faithful pictures of French legal procedure, with its mode, so contrary to ours, of administering criminal law."

THE VOLUNTARY DETECTIVE.

The man had emptied the contents of his basket on to the table—a large lump of clay, several large sheets of paper, and three or four little pieces of still wet plaster. Standing before this table, he looked almost grotesque, strikingly resembling those gentlemen who, on the public places, perform juggling tricks with nutmegs and the pence of the public. His dress had suffered considerably; he was almost covered with mud.

"I commence," said he, in a voice almost conceitedly modest. "The theft is of no account in the crime that we are considering."

"No, on the contrary," muttered Gévrol.

"I will prove it," continued Father Tabaret, "by evidence. I will also presently give my humble opinion on the manner of the murder. Well, the murderer came here before half-past nine—that is to say, before the rain. Like M. Gévrol, I also found no muddy footprints; but under the table, on the spot where the murderer's foot must have rested, I have found traces of dust. So we are quite certain now about the time. The Widow Lerouge did not at all expect the comer. She had begun to undress, and was just winding up her cuckoo-clock, when this person knocked."

"What minute details!" cried the justice of the peace.

"They are easy to verify," replied the voluntary detective. "Examine this clock above the writing table. It is one of those that go for fourteen or fifteen hours, not more, as I have ascertained. Then it is more than probable—it is certain—that the widow wound it up in the evening before going to bed. How is it that the clock stopped at five o'clock? Because she touched it. She must have begun to pull the chain when some one knocked. To prove what I have stated, I show you this chair below the clock, and on the stuff of the chair the very plain mark of a foot. Then look at the victim's

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costume. She had taken off the body of her dress; to open the door more quickly she did not put it on again, but hastily threw this old shawl over her shoulders."

"Christi!" exclaimed the brigadier, whom this had evidently impressed. "The widow," continued Tabaret, "knew the man who struck her. Her haste in opening the door leads us to suspect it; what followed proves it. Thus the murderer was admitted without any difficulty. He is a young man, a little over the average height, elegantly dressed. That evening he wore a tall hat; he had an umbrella, and was smoking a trabucos with a mouth-piece."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Gévrol; "that is too strong!"

"Too strong, perhaps," answered Father Tabaret; "in any case, it is the truth. If you are not particular as to detail, I cannot help it; but, for my part, I am. I seek, and I find. Ah, it is too strong, you say! Well, condescend to cast a glance at these lumps of wet plaster. They represent the heels of the murderer's boots, of which I found a most perfect imprint near the ditch in which the key was found. On these pieces of paper I have chalked the impression of the whole foot, which I could not carry away, as it is on sand. Look; the heel is high, the instep well marked, the sole little and narrow—evidently the boot of a fine gentleman, whose foot is well cared for. Look there, all along the road; you will see it twice more. Then you will find it five times in the garden, into which no one has penetrated, and this proves also that the murderer knocked not at the door, but at the shutter, under which a ray of light was visible. On entering the garden, my man jumped, to avoid a garden-bed; the deeper imprint of the toe proves that. He made a spring of almost two yards with ease; therefore he is nimble—that is to say, young."

Father Tabaret spoke in a little, clear, penetrating voice. His eye moved from one to another of his hearers, watching their impressions.

"Is it the hat that surprises you, M. Gévrol?" continued Father Tabaret.—"Just look at the perfect circle traced on the marble of this writing-table, which was a little dusty. Is it because I fixed his height that you are surprised? Be so good as to examine the top of

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this cupboard, and you will see that the murderer has passed his hands over it. Then he must be taller than I am. And do not say that he climbed on a chair; for in that case he would have seen, and would not have been obliged to feel. Are you astonished at the umbrella? This lump of earth retains an excellent impression, not only of the point, but also of the round of wood which holds the stuff. Is it the cigar that amazes you? Here is the end of the trabucos, which I picked up among the ashes. Is the end of it bitten? Has it been moistened by saliva? No. Then whoever smoked it made use of a mouth-piece."

Lecoq with difficulty restrained his enthusiastic admiration; noiselessly he struck his hands together. The justice of the peace was amazed, the judge seemed delighted. As a contrast, Gévrol's face became noticeably longer. As for the brigadier, he was petrified.

"Now," continued Tabaret, "listen attentively. Here is the young man introduced. How he explained his presence at that time I do not know. What is certain is that he told the Widow Lerouge he had not dined. The worthy woman was delighted, and immediately set about preparing a meal. This meal was not for herself. In the cupboard I have found the remains of her dinner; she had eaten fish, the post-mortem will prove that. Besides, as you see, there is only one glass on the table, and one knife. But who is this young man? Evidently the widow considered him very much above her. In the cupboard there is a tablecloth that is still clean. Did she make use of it? No. For her guest she got out white linen, and her best. She meant this beautiful goblet for him; it was a present, no doubt. And finally, it is evident that she did not commonly make use of this ivory-handled knife."

"All that is exact," muttered the judge, "very exact."

"The young man is seated, then; he has begun by drinking a glass of wine, while the widow was putting her saucepan on the fire. Then his courage began to fail him; he asked for brandy, and drank about five little glasses full. After an inner conflict of about ten minutes—it must have taken this time to cook the ham

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and the eggs to this point—the young man rose, approached the widow, who was then bending down and leaning forward, and gave her two blows on the back. She did not die instantly. She half rose, and clutched the murderer's hands. He also retreated, lifted her roughly, and threw her back into the position you see her. This short struggle is proved by the attitude of the corpse. Bent down and struck in the back, she would have fallen on her back. The murderer made use of a sharp fine weapon, which, if I am not much mistaken, was the sharpened end of a fencing-foil, with the button removed. Wiping his weapon on the victim's skirt, he has left us this clue. The victim clutched his hands tightly ; but as he had not taken off his gray gloves——"

"Why, that is a regular romance!" exclaimed Gévrol.

"Have you examined the Widow Lerouge's nails, sir? No. Well, go and look at them ; you will tell me if I am mistaken."—*From L'Affaire Lerouge.*



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GAIRDNER, JAMES, a British historian, born in Edinburgh, March 22, 1828, and was educated there. He has edited several ancient works, the manuscripts of which are preserved in the Record Office and elsewhere, notable among which is a very much enlarged edition of *The Paston Letters.* His principal original works are *The Houses of Lancaster and York* (1874); *History of the Life and Reign of Richard III.* (1878); *England* (1879); *Studies in English History*, consisting of essays by himself and Henry Spedding, republished from various periodicals (1886), and *Henry VII.* (1889).

In a review of Gairdner's *Richard the Third*, the *Saturday Review* says that, although the author declares himself "'convinced of the general fidelity of the portrait with which we have been made familiar by Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More,' the research of the modern author has brought out many facts unknown or imperfectly known to the old historians and dramatists, and has enabled him to rectify their statements on many points of detail."

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

It is a good quarter of a century since I first read Walpole's *Historic Doubts;* and they certainly exercised upon me, in a very strong degree, the influence which I perceive they have had on many other minds. I began to doubt whether Richard III. was really a tyrant at all. I more than doubted that principal crime of which he is

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so generally reputed guilty ; and as for everything else laid to his charge it was easy to show that the evidence was still more unsatisfactory. The slenderness and insufficiency of the original testimony could hardly be denied ; and if it were only admitted that the prejudices of Lancastrian writers might have perverted facts which the policy of the Tudors would not have allowed other writers to state fairly, a very plausible case might have been established for a more favorable rendering of Richard's character.

It was the opinion of the late Mr. Buckle that a certain sceptical tendency—a predisposition to doubt all commonly received opinions until they were found to stand the test of argument—was the first essential to the discovery of new truth. I must confess that my own experience does not verify this remark ; and whatever may be said for it as regards science, I cannot but think the sceptical spirit a most fatal one in history. It is an easy thing to isolate particular facts and events, cross-examine to our own satisfaction the silent witnesses or first reporters of a celebrated crime, and appeal to the public for a verdict of "not proven." But, after all, we have only raised a question ; we have not advanced one step toward its solution. We have succeeded in rendering a few things doubtful, which may have been too hastily assumed before. But if these doubts are to be of any value as the avenue to new truths, they must lead to a complete reconsideration of very many things besides the few dark passages at first isolated for investigation. They require, in the first place, that the history of one particular epoch should be rewritten ; in the second, that the new version of the story should exhibit a certain moral harmony with the facts both of subsequent times and of the times preceding. Until these two conditions have been fulfilled, no attempt to set aside traditional views of history can ever be called successful.

The old traditional view of Richard III. has certainly not yet been set aside in a manner to satisfy the world. Yet there has been no lack of ingenuity in pleading his cause, or of research in the pursuit of evidence. Original authorities have been carefully scrutinized ; words

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have been exactly weighed; and plausible arguments have been used to show that for all that is said of him by contemporary writers he might have been a very different character from what he is supposed to have been. Only, the malign tradition itself is not well accounted for; and we are not clearly shown that the story of Richard's life is more intelligible without it. On the contrary I must record my impression that a minute study of the facts of Richard's life has tended more and more to convince me of the general fidelity of the portrait with which we have been made familiar by Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More.

I feel quite ashamed, at this day, to think how I mused over this subject long ago, wasting a great deal of time, ink, and paper in fruitless efforts to satisfy even my own mind that traditional black was real historical white, or at worst a kind of gray. At last I laid aside my incomplete manuscript, and applied myself to other subjects, still of a kindred nature; and the larger study of history in other periods convinced me that my method at starting had been altogether wrong. The attempt to discard tradition in the examination of original sources of history is, in fact, like the attempt to learn an unknown language without a teacher. We lose the benefit of a living interpreter, who may, indeed, misapprehend to some extent the author whom we wish to read; but at least he would save us from innumerable mistakes if we had followed his guidance in the first instance. I have, therefore, in working out this subject always adhered to the plan of placing my chief reliance on contemporary information; and, so far as I am aware, I have neglected nothing important that is either directly stated by original authorities and contemporary records, or that can be reasonably inferred from what they say. —*History of Richard III., Preface.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF RICHARD III.

His bodily deformity, though perceptible, was probably not conspicuous. It is not alluded to by any strictly contemporary writer except one. Only Rous, the Warwickshire hermit, tells us that his shoulders were uneven; while the indefatigable Stowe, who was

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born forty years after Richard's death, declared that he could find no evidence of the deformity commonly imputed to him, and that he had talked with old men who had seen and known King Richard, who said that "he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." . . .

The number of portraits of Richard which seem to be contemporary is greater than might have been expected considering the remoteness of the times in which he lived, and the early stage at which he died. . . . The face in all the portraits is a remarkable one—full of energy and decision, yet gentle and sad-looking; suggesting the idea not so much of a tyrant as a man accustomed to unpleasant thoughts. Nowhere do we find depicted the warlike, hard-favored visage attributed to him by Sir Thomas More; yet there is a look of reserve and anxiety which, taken in connection with the seeming gentleness, enables us somewhat to realize the criticism of Polydore Vergil and Hall, that his aspect carried an unpleasant impression of malice and deceit. The face is long and thin, the lips thin also; the eyes are gray, the features smooth. It cannot certainly be called quite a pleasing countenance, but as little should we suspect in it the man he actually was. The features doubtless were susceptible of great variety of expression; but we require the aid of language to understand what his enemies read in that sinister and over-thoughtful countenance. "A man at the first aspect," says Hall, "would judge it to savor of malice, fraud, and deceit. When he stood musing he would bite and chew busily his nether lip, as who said that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet. Beside that the dagger that he wore he would, when he studied, with his hand pluck up and down in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out. His wit was pregnant, quick, and ready, wily to feign and apt to dissemble; he had a proud and arrogant stomach, the which accompanied him to his death, which he, rather desiring to suffer by sword than, being forsaken and destitute of his untrue companions, would by coward flight preserve his uncertain life.—*History of Richard III., Chap. VI.*

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GALDÓS, BENITO PEREZ, a Spanish novelist and journalist, was born at Las Palmas, in the island of Grand Canary, in the year 1845. He early developed talent both as an artist and as a writer. A picture by him is said to have received a prize at an exhibition at Santa Cruz de Tenerife in 1862. He removed in 1863 to Madrid, where he became successively editor of *El Parlamento*, *La Nacion*, *El Debate*, and of the principal Spanish review, *Revista de España*. He was liberal deputy to the Cortes of Puerto Rico between 1886 and 1890. As a writer of fiction he first distinguished himself by the publication of two historical romances relating to the condition of Spain in the earlier years of the present century, entitled *La Fontana de Oro* (1871) and *El Andaoz*. Next, in imitation of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, he published two series of *Episodios Nacionales*, the first dealing with subjects taken from the war of independence against Napoleon, and the second describing the struggle of Spanish liberalism against the tyranny of Ferdinand VII. These novels achieved a great success in Spain, and were also widely read in Spanish America. Among these earlier works were *Baillén* (1873); *Napoleon en Chamartin* (1874); *Cadiz* (1874); *Juan Martin el Empecinado* (1874); *La Batalla de los Arapiles* (1875); *El Terror de 1824* (1877). Encouraged by the continually increasing success

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of these productions, he composed other romances: *Doña Perfecta*, which was translated into English in 1880; *Gloria*, translated by Nathan Wetherell in 1879; *Marianela*, and *La Familia de Leone Roche*, which augmented his fame and brought him into the foremost rank of Spanish novelists. He composed a long series of contemporary romances, entitled *La Desheredada* (1880); *El Amigo Mando* (1881); *Tormento* (1883); *Lo Prohibido* (1884); *Fortunatay Jacinta* (1886); *Mian* (1888); *La Incognita* (1890); *Realidad* (1890); *Angel Guerra* (1891). Other later works are *La Loca de la Casa*, *San Quintin*, and *Los Condenados*. He was admitted as a member of the Spanish Academy February 7, 1897.

"The long list of books," writes Archer Huntington in *The Bookman*, "by which he has appealed, not only to the patriotic sentiments of his own country, but to general interest in the world outside, were written rapidly—some of them taking not more than a few weeks—and occupy a place in Spanish literature akin to that of Dumas in French, although he has been successively compared to Erckmann-Chatrian, Balzac, and Zola."

ORBAJOSA.

After another half-hour's ride there appeared before their eyes a crowded and time-worn jumble of houses, above which rose a few black towers and the ruined fabric of a tumble-down castle on a height. A mass of shapeless walls formed the base, with some fragments of battlemented bulwarks, and under their guard a thousand humble huts raising their wretched fronts of mud like the bloodless and hunger-stricken faces of beggars beseeching the passer-by for charity.

A very poor river girdled the town with, as it were,

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a strip of tin, giving life as it passed to a few orchards, the only verdure which refreshed the eye. People were coming in and out, on horseback and on foot, and the movement of men, small as it was, gave a certain air of life to that tomb which from the look of its buildings seemed rather the abode of ruin and death than of progress and life. The innumerable and repulsive beggars who dragged themselves along on either side of the road, begging a trifle from the passer-by, presented a pitiful spectacle. No form of life could have harmonized better, or seemed more thoroughly at home in the crevice of that sepulchre where a city lay not only buried but corrupted. As our travellers drew near, the discordant clanging of bells showed by their expressive sound that even yet the soul lingered by the mummy.—*From Doña Perfecta ; translated by* DAVID HANNAY.

CABALLUCO.

He is a very brave man, a great rider, the best horseman in the country round. In Orbajosa we all love him much, for he is—and I say it sincerely—as good as God's blessing. There as you see him, he is a dreaded *cacique*, and the governor of the province is hat in hand to him. When he collected the gate-dues there was no getting over him, and every night we had fighting at our gates. He has a following worth their weight in gold. He is good to the poor, and whoever comes from without, and dares to touch a hair of the head of any son of Orbajosa, may reckon with him. Now it seems he has fallen into poverty, and has taken to carrying the post. I don't know how it is you never heard his name in Madrid, for he is son of a famous Caballuco who was in arms during the troubles, and that Caballuco the father was son of another Caballuco the grandfather, who was out in the troubles before that again ; and now, as they tell us we are going to have troubles again, for everything is adrift and upside down, we are afraid Caballuco will be off, too, thus completing the mighty feats of his father and grandfather, who for our great glory were born in our city.—*From Doña Perfecta.*

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BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS

WHAT THE CANON THOUGHT.

During the many years that I have lived at Orbajosa I have seen innumerable personages come here from the Court, some brought by the uproar of the elections, some to visit a deserted estate or see the antiquities in the Cathedral, and all talking to us of English ploughs and thrashing-machines, water-powers, banks, and I know not what foolery besides. Let them be off with a thousand devils! We are very well without visits from these gentlemen of the Court, much more without this perpetual clamor about our poverty, and the greatness and wonder of other places. More knows the madman at home than the wise man abroad. Is it not so, Señor Don Jose?—*From Doña Perfecta.*

PEPE'S OPINION OF THE CATHEDRAL SERVICE.

And as for the music, you may imagine how much my spirit was moved to devotion on the occasion of my visit to the Cathedral, when all at once, and at the moment of the elevation, the organist struck up a passage from "La Traviata." But when my heart did indeed sink was when I saw a figure of the Virgin, which appears to be held in much veneration, to judge by the number of people in front of it and the multitude of candles burning around it. They had dressed it up in an inflated robe of velvet trimmed with gold lace, of a form absurd enough to surpass the most extravagant fashions of to-day. Her face disappears under a thick foliage formed of a thousand sorts of lace crimped with tongs, and the crown, half a yard high, surrounded by golden rays, is an ill-shaped catafalque which has been rigged on her head. Of the same stuff and same trimming are the trousers of the infant Jesus.—*From Doña Perfecta.*

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GALL, RICHARD, Scottish poet, son of a notary, was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, December, 1776; died at Edinburgh, May 10, 1801. He attended the parish school at Haddington for a short time, but his father's circumstances were too limited to give him a good education, and at eleven years of age he was apprenticed to his maternal uncle, who was a carpenter and builder. After some time spent in this apprenticeship, which was very distasteful to him, he ran away and went to Edinburgh, where he obtained employment as a printer. Here he spent his leisure in study and writing.

His songs soon attracted the attention of Burns, Campbell, and Macneill, and he made the acquaintance of Burns and Campbell, who regarded him as a poet of great promise. With Burns he continued a correspondence while he lived. His *Farewell to Ayrshire* and one other of his poems were ascribed to that poet. His poem *Arthur's Seat* was very popular for a long time.

Gall was not destined to fulfil the promise of his early years. An abscess in the breast, for which medical skill proved unavailing, caused his death, after a protracted illness, at the age of twenty-five. He belonged to a regiment of Highland volunteers, and he was buried by his comrades with military honors.

Though his songs were very popular, several of

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them having been set to music, they were not published in a collected form until 1819, when a volume was issued with a memoir by Alexander Balfour.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
Fare-thee-weel before I gang—
Bonny Doon, where, early roamin',
First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends sae dear my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure;
Now a sad and last adieu!

THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

Ere eild wi' his blatters had warsled me down,
Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,
How aft hae I gane, wi' a heart louping light,
To the knowes yellow toppit wi' broom!
How oft hae I sat i' the bield o' the knowe,
While the laverock mounted sae hie,
An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings around,
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

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But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine o' youth,
We see na the blasts that destroy;
We count na upon the fell waes that may come,
An' eithly o'ercloud a' our joy.
I saw na the fause face that fortune can wear,
Till forced from my country to flee;
Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed "Farewell,"
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee!

Farewell, ye dear haunts o' the days o' my youth,
Ye woods and ye valleys sae fair;
Ye'll bloom when I wander abroad like a ghaist,
Sair nidder'd wi' sorrow an' care.
Ye woods an' ye valleys, I part wi' a sigh,
While the flood gushes down frae my e'e;
For never again shall the tear weet my cheek
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

"O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!
Na, na, for they flit like the wind!"
Sae I took my departure, an' saunter'd awa',
Yet aften look'd wistfu' behind.
Oh! sair is the heart of the mither to twin
Wi' the baby that sits on her knee;
But sairer the pang when I took a last peep
O' the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

I heftit 'mang strangers years thretty an' twa'
But naething could banish my care;
An' aften I sigh'd when I thought on the past,
Whaur a' was sae pleasant an' fair.
But now, wae's my heart! whan
I'm lyart an' auld,
An' fu' lint-white my haffet locks flee,
I'm hamewards return'd wi a remnant o' life
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body! bewilder'd, I scarcely do ken
The haunts that were dear once to me.
I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,
An' the mavis now sings on the tree.
But, haith! there's nae scenes I wad niffer wi' thae;
For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,
To think how at last my auld bones they will rest
Near the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

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GALLAGHER, WILLIAM DAVIS, an American journalist, poet, and agricultural writer, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 21, 1808; died June 27, 1894. His father, an Irish patriot, died soon after taking refuge in the United States; and he removed with his mother to Cincinnati, where he entered a printing-office in 1821. While here he began to write for the press; and in 1830 he went to Xenia as editor of the *Backwoodsman;* but the following year he returned to take charge of the *Cincinnati Mirror*, for which he wrote many popular poems and tales. In 1836 he became editor of the *Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review;* and later of *The Hesperian*, both of Cincinnati; and in 1838 he divided his time between these and the *Ohio State Journal*, published at Columbus. The following year he became associate editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, which post he retained for eleven years. From 1850 until 1853 he was employed as a confidential clerk at Washington by Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury. He then removed to Louisville, Ky., where, after a few years' connection as an editor with the *Courier*, he settled down as a farmer and a writer on agriculture. He was again engaged in the Treasury department of the Government during the war; after which he returned to Louisville.

His *Journey through Kentucky and Mississippi*

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(1828) first called attention to him as a writer; and *The Wreck of the Hornet* stamped him as a poet. The latter was reprinted with other poems under the collective title *Errato* in three volumes in 1835. In 1841 he issued his *Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West;* and five years later he published another volume of original *Poems.* As President of the Ohio Historical Society he delivered in 1849 his famous address on *The Progress and Resources of the Northwest. Fruit Culture in the Ohio Valley* is another of his valuable essays as an agriculturist. Of poetical works, his later collections are *Miami Woods; A Golden Wedding, and Other Poems* (1881).

"The poems of Mr. Gallagher," said Griswold in his *Poets and Poetry of America*, "are numerous, varied, and of unequal merit. Some are exquisitely modulated, and in every respect finished with excellent judgment, while others are inharmonious, inelegant, and betray unmistakable signs of carelessness. His most unstudied performances, however, are apt to be forcible and picturesque, fragrant with the freshness of Western woods and fields, and instinct with the aspiring and determined life of the race of Western men. The poet of a new country is naturally of the party of progress; his noblest theme is man, and his highest law, liberty."

TWO YEARS.

When last the maple bud was swelling,
  When last the crocus bloomed below,
Thy heart to mine its love was telling;
  Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow.

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Again the maple bud was swelling,
  Again the crocus blooms below :—
In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
  But still our souls keep ebb and flow.
When last the April bloom was flinging
  Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
In forest aisles thy voice was ringing,
  Where thou didst with the red-bird sing,
Again the April bloom is flinging
  Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
But now in heaven thy voice is ringing
  Where thou dost with the angels sing.

IMMORTAL YOUTH.

Beautiful, beautiful youth ! that in the soul
  Liveth forever, where sin liveth not—
How fresh Creation's chart doth still unroll
  Before our eyes, although the little spot
That knows us now shall know us soon no more
Forever ! We look backward and before,
  And inward, and we feel there is a life
Impelling us, that need not with this frame
Or flesh grow feeble ; but for aye the same
  May live on, e'en amid this worldly strife,
Clothed with the beauty and the freshness still
It brought with it at first ; and that it will
  Glide almost imperceptibly away,
  Taking no tint of this dissolving clay ;
And joining with the incorruptible
  And spiritual body that awaits
  Its coming at the starred and golden gates
Of Heaven, move on with the celestial train
  Whose shining vestments, as along they stray
  Flash with the splendors of eternal day ;
And mingle with its primal Source again,
  Where Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love, and Truth.
  Swell with the Godhead in immortal youth.

EARLY AUTUMN IN THE WEST.

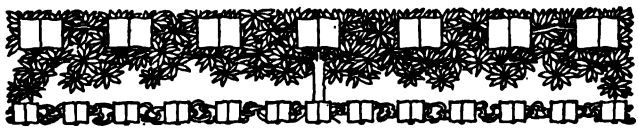
The Autumn time is with us ! Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,

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By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine.
And now 'tis here!
And what a change has passed upon the face
Of Nature; where the waving forest spreads,
Then robed in deepest green! All through the night
The subtle Frost hath plied its mystic art;
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders; and the winds of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing leaves.
And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape, circling far—
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors bursts upon the ravished sight!
Here, where the Maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory; yonder where the Oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the Ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite; and broad
The Dog-wood spreads beneath a rolling field
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarlèd Gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!

Miami! in thy venerable shades
My limbs recline. Beneath me, silver-bright,
Glide the clear waters with a plaintive moan
For Summer's parting glories. High o'erhead,
Sails tireless the unerring Water-fowl
Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft from where
Erect on mossy trunk, the Partridge stands,
Bursts suddenly the whistle clear and loud.
Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with brown
And ripened mast, are interrupted now
By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
The Turkey from the thicket comes, and swift
As flies an arrow, darts the Pheasant down,
To batten on the Autumn; and the air,
At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
Of myriad wings as the Wild Pigeon leads
His squadrons to the banquet.

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GALT, JOHN, a Scottish novelist, born at Irvine, Ayrshire, May 2, 1779; died at Greenock, April 11, 1839. He was the son of the captain of a merchant-vessel engaged in the West India trade. He early showed a fondness for literature, and at the age of twenty-five went to London in order to push his fortune there. He entered into some unsuccessful mercantile enterprises, after which he began reading for the bar. His health failing, he set out in 1809 upon a tour in the Levant. This lasted three years, and upon his return to England he published *Letters from the Levant* and *Voyages and Travels*. He married a daughter of the proprietor of the *Star* newspaper, and was for a time employed upon that journal. For some years he tried his hand at almost every species of literary composition. His first successful work was a novel, *The Ayrshire Legatees*, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820–21. This was followed during the next three years by several other tales, among which are the *Annals of the Parish* and *The Provost*, which are considered the best of his works. In 1826 he went to Canada as agent of a Land Company; but a dispute arising between him and the company, he returned to England in 1829, and resumed his literary life. He wrote a *Life of Byron*, an *Autobiography*, a collection of *Miscellanies*, and several novels, the best

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of which is *Lawrie Todd* (1830), which is partly founded upon the experiences of Grant Thorburn, an eccentric Scotsman who, originally a nail-maker, became a flourishing seedsman in New York. Several years before his death Galt was seized with a spinal disease which resulted in repeated paralytic attacks, which in time deprived him wholly of the use of his limbs, so that his later works were dictated to an amanuensis.

His writings are especially noted for their quaint expression and apt delineation of Scottish life and character.

SIR ALEXANDER TILLOCK GALT, a son of John Galt, born at Chelsea, England, September 6, 1817; died September 19, 1893, rose to high honor in Canada. At sixteen he entered the employment of the Land Company, and from 1844 to 1856 was the acting Manager of its affairs. After the establishment of the confederation known as the "Dominion of Canada," he became Minister of Finance, and after resigning that position in 1867 he occupied several other responsible stations in the Canadian administration. He wrote *Canada from 1849 till 1859*, and contributed much to magazines.

INSTALLATION OF THE REV. MICAH BALWHIDDER.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard

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the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfaddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamor was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was adoing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: "This will do well enough—timber to timber;" but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me: but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly

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manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: "Here's the feckless Mess-John;" and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: "Honest man, what's your pleasure here?" Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it?—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl, that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock nightcap—I mind him as well as if it were but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: "Come in, sir, and ease yoursel'; this will never do; the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behooves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage." I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. "I was mindit," quoth he, "never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbors to do likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family."—*The Annals of the Parish.*

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LAWRIE TODD'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

My young wife was dead, leaving me an infant son. If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to expect he may do so twice; it cannot be. Therefore, I say, in the choice of a second wife one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion. I do not assert that he should have an eye to a dowry; for unless it is a great sum, such as will keep all the family in gentility, I think a small fortune one of the greatest faults a woman can have; not that I object to money on its own account, but only to its effect in the airs and vanities it begets in the silly maiden—especially if her husband profits by it.

For this reason I did not choose my second wife from the instincts of fondness, nor for her parentage, nor for her fortune; neither was I deluded by fair looks. I had, as I have said, my first-born needing tendance; and my means were small, while my cares were great. I accordingly looked about for a sagacious woman—one that not only knew the use of needles and shears, but that the skirt of an old green coat might, for lack of other stuff, be a clout to the knees of blue trousers. And such a one I found in the niece of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a most respectable farmer from Vermont, who had come to New York about a codfish adventure that he had sent to the Mediterranean, and was waiting with his wife and niece the returns from Sicily.

This old Mr. Hoskins was, in his way, something of a Yankee oddity. He was tall, thin, and of an anatomical figure, with a long chin, ears like trenchers, lengthy jaws, and a nose like a schooner's cut-water. His hair was lank and oily; the tie of his cravat was always dislocated; and he wore an old white beaver hat turned up behind. His long bottle-green surtout, among other defects, lacked a button on the left promontory of his hinder parts, and in the house he always tramped in slippers.

Having from my youth upward been much addicted to the society of remarkable persons, soon after the translation of my Rebecca, I happened to fall in with

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this gentleman, and, without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes of a Sabbath evening, called at the house where he boarded with his family; and there I discovered in the household talents of Miss Judith, his niece, just the sort of woman that was wanted to heed to the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle.

"I guess, Squire Lawrie," said he one evening, "the Squire has considerable muddy time on't since his old woman went to pot."

Ah, Rebecca! she was but twenty-one.

"Now, Squire, you see," continued Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, "that ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec;" and he took his cigar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the edge of the snuffer-tray, added, "Well, if it so be as you're agoing to do so, don't you go to stand like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black eye; but do it right away."

I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent.

"If that bain't particular," replied he, "Squire Lawrie, I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damnedst with me. But I ain't a pumpkin; the Squire he knows that."

I assured him, without very deeply dunkling the truth, that I had met with few men in America who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.

"I reckon Squire Lawrie," said he, "is a-parleyvoo; but I sells no wooden nutmegs. Now look ye here, Squire. There be you spinning your thumbs with a small child that ha'n't got no mother; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine nails, I guess you can't a-hippen such a small child for no man's money; which is tarnation bad."

I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark. He drew his chair close in front of me; and taking the cigar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb nail, replaced it. Having then given a puff, he raised his right hand aloft, and laying it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted slow and phlegmatic tone:

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"Well, I guess that 'ere young woman, my niece, she baint five-and-twenty—she'll make a heavenly splice!—I have known that 'ere young woman 'live the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a-morning, and then fetch Crumple and her calf from the bush—dang that 'ere Crumple! we never had no such heifer afore; she and her calf cleared out every night, and wouldn't come on no account, no never, till Judy fetched her right away, when done milking t'other thirteen."

"No doubt, Mr. Hoskins," said I, "Miss Judith will make a capital farmer's wife in the country; but I have no cows to milk; all my live-stock is a sucking bairn."

"By the gods of Jacob's father-in-law! she's just the cut for that. But the Squire knows I aint a-going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie—good, says I—I shan't ask no nothing for her; but I can tell the Squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds—what is blacksmith in our village—offered me two hundred and fifty dollars—gospel by the living jingo!—in my hand right away. But you see as how he was an almighty boozer, though for blacksmithing a prime hammer. I said, No, no; and there she is still to be had; and I reckon Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation."

Discovering by this plain speaking how the cat jumped—to use one of his own terms—we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass that I made a proposal for Miss Judith; and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the *Fair American* arrived from Palermo, we should be married; for she had a share in that codfish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so to the blithesome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me in the hard-on wedding-day.—*Lawrie Todd.*



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GALTON, FRANCIS, an English scientific writer and African explorer, born at Dudderton, near Birmingham, in 1822. He studied medicine in the Birmingham Hospital, and in King's College, London, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844. He then made two journeys of exploration, one in North Africa and one in South Africa. He is best known through the published results of his studies into the subject of hereditary genius. In 1853 he published an account of the latter journey in a *Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa.* Among his other works are *The Art of Travel, or Shifts and Contrivances in Wild Countries* (1855); *Hereditary Genius, Its Laws and Consequences* (1869); *English Men of Science: Their Nature and Nurture* (1874); *Inquiries Into Human Faculty and Its Development, Record of Family Faculties, etc.* (1883), and *Natural Inheritance* (1889).

Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, in a recent article on the writings of Galton, published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: "It is much more easy to talk about inheritance than to study it. Of the books and essays which meet us at every turn, few have much basis in research, but those of Francis Galton are among the most notable exceptions. These books, which have appeared at intervals during the last twenty-five

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years, are not speculations, but studies. They describe long, exhaustive investigations, carried out by rigorous methods, along lines laid down on a plan which has been matured with great care and forethought.

"The simplicity of their language is as notable as their subject. Dealing with conceptions which are both new and abstruse, the author finds our mother tongue rich enough for his purpose, and, while the reason often taxes all our powers, there is never any doubt as to the meaning of the words.

"When in rare cases a technical term is inevitable, some familiar word is chosen with so much aptness that it does its duty and presents the new conception better than a compound from two or three dead languages."

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A TYPE BY SELECTION.

Suppose that we are considering the stature of some animal that is liable to be hunted by certain beasts of prey in a particular country. So far as he is big of his kind, he would be better able than the mediocres to crush through the thick grass and foliage whenever he was scampering for his life, to jump over obstacles, and possibly to run somewhat faster than they. So far as he is small of his kind, he would be better able to run through narrow openings, to make quick turns and to hide himself. Under the general circumstances it would be found that animals of some peculiar stature had on the whole a better chance of escape than any other; and if their race is closely adapted to these circumstances in respect to stature, the most favored stature would be identical with the mean of the race. Though the impediments to flight are less unfavorable to this (stature) than to any other, they will differ in different experiences. The course of an animal might chance to pass through denser foliage than usual, or

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the obstacles in his way might be higher. In that case an animal whose stature exceeded the mean would have an advantage over mediocrities. Conversely the circumstances might be more favorable to a small animal. Each particular line of escape might be most favorable to some particular stature, and whatever this might be, it might in some cases be more favored than any other. But the accidents of foliage and soil in a country are characteristic and persistent. Therefore those which most favor the animals of the mean stature will be more frequently met with than those which favor any other stature, and the frequency of the latter occurrence will diminish rapidly as the stature departs from the mean.

It might well be that natural selection would favor the indefinite increase of numerous separate faculties if their improvement could be effected without detriment to the rest: then mediocrity in that faculty would not be the safest condition. Thus an increase of fleetness would be a clear gain to an animal liable to be hunted by beasts of prey, if no other useful faculty was thereby diminished.

But a too free use of this "if" would show a jaunty disregard of a real difficulty. Organisms are so knit together that change in one direction involves change in many others; these may not attract attention, but they are none the less existent. Organisms are like ships of war, constructed for a particular purpose in warfare as cruisers, line-of-battle ships, etc., on the principle of obtaining the utmost efficiency for their special purpose. The result is a compromise between a variety of conflicting desiderata, such as cost, speed, accommodation, stability, weight of guns, thickness of armor, quick steering power, and so on. It is hardly possible in a ship of any established type to make an improvement in one respect without a sacrifice in other directions.

Evolution may produce an altogether new type of vessel that shall be more efficient than the old one, but when a particular type has become adapted to its functions, it is not impossible to produce a mere variety of its type that shall have increased efficiency in some one particular without detriment to the rest. So it is with animals.—*From Natural Inheritance.*

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GAMBOLD, JOHN, a British poet and divine, was born at Puncheston, Pembrokeshire, Wales, April 10, 1711; died at Haverfordwest, September 13, 1771. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became Vicar of Stanton, Harcourt, Oxfordshire, about 1739. He resigned in 1742, and joined the Moravians or Unitas Fratrum; by whom he was chosen one of their bishops in 1754. He was for many years minister of the congregation at Neville's Court in Fetter Lane, London. In 1768, his health failing, he retired to Wales, and continued to exercise his ministry near his birthplace until five days before his death. John Wesley says he was one of the most "sensible men in England." His writings include *A Memoir of Count Zinzendorf; Doctrine and Discipline of the United Brethren; History of the Greenland Mission; Hymns* (1748); *Christian Doctrine* (1767). His *Works* were published in 1822. The Moravian hymn-books contain about twenty-five translations and eighteen original hymns by Gambold, of which one or two were published by the Wesleys and have by some writers been claimed for them. His poetry includes also a dramatic piece entitled *Ignatius.*

"Gambold," says the Rev. Alexander Gordon, "never had an enemy, but he made few friends. The hesitations of his career are in part to be ex-

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plained by the underlying scepticism of his intellectual temperament, from which he found refuge in an anxious and reclusive piety."

"The specimens you have presented of his writings," said Judge Story in a letter to Dr. Brazer, "give me a high opinion of his genius, and there are occasional flashes in his poetry of great brilliancy and power. *The Mystery of Life* contains some exquisite touches, and cannot but recall to every man who has indulged in musings beyond this sublunary scene some of those thoughts which have passed before him in an unearthly form as he has communed with his own soul."

"It is impossible," writes Erskine, of Glasgow, "to read Gambold's works without being convinced that he enjoyed much communion with God, and was much conversant with heavenly things, and that hence he had imbibed much of the spirit, and caught much of the tone, of the glorified church above."

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,
  And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
  And childhood have and manhood known:
Oh, what is Life?—and this dull round
To tread, why was my spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
  And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
  While practice grovelled far behind:
Oh, what is Thought?—and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

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So many wondrous gleams of light,
  And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
  Some moments on a throne of love:
Oh, what is Virtue?—why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when Sovereign Wisdom wills,
  My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave—who strangely fills
  This frame—and waft me to the dead!
Oh, what is Death?—'tis Life's last shore,
Where Vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And Life is all retouched again;
Wherein their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, Virtues, Friendships, Griefs, and Joys!



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GANNETT, WILLIAM CHANNING, an American divine and religious writer, was born in Boston, Mass., March 13, 1840. By his father, Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, he is a great-grandson of President Stiles, of Yale. He was educated at Harvard, graduating in 1860; after which he became a Unitarian clergyman. He was successively pastor of churches of that denomination at Milwaukee, Wis.; at Lexington, Mass.; at St. Paul, Minn., and at Rochester, N. Y. He has been long and widely known as an editor of *Unity*, a denominational publication. At the close of the Civil War he engaged heartily in the cause of the education of the Southern negroes. In 1875 he published a life of his father under the title *Ezra Stiles Gannett, Unitarian Minister in Boston, 1824–1871, a Memoir*. This was followed in 1881 by "a poem, in four sermons," entitled *A Year of Miracle*. His *Studies in Longfellow* appeared three years later. In collaboration with Jenkin Lloyd Jones, he issued, in 1886, a little book which has enjoyed a remarkable popularity, entitled *The Faith That Makes Faithful*.

The *Nation* says of his *Memoir* of his father, that "it is elaborate, yet clear and vivacious, and comes as near as possible to being an entertaining account of a man whose intellectual character was singularly monotonous and colorless."

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LISTENING FOR GOD.

I hear it often in the dark, I hear it in the light :—
Where is the voice that calls to me with such a quiet might ?
It seems but echo to my thought, and yet beyond the stars ;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush ; and yet the planet jars.

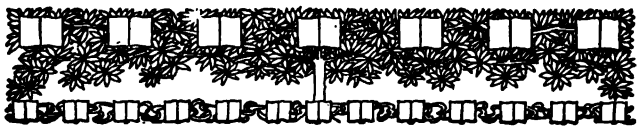
Oh, may it be that far within my inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky that opens with those voices of surprise ?
And can it be, by night and day, that firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself, the Father, dwells unseen ?

O God within, so close to me that every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still, and in Thy heaven reign !
Thy heaven is mine—my very soul ! Thy words are sweet and strong ;
They fill my inward silences with music and with song.

They send me challenges to right, and loud rebuke my ill ;
They ring my bells of victory ; they breathe my "Peace, be still !"
They even seem to say, "My child, why seek Me so all day ?
Now journey inward to thyself, and listen by the way."



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GARBORG, ARNE, Norwegian novelist of the realist, or, more accurately, the naturalist, school, born in Western Norway, in 1851, of pietistic peasant parents. His first book, *A Freethinker*, appeared in 1881 and attracted much attention. It was followed in 1883 by *Peasant Students*, a study of life among the students at Christiania University. Several other novels have been published, a complete list of which is given below. Among these, *Men Folks* (1886), which was written as a defiance to the authorities to suppress his as they had the book of another writer; *With Mamma* (1889), which was awarded a prize of 2,000 marks by the Berlin Freie Bühne; and *Weary Men* (1891), which is by many considered his best book, deserve mention. He has also written a romance in verse entitled *A Fairy*, a drama entitled *Teacher*, and a critical study of the contemporaneous novelist, Jonas Lie.

Garborg has been the champion of a distinctive Norwegian language, made up of peasant dialects. Many of his books have been written in this language, and his success has aided to found a school of writers who use the dialect exclusively. In this, as in much else, he has been at variance with his greatest contemporaries, Björnson, Ibsen, and Kjelland. In tendency, Garborg has pretty well run the gamut from radical to ultra-conservative

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views, always with the spirit of the controversialist. It is, however, his treatment that gives his work its charm. He has the remarkable power of making his characters think aloud, so that you follow the evolution of their lives closely. He proceeds really on the theory that "what a man thinketh, that he is," and that one's personality is made up of the sum of his thoughts. Therefore, he gives only enough attention to the environment, including the words and deeds of others, to show the accommodation of the person to the environment; and it is a pet theory of his that the problem is too intricate for anybody to foreknow what this accommodation will be. In this he is opposed to the idea of necessity which underlies all the work of the other Scandinavian realists. He has published *With Mamma, Men Folks, Free Divorce, A Freethinker, Peasant Students, Weary Men, Peace, A Fairy, A Romance in Verse, Teacher: A Drama in five acts,* and *Jonas Lie: A Critical Study.* The following selections from *With Mamma* have been especially selected and translated for THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE by the well-known American translator of Scandinavian works, Mr. Miles Menander Dawson. Taken together, they constitute an excellent illustration of Garborg's style and method. Commenting on the selections, Mr. Dawson says: "The selections which I have made are about as clean as any could be and retain the characteristics of his work. One can't really expect much of an author who is so Zolaesque that he actually wrote a book in order to get it suppressed. Moreover, a faithful analysis of the

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thoughts in any story of intrigue—which Garborg's stories are—is likely to be of a questionable moral tendency."

A GLOOMY ALTERNATIVE.

Mrs. Holmsen knew that she would not get to sleep anyhow. Now and then she was up and put a stick of wood in the stove. The rest of the time she lay and shivered and thought things over. She was settled on one thing: that nobody ought to have children unless she was rich—nor if she was rich, either. What good was it to be rich? To-morrow the rich man might be a beggar. And now there were her children. It was out of the question for any person in the world to see children starving and have no food for them. For her part she felt that she would steal food for them if it came to that; anything, anything she would do, she was sure of that—anything even if it were the very worst. It came over her that nothing could be a sin or a disgrace that a mother did to get food for her children. But one must put her trust in the Lord. When it comes to the worst, He will give aid. . . . Ugh, that disgusting beast, club-footed Michael—"Limpy Michael"—how he had stared at her last evening! Yes, the Lord will aid. He must aid; He sees that here there is need, indeed.—*Hoo Mama.*

A PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND.

Beyond all else Mrs. Holmsen had her debts, too, to think of. A bit here and a bit there, they amounted to considerable. This disgusting club-footed Michael she must at any rate contrive to get free from. He had become so loathsome of late that it was absolutely unendurable. Since that time last Christmas when she was in and talked so nice to him to get food for the children, he probably thought that the old story was forgotten and poverty had made her approachable—fie! No, she would rather take the children and jump into the sea! Such a fright as he—lame and sick, with a wife and grown children—one could never listen to it!

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Heavens—if one but had a neat, smart person with means and a heart in him and whom one could get to interest himself in the unfortunate children! She thought of all her acquaintances, but found nobody to turn to. She could ask none of them right out for assistance; besides, they had all helped her somewhat before. The man she had met this evening, Solum, might be worth considering; he was rich and fond of children and really a fine man in every respect; but what was the use when one doesn't know him?

All at once it occurred to her that one must be able to get to know him. Indeed, he had spoken of making her a call; in any event, she would be able to meet him again. Think, if one could win him over, bring about friendly relations——

No love-affair! That wasn't necessary. She had only to be a little gracious toward him; have her affairs interest him a little; these rich men are not so very free with their money. Why should she not be able to win him? Him like others? And when it was for the children's sake?

He understood the conditions at Miss Auberg's. He would comprehend that it must be hard for a mother to have her children in such a house; then he might have a little to spare for the mother. What would a few hundred-dollar bills be to a timber-dealer in these times?

Think—perhaps she would find a way out! There must be a way to win him. She was not too old yet; and she could trim herself up a little and be amiable. Beauty she had always had, rather too much than too little; and if she was a little older and staid, he was about like the others. Only no sort of flirtation;—love affairs and the like she had had enough of in her time.

Of course he had noticed that she was pretty. And she really was when she was well. Perhaps she had already made something of an impression on him. This calling to "see Fannie"—hem! Who knows? Men were seldom so delighted with children. What if it should be herself he had a desire to see again? That would answer very well indeed.

After a time she was weary of planning and began to pass over to dreams.

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Heavens! even if it should happen that he was smitten a little— He was indeed in the position of a man who expects to be free to marry. And why—why —could it not as well be her as another?

So many things happened in this world, and what was more unlikely than that? Think, if he became in love and if some fine day he were to say "I cannot live without you. Will you be mine when I—when my wife departs this world?"— It wouldn't be the first time such a thing has happened! More than one widower has become engaged in that way. And not only engaged, too——

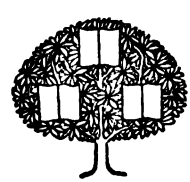
People did not take such things so seriously as one might think. Many things occur that are worse than that. Not to speak of men—they do just as they please; but ladies, too—one wouldn't believe how many nice women went slyly about—it is, indeed, not all gold that glitters!

No one did anything about it either; so long as there was not too much scandal. "It is your own affair," as Pastor Brandt wrote.

Ah, fie! Yes, there were indeed handsome things the Lord is often compelled to behold! God grant, such would never be said of the "queen of Fredheim!"

Think, if there should be a means of rescue! It was too good to believe! Think, if she could once get so that she felt safe! Safe for the children! Safe for herself! Free from this endless worry, these interminable anxieties! Oh, it would be like living again, like coming out of prison, like rising from a tomb! But of course it would not happen; far from it—far from it!

—*Hoo Mama.*



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GARÇAO, or GARCAM, PEDRO ANTONIO CORREA, a Portuguese poet, was born at Lisbon, April 29, 1724; died in prison, November 10, 1772. He appears to have spent a large portion of his life in a villa named Fonte Santa, near Lisbon, in obscurity and sometimes poverty, and to have had a numerous family. In 1771 he was thrown into prison by the minister Pombal; and, after an imprisonment of a year and a half, died just as he was about to be released. The cause of his imprisonment has been variously stated; the *Dictionnaire Universel du XIXe Siècle* says that it was in consequence of certain satirical articles which he published as editor of the Lisbon *Gazette*. The same authority says that he shares with Ferrieira the title of "The Horace of Portugal;" he did not, however, like Ferrieira, imitate merely the tone and spirit of the Roman—he labored, with perhaps as much success as was possible, to introduce even the metres of Horace into Portuguese literature. His collected works, published at Lisbon in 1778, contain a Pindaric *Ode; Epistles* and *Satires* partaking of the true Horatian gayety; *Theatro Novo*, a dramatic poem satirizing the prevailing taste; a comedy entitled *Assemblea ou Partida*, in which is included the half-comic *Cantata of Dido*, his principal work; and his discourses before the Academy on *The Revival of the National Theatre.*

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"All the writings of Garçao," says Larousse, "are remarkable for correctness and elegance of style, and for good taste."

DIDO: A CANTATA.

Already in the ruddy east shine white
The pregnant sails that speed the Trojan fleet;
Now wafted on the pinions of the wind,
They vanish 'midst the golden sea's blue waves.
The miserable Dido
Wanders, loud shrieking, through her regal halls,
With dim and turbid eyes seeking in vain
The fugitive Æneas.

Only deserted streets and lonely squares
Her new-built Carthage offers to her gaze;
And frightfully along the naked shore
The solitary billows roar i' th' night,
And 'midst the gilded vanes
Crowning the splendid domes
Nocturnal birds hoot their ill auguries.

Deliriously she raves;
Pale is her beauteous face,
Her silken tresses all dishevelled stream
And with uncertain foot, scarce conscious, she
That happy chamber seeks,
Where she with melting heart
Her faithless lover heard
Whisper impassioned sighs and soft complaints.

There the inhuman Fates before her sight,
Hung o'er the gilded nuptial couch displayed
The Teucrian mantles, whose loose folds disclosed
The 'lustrious shield and the Dardanian sword.
She started; suddenly, with hand convulsed,
From out the sheath the glittering blade she snatched
And on the tempered, penetrating steel
Her delicate, transparent bosom cast;
And murmuring, gushing, foaming, the warm blood
Bursts in a fearful torrent from the wound;

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And, from the encrimsoned rushes, spotted red,
Tremble the Doric columns of the hall.

Thrice she essayed to rise ;
Thrice fainting on the bed she prostrate fell,
And, writhing as she lay, to heaven upraised
Her quenched and failing eyes.
Then earnestly upon the lustrous sail
Of Ilium's fugitive
Fixing her look, she uttered these last words ;
And hovering 'midst the golden vaulted roofs,
The tones, lugubrious and pitiful,
In after days were often heard to moan !—

"Ye precious memorials
Dear sources of delight,
Enrapturing my sight,
Whilst relentless Fate,
Whilst the gods above,
Seemed to bless my love,
Of the wretched Dido
The spirit receive !
From sorrows whose burden
Her strength overpowers
The lost one relieve !
The hapless Dido
Not timelessly dies ;
The walls of her Carthage,
Loved child of her care,
High, towering rise.
Now, a spirit bare,
She flies the sun's beam ;
And Phlegethon's dark
And horrible stream,
In Charon's foul bark,
She lonesomely ploughs."
—*Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

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GARDINER, SAMUEL RAWSON, an English historian, born at Ropley, Hants, March 4, 1829. He was educated at Winchester and at Christchurch College, Oxford, and became Professor of Modern History at King's College, London. In 1882 a Civil List pension was conferred upon him "in recognition of his valuable contributions to the History of England." His principal historical works are *History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke* (1863); *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage* (1869); *England Under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.* (1875); *The Personal Government of Charles I.* (1877); *The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I.* (1881); *The History of the Great Civil War* (1886); *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate* (1894).

"The picturesque style of writing," remarks the *Saturday Review*, "has been so much overdone of late that it is a relief to get back to someone who jogs along quietly and leisurely, as people did in the last century—never brilliant, but never ridiculous or offensive. Mr. Gardiner's sedateness is, however,"—the writer is speaking particularly of the first part of the *History of England*—"too much for us. He might surely have made more of an age which saw our greatest poet and our greatest philosopher." "For grasp

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of situation and desire to set everything in its proper light," said the London *Spectator*, "for perception of motives and the wise use of evidence, for accuracy, honesty, and exhaustive treatment, Mr. Gardiner stands alone."

THE PROJECTED ANGLO-SPANISH ALLIANCE.

The wooing of princes is not in itself more worthy of a place in history than the wooing of ordinary men; and there is certainly nothing in Charles's character which would lead us to make any exception in his favor. But the Spanish alliance, of which the hand of the Infanta was to have been the symbol and the pledge, was a great event in our history, though chiefly on account of the consequences which resulted from it indirectly. When the marriage was first agitated, the leading minds of the age were tending in a direction adverse to Puritanism, and were casting about in search of some system of belief which should soften down the asperities which were the sad legacy of the last generation. When it was finally broken off, the leading minds of the age were tending in precisely the opposite direction; and that period of our history commenced which led up to the anti-episcopalian fervor of the Long Parliament, to the Puritan monarchy of Cromwell, and in general to the re-invigoration of that which Mr. Matthew Arnold has called the Hebrew element in our civilization. If, therefore, the causes of moral changes form the most interesting subject of historical investigation, the events of these seven years can yield in interest to but few periods of our history. In the miserable catalogue of errors and crimes, it is easy to detect the origin of that repulsion which moulded the intellectual conceptions, as well as the political action, of the rising generation. Few blunders have been greater than that which has made the popular knowledge of the Stuart reign commence with the accession of Charles I., and which would lay down the law upon the actions of the King whilst knowing nothing of the Prince.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Preface.*

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SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER

JAMES I. AND THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

A few days after the dissolution of Parliament, in June, 1614, James sent for Sarmiento, and poured into his willing ear his complaints of the insulting behavior of the Commons. "I hope," said he, when he had finished his story, "that you will send the news to your master as you hear it from me, and not as it is told by the gossips in the streets." As soon as the ambassador had assured him that he would comply with his wishes, James went on with his catalogue of grievances. "The King of Spain," he said, "has more kingdoms and subjects than I have, but there is one thing in which I surpass him. He has not so large a Parliament. The Cortes of Castile are composed of little more than thirty persons. In my Parliament are nearly five hundred. The House of Commons is a body without a head. The members give their opinions in a disorderly manner. At their meetings nothing is heard but cries, shouts, and confusion. I am surprised that my ancestors should ever have permitted such an institution to come into existence. I am a stranger, and I found it here when I came, so that I am obliged to put up with what I cannot get rid of."

Here James colored, and stopped short. He had been betrayed into an admission that there was something in his dominions which he could not get rid of if he pleased. Sarmiento, with ready tact, came to his assistance, and reminded him that he was able to summon and dismiss this formidable body at his pleasure. "That is true," replied James, delighted at the turn which the conversation had taken; "and what is more, without my assent the words and acts of Parliament are altogether worthless." Having thus maintained his dignity, James proceeded to assure Sarmiento that he would gladly break off the negotiations with France, if only he could be sure that the hand of the Infanta would not be accompanied by conditions which it would be impossible for him to grant. The Spaniard gave him every encouragement in his power, and promised to write to Madrid for further instructions.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. I., Chap. I.*

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NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE MARRIAGE.

The cessation of the war with Spain had led to a reaction against extreme Puritanism, now no longer strengthened by the patriotic feeling that whatever was most opposed to the Church of Rome was most opposed to the enemies of England. And as the mass of the people was settling down into content with the rites and with the teachings of the English Church, there were some who floated still further with the returning tide, and who were beginning to cast longing looks toward Rome. From time to time the priests brought word to the Spanish ambassador that the number of their converts was on the increase; and they were occasionally able to report that some great lord, or some member of the Privy Council, was added to the list. Already, he believed, a quarter of the population were Catholics at heart, and another quarter—being without any religion at all—would be ready to rally to their side if they proved to be the strongest. . . .

Sarmiento knew that he would have considerable difficulty in gaining his scheme of marrying Prince Charles to the Infanta; and especially in persuading his master to withdraw his demand for the immediate conversion of the Prince. He, therefore, began by assuring him that it would be altogether useless to persist in asking for a concession which James was unable to make without endangering both his own life and that of his son. Even to grant liberty of conscience, by repealing the laws against the Catholics, was beyond the power of the King of England, unless he could gain the consent of his Parliament. All that he could do would be to connive at the breach of the penal laws by releasing the priests from prison, and by refusing to receive the fines of the laity. James was willing to do this; and if this offer was accepted, everything else would follow in course of time. . . .

Philip—or the great men who acted in his name—determined upon consulting with the Pope. The reply of Paul V. was anything but favorable. The proposed union, he said, would not only imperil the faith of the

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Infanta, and the faith of the children she might have, but would also bring about increased facilities of communication between the two countries, which could not but be detrimental to the purity of religion in Spain. Besides this, it was well known that it was a maxim in England that a King was justified in divorcing a childless wife. On these grounds he was unable to give his approbation to the marriage.

In the eyes of the Pope marriage was not to be trifled with, even when the political advantages to be gained by it assumed the form of the propagation of religion. In his inmost heart, most probably, Philip thought the same. But Philip was seldom accustomed to take the initiative in matters of importance; and, upon the advice of the Council of State, he laid the whole question before a junta of theologians. It was arranged that the theologians should be kept in ignorance of the Pope's reply, in order that they might not be biassed by it in giving their opinion. The hopes of the conversion of England, which formed so brilliant a picture in Sarmiento's despatches, overcame any scruples which they may have felt, and they voted in favor of the marriage on condition that the Pope's consent could be obtained. The Council adopted their advice, and ordered that the articles should be prepared. On one point only was there much discussion. Statesmen and theologians were agreed that it was unwise to ask for the conversion of the Prince. But they were uncertain whether it would be safe to content themselves with the remission of the fines by the mere connivance of the King. At last one argument turned the scale: A change in the law which would grant complete religious liberty would probably include the Puritans and the other Protestant sects; the remission of penalties by the royal authority would benefit the Catholics alone.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. I., Chap. I.*

CHARACTER OF PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND.

Charles had now [1622] nearly completed his twenty-second year. To a superficial observer he was everything that a young prince should be. His bearing—un-

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like that of his father—was graceful and dignified. His only blemish was the size of his tongue, which was too large for his mouth, and which, especially when he was excited, gave him a difficulty of expression almost amounting to a stammer. In all bodily exercises his supremacy was undoubted. He could ride better than any other man in England. His fondness for hunting was such that James was heard to exclaim that by this he recognized him as his true and worthy son. In the tennis-court and in the tilting-yard he surpassed all competitors. No one had so exquisite an ear for music, could look at a fine picture with greater appreciation of its merits, or could keep time more exactly when called to take part in a dance. Yet these, and such as these, were the smallest of his merits. Regular in his habits, his household was a model of economy. His own attire was such as in that age was regarded as a protest against the prevailing extravagance. His moral character was irreproachable; and it was observed that he blushed like a girl whenever an immodest word was uttered in his presence. Designing women, of the class which had preyed upon his brother Henry, found it expedient to pass him by, and laid their nets for more susceptible hearts than his.

Yet, in spite of all these excellences, keen-sighted observers who were by no means blind to his merits, were not disposed to prophesy good of his future reign. In truth, his very virtues were a sign of weakness. He was born to be the idol of schoolmasters and the stumbling-block of statesmen. His modesty and decorum were the result of sluggishness rather than of self-restraint. Uncertain in judgment, and hesitating in action, he clung fondly to the small proprieties of life, and to the narrow range of ideas which he had learned to hold with a tenacious grasp; whilst he was ever prone, like his unhappy brother-in-law, the Elector-Palatine, to seek refuge from the uncertainties of the present by a sudden plunge into rash and ill-considered action.

With such a character, the education which he had received had been the worst possible. From his father he had never had a chance of acquiring a single lesson in the first virtue of a ruler—that love of truth which

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would keep his ear open to all assertions and to all complaints, in the hope of detecting something which it might be well for him to know. Nor was the injury which his mind thus received merely negative; for James, vague as his political theories were, was intolerant of contradiction, and his impatient dogmatism had early taught his son to conceal his thoughts in sheer diffidence of his own powers. To hold his tongue as long as possible, and then to say not what he believed to be true, but what was likely to be pleasing, became his daily task till he ceased to be capable of looking difficulties fully in the face. The next step in the downward path was but too inviting. As each question rose before him for solution, his first thought was how it might best be evaded; and he usually took refuge either in a studied silence, or in some of those varied forms of equivocation which are usually supposed by weak minds not to be equivalent to falsehood.

Over such a character Buckingham had found no difficulty in obtaining a thorough mastery. On the one condition of making a show of regarding his wishes as all-important, he was able to mould those wishes almost as he pleased. To the reticent, hesitating youth it was a relief to find some one who would take the lead in amusement and in action; who could make up his mind for him in a moment when he was himself plunged in hopeless uncertainty, and who possessed a fund of gayety and light-heartedness which was never at fault.—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. II., Chap. X.*

THE INFANTA MARIA OF SPAIN.

The Infanta Maria had now entered upon her seventeenth year. Her features were not beautiful, but the sweetness of her disposition found expression in her face, and her fair complexion and her delicate white hands drew forth rapturous admiration from the contrast which they presented to the olive tints of the ladies by whom she was surrounded. The mingled dignity and gentleness of her bearing made her an especial favorite with her brother, the King. Her life was moulded after the best type of the devotional piety of

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her Church. Two hours of every day she spent in prayer. Twice every week she confessed, and partook of the Holy Communion. Her chief delight was in meditating upon the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and preparing lint for the use of the hospitals. The money which her brother allowed her to be spent at play she carefully set aside for the use of the poor.

Her character was as remarkable for its self-possession as for its gentleness. Except when she was in private amongst her ladies, her words were but few; and though those who knew her well were aware that she felt unkindness deeply, she never betrayed her emotions by speaking harshly of those by whom she had been wronged. When she had once made up her mind where the path of duty lay, no temptation could induce her to swerve from it by a hair's breadth. Nor was her physical courage less conspicuous than her moral firmness. At a Court entertainment given at Aranjuez a fire broke out among the scaffolding which supported the benches upon which the spectators were seated. In an instant the whole place was in confusion. Among the screaming throng the Infanta alone retained her presence of mind. Calling Olivares to her help, that he might keep off the pressure of the crowd, she made her escape without quickening her usual pace.

There were many positions in which such a woman could hardly have failed to pass a happy and a useful life. But it is certain that no one could be less fitted to become the wife of a Protestant king, and the Queen of a Protestant nation. On the throne of England her life would be one of continual martyrdom. Her own dislike of the marriage was undisguised, and her instinctive aversion was confirmed by the reiterated warnings of her confessor. A heretic, he told her, was worse than a devil. "What a comfortable bed-fellow you will have," he said. "He who lies by your side, and who will be the father of your children, is certain to go to hell."

It was only lately, however, that she had taken any open step in the matter. Till recently, indeed, the marriage had hardly been regarded at Court in a serious

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light. But the case was now altered. A Junta had been appointed to settle the articles of marriage with the English Ambassador, and, although the Pope's adverse opinion had been given, it seemed likely that the Junta, under Gondomar's influence, would urge him to reconsider his determination. Under these circumstances the Infanta proceeded to plead her own cause with her brother.

The tears of the sister whom he was loath to sacrifice were of great weight with Philip IV.; but she had powerful influences to contend with. Olivares, upon whose sanguine mind the hope of converting England was at this time exercising all its glamor, protested against the proposed change—to marry the Infanta to the Emperor's son, the Archduke Ferdinand, and to satisfy the Prince of Wales with the hand of an archduchess; and Philip, under the eye of his favorite, made every effort to shake his sister's resolution. The confessor was threatened with removal from his post if he did not change his language; and divines of less unbending severity were summoned to reason with the Infanta, and were instigated to paint in glowing colors the glorious and holy work of bringing back an apostate nation to the faith.

For a moment the unhappy girl gave way before the array of her counsellors, and she told her brother that, in order to serve God and obey the King, she was ready to submit to anything. In a few days, however, this momentary phase of feeling had passed away. Her woman's instinct told her that she had been in the right; and that, with all their learning, the statesmen and divines had been in the wrong. She sent to Olivares to tell him that if he did not find some way to save her from the bitterness before her, she would cut the knot herself by taking refuge in a nunnery; and when Philip returned from his hunting in November he found himself besieged by all the weapons of a woman's despair.

Philip was not proof against his sister's misery. Upon the political effect of the decision which he now took he scarcely bestowed a thought. It was his business to hunt boars or stags, or to display his ability in the tilt-yard; it was the business of Olivares and the Council

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of State to look after politics. The letter in which he announced his intention to Olivares was very brief: "My father," he wrote, "declared his mind at his death-bed concerning the match with England, which was never to make it; and your uncle's intention, according to that, was ever to delay it; and you know likewise how averse my sister is to it. I think it now time that I should find some way out of it; wherefore I require you to find some other way to content the King of England, to whom I think myself much bound for his many expressions of friendship."—*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. II., Chap. X.*

PRINCE CHARLES TRIES TO WOO THE INFANTA.

As yet [April, 1623] Charles had never been allowed to see the Infanta except in public, and had never had an opportunity of speaking to her at all. Finally the King, accompanied by a long train of grandees, came to fetch him, and led him to the Queen's apartment, where they found her Majesty seated, with the Infanta at her side. After paying his respects to the Queen, Charles turned to address his mistress. It had been intended that he should confine himself to the few words of ceremony which had been set down beforehand; but in the presence in which he was he forgot the rules of ceremony, and was beginning to declare his affection in words of his own choice. He had not got far before it was evident that there was something wrong. The Queen cast glances of displeasure at the daring youth. Charles hesitated and stopped short. The Infanta herself looked seriously annoyed; and when it came to her turn to reply, some of those who were watching her expected her to show some signs of displeasure. It was not so long ago that she had been heard to declare that her only consolation was that she should die a martyr. But she had an unusual fund of self-control, and she disliked Charles too much to feel in the slightest degree excited by his speeches. She uttered the few commonplace words that had been drawn up beforehand, and the interview was at an end. —*Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, Vol. II., Chap. XI.*

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GARLAND, HAMLIN, an American novelist, poet, and literary and dramatic critic, was born at La Crosse Valley, near West Salem, Wis., in 1860. He passed the earlier years of his childhood on a farm in one of those deep, dry ravines known as *coulées* or "coollies;" but at the age of seven he removed with his parents to a beautiful tract of wooded land just across the Mississippi, where they remained a year, and then settled near Osage, Ia. Here he was educated, at Cedar Valley Seminary, by Dr. Alva Bush, a prominent Baptist educator. Graduating at twenty-one, he travelled in the East for two years, earning his living by lecturing and teaching. His father had gone to Dakota; and in 1883 the son followed. In 1884 he went to Boston and spent much of his time for five years reading books in the Boston Public Library, teaching private classes meanwhile for a living. During this period he wrote a great many lectures on American literature; sent a few contributions to periodicals; and gave considerable time and attention to the advocacy of Henry George's economic doctrines. In 1890 he again started for the West, and in 1891 he published his *Main-Travelled Roads*, which was quickly followed by *Jason Edwards; A Little Norsk, or Ol' Pap's Flaxen*, and *A Member of the Third House*. As he became known and the demand for his

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books increased, the stress of literary work made it necessary that he should be more settled; he therefore made Chicago his winter home, and West Salem, to which his parents had returned, his summer residence. He published *A Spoil of Office* and *Prairie Folks* in 1892; and in 1893 he appeared before the public as a poet in a dainty volume entitled *Prairie Songs*. In the preface to these verses he says: "The prairies are gone. I held one of the ripping, snarling, breaking ploughs that rolled the hazel bushes and the wild sunflowers under. I saw the wild steers come into pasture and the wild colts come under harness. I saw the wild fowl scatter and turn aside; I saw the black sod burst into gold and lavender harvests of wheat and corn—and so there comes into my reminiscences an unmistakable note of sadness." *Crumbling Idols*, a collection of essays on art, appeared in 1894. His novel entitled *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* and his *Early Life of U. S. Grant* were issued serially in *McClure's Magazine* in 1896 and 1897.

"A great deal of Mr. Garland's power," says *The Writer*, "lies in his intense earnestness. There is no uncertainty about his creed, whether it touches religion, politics, art, literature, or social reform. What he believes he believes all through, and it is not always what other people believe."

THE VOICE OF THE PINES.

Wailing, wailing,
O ceaseless wail of the pines
Sighing, sighing,
An incommunicable grief!

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No matter how bright the summer sky,
No matter how the dandelions star the sod,
Nor how the bees buzz in the cherry blooms,
Nor how the rich green grass is thick with daisies,
While the sun moves through the dazzling sky,
And the up-rolled clouds sail slowly on,
The nun-voiced pines, sombre and strong,
Breathe on their endless, moaning song.

The birds do not dwell there or sing there!
They fly to trees with fruit and shining leaves,
Where twigs swing gayly and boughs are in bloom.
Among these glooms they would surely die,
And their young forget to swing and sway.
The wild hawk may sit here and scream;
The gray-coated owl utter his hoarse note;
And the dark ravens perch and peer
But the robins, the orioles, the bright singers
Flee these sighing pines.

Sighing, sighing!
O vast, illimitable voice!
Like the moan of multitudes, the chant of nuns,
Thy ceaseless wail and cry comes on me,
And when the autumn sky is dull and wild,
When jagged clouds stream swiftly by,
When the sleet falls in slant torrents,
When the dripping arms, outspread, are drear
And harsh with cold and rain,
Then thy voice, O pines, is stern and wild;
Thy sigh becomes a vengeful moan and snarl—
A voice of stormy, inexpressible anguish
Timed to the sweep of thy tossing boughs,
Keyed to the desolate gray of the ragged sky.

Wailing, wailing,
O vast, illimitable wail of the pines!
The chill wash of swift dark streams,
The joyless days, the lonely nights,
Hungry noons, funeral trains, with trappings of sable,—
The burial chants with clods falling in the grave—

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All the measureless and eternal inheritance of grief,
All the ineffable woe which has oppressed my race,
All the tragedy I have felt,
Comes back to me here,
Borne on the wings of thine eternal wail,
Blent in the flow
Of thine incommunicable sorrow.

—*Prairie Songs.*

A WINTER BROOK.

How sweetly you sang as you circled
  The elm's rugged knees in the sod,
I know! for deep in the shade of your willows,
  A barefooted boy, with a rod,
I lay in the drowsy June weather,
  And sleepily whistled in tune
To the laughter I heard in your shallows,
  Involved in the music of June.

—*Prairie Songs.*

AT DUSK.

Indolent I lie
Beneath the sky
  Thick sown with clouds that soar and float
Like stately swans upon the air,
And in the hush of dusk I hear
  The ring-dove's plaintive, liquid note
Sound faintly as a prayer.

Against the yellow sky
The grazing kine stalk slowly by;
Like wings that spread and float and flee
The clouds are drifting over me.
  The couching cattle sigh,
And from the meadow damp and dark
I hear the piping of the lark;
While falling night-hawks scream and boom,
Like rockets through the rising gloom,
And katydids with pauseless chime
Bear on the far frog's ringing rhyme.

—*Prairie Songs.*

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HER FIRST SORROW.

She was only five years old when her mother suddenly withdrew her hands from pans and kettles, gave up all thought of bread and butter making, and took rest in death. Only a few hours of waiting on her bed near the kitchen fire and Ann Dutcher was through with toil and troubled dreaming, and lay in the dim best room, taking no account of anything in the light of day.

Rose got up the next morning after her mother's last kiss and went into the room where the body lay. A gnomish little figure the child was, for at that time her head was large and her cropped hair bristled till she seemed a sort of brownie. Also, her lonely child-life had given her quaint, grave ways.

She knew her mother was dead, and that death was a kind of sleep which lasted longer than common sleep, that was all the difference, so she went in and stood by the bed and tried to see her mother's face. It was early in the morning, and the curtains being drawn it was dark in the room, but Rose had no fear, for mother was there.

She talked softly to herself a little while, then went over to the window and pulled on the string of the curtain till it rolled up. Then she went back and looked at her mother. She grew tired of waiting at last.

"Mamma," she called, "wake up. Can't you wake up, mamma?"

She patted the cold, rigid cheeks with her rough, brown little palms. Then she blew in the dead face, gravely. Then she thought if she could open mamma's eyes she'd be awake. So she took her finger and thumb and tried to lift the lashes, and when she did she was frightened by the look of the set, faded gray eyes. Then the terrible, vague shadow of the Unknown settled upon her, and she cried convulsively: "Mamma! mamma, I want you!" Thus she met death, early in her life.—*Rose of Dutcher's Coolly.*

LOCAL COLORING.

To most eyes the sign-manual of the impressionist is the blue shadow. And it must be admitted that too

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many impressionists have painted as if the blue shadow were the only distinguishing sign of the difference between the new and the old. The gallery-trotter, with eyes filled with dead and buried symbolisms of nature, comes upon Bunker's meadows, or Sinding's mountain-tops, or Larson's sunsets, and exclaims, "Oh, see those dreadful pictures! Where did they get such colors?"

To see these colors is a development. In my own case, I may confess, I got my first idea of colored shadows from reading one of Herbert Spencer's essays ten years ago. I then came to see blue and grape-color in the shadows on the snow. By turning my head topside down, I came to see that shadows falling upon yellow sand were violet, and the shadows of vivid sunlight falling on the white of a macadamized street were blue, like the shadows on snow.

Being so instructed, I came to catch through the corners of my eyes sudden glimpses of a radiant world which vanished as magically as it came. On my horse I caught glimpses of this marvellous land of color as I galloped across some bridge. In this world stone walls were no longer cold gray, they were warm purple, deepening as the sun westered. And so the landscape grew radiant year by year, until at last no painter's impression surpassed my world in beauty.

As I write this, I have just come in from a bee-hunt over Wisconsin hills, amid splendors which would make Monet seem low-keyed. Only Enneking and some few others of the American artists, and some of the Norwegians, have touched the degree of brilliancy and sparkle of color which were in the world to-day. Amid bright orange foliage, the trunks of beeches glowed with steel-blue shadows on their eastern side. Sumach flamed with marvellous brilliancy among deep, cool, green grasses and low plants untouched by frost. Everywhere amid the red and orange and crimson were lilac and steel-blue shadows, giving depth and vigor and buoyancy which Corot never saw (or never painted)—a world which Innes does not represent. Enneking comes nearer, but even he tones unconsciously the sparkle of these colors.

Going from this world of frank color to the timid

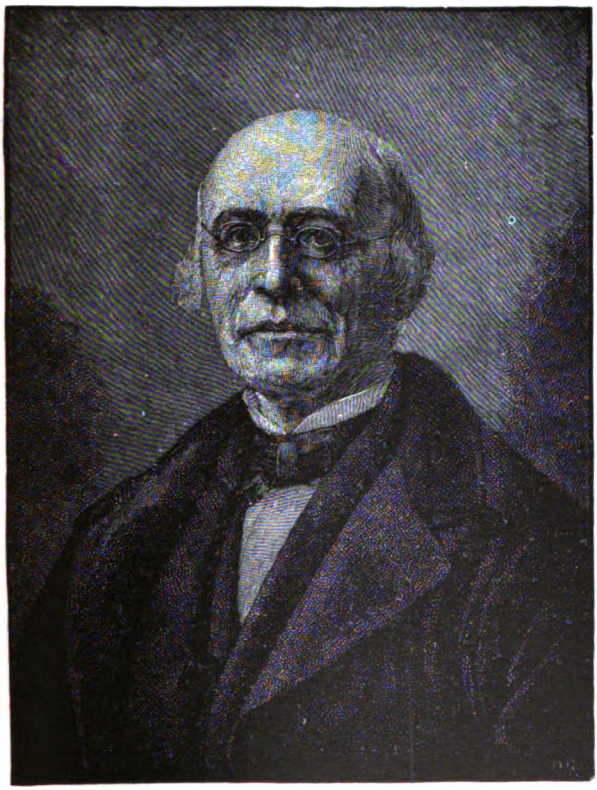
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apologies and harmonies of the old-school painters is depressing. Never again can I find them more than mere third-hand removes of Nature. The Norwegians come nearer to seeing Nature as I see it than any other nationality. Their climate must be somewhat similar to that in which my life has been spent, but they evidently have more orange in their sunlight.

The point to be made here is this: The atmosphere and coloring of Russia is not the atmosphere of Holland. The atmosphere of Norway is much clearer and the colors are more vivid than in England. One school therefore cannot copy or be based upon the other without loss. Each painter shbuld paint his own surroundings, with Nature for his teacher, rather than some Dutch master, painting the never-ending mists and rains of the sea-level.—*Impressionism in "Crumbling Idols."*



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WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

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GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD, an American philanthropist and journalist, born at Newburyport, Mass., December 12, 1804; died in New York, May 24, 1879. On the death of his father, in straitened circumstances, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Lynn, but afterward returned to Newburyport, and went to school, partly supporting himself by sawing wood. In 1818 he was apprenticed to a printer, the publisher of the *Newburyport Herald*, to which, when seventeen or eighteen years of age, he began to contribute articles on political and other subjects. He wrote for other papers, and in 1826 became editor and proprietor of the *Newburyport Free Press*, which was unsuccessful. The next year he edited the *National Philanthropist*, a paper advocating total abstinence, and in 1828 was connected with the *Journal of the Times*, published at Bennington, Vt., in the interests of peace, temperance, and anti-slavery. In 1829 he joined Benjamin Lundy in publishing *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* at Baltimore. He advocated the immediate abolition of slavery, and condemned the colonization of the negroes in Africa, while Lundy favored gradual emancipation. In 1830 Garrison's denunciation of the taking of a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans as "domestic piracy," led to his indictment for libel. He

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was tried, convicted, and fined; and, being unable to discharge his fine, was imprisoned, until the generous act of a New York merchant released him. He now began a course of anti-slavery lectures in Boston, New York, and other cities, hoping to obtain the means of establishing a journal in support of his convictions.

On January 1. 1831, in conjunction with Isaac Knapp. he issued the first number of *The Liberator*, in which he spared neither man nor system that advocated, protected, or excused slavery. Immediate emancipation, without regard to consequences, or provision for the future, was his demand. The greatest excitement ensued. Abolitionists were denounced as enemies of the Union, their meetings were broken up, they were hunted like criminals, and those who attempted to educate the negroes were prosecuted. In 1832 Garrison went to England, hoping to enlist sympathy for American emancipation, and on his return assisted in organizing the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, and prepared their *Declaration of Sentiments.* In 1838 he was one of the organizers of the New England Non-Resistance Society. In 1840 he was one of the delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in England, and refused to take his seat because the female delegates were excluded. In 1843 he became President of the Anti-Slavery Society, and held that office until 1865. He issued the last number of *The Liberator* in the same year. Mr. Garrison was the author of numerous poems, a volume of which, entitled *Sonnets and other*

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Poems, was published in 1843. In 1852 a volume of *Selections* from his writings appeared. He had previously published *Thoughts on African Colonization* (1832).

THE LESSONS OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

I present myself as the advocate of my enslaved countrymen, at a time when their claims cannot be shuffled out of sight, and on an occasion which entitles me to a respectful hearing in their behalf. If I am asked to prove their title to liberty, my answer is that the Fourth of July is not a day to be wasted in establishing "self-evident truths.' In the name of God who has made us of one blood, and in whose image we are created; in the name of the Messiah, who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; I demand the immediate emancipation of those who are pining in slavery on the American soil, whether they are fattening for the shambles in Maryland and Virginia, or are wasting, as with a pestilent disease, on the cotton and sugar plantations of Alabama and Louisiana; whether they are male or female, young or old, vigorous or infirm. I make this demand, not for the children merely, but the parents also; not for one, but for all; not with restrictions and limitations, but unconditionally. I assert their perfect equality with ourselves, as a part of the human race, and their inalienable right to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

That this demand is founded in justice, and is therefore irresistible, the whole nation is this day acknowledging, as upon oath at the bar of the world. And not until, by a formal vote, the people repudiate the Declaration of Independence as a false and dangerous instrument, and cease to keep this festival in honor of liberty, as unworthy of note and remembrance; not until they spike every cannon, and muffle every bell, and disband every procession, and quench every bonfire, and gag every orator; not until they brand Washington and Adams, and Jefferson and Hancock, as fanatics and

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madmen: not until they place themselves again in the condition of colonial subserviency to Great Britain, or transform this republic into an imperial government; not until they cease pointing exultingly to Bunker Hill, and the plains of Concord and Lexington; not, in fine, until they deny the authority of God, and proclaim themselves to be destitute of principle and humanity, will I argue the question as one of doubtful disputation, on an occasion like this, whether our slaves are entitled to the rights and privileges of freemen. That question is settled irrevocably.

There is no man to be found, unless he has a brow of brass and a heart of stone, who will dare to contest it on a day like this. A state of vassalage is declared by universal acclamation to be such as no man, or body of men, ought to submit to for one moment. I therefore tell the American slaves that the time for their emancipation is come; that—their own taskmasters being witnesses—they are created equal to the rest of mankind; and possess an inalienable right to liberty; and that no man has a right to hold them in bondage. I counsel them not to fight for their freedom, both on account of the hopelessness of the effort, and because it is rendering evil for evil; but I tell them, not less emphatically, it is not wrong for them to refuse to wear the yoke of slavery any longer. Let them shed no blood—enter into no conspiracies—raise no murderous revolts; but, whenever and wherever they can break their fetters, God give them courage to do so! And should they attempt to elope from their house of bondage, and come to the North, may each of them find a covert from the search of the spoiler, and an invincible public sentiment to shield them from the grasp of the kidnapper! Success attend them in their flight to Canada, to touch whose monarchical soil insures freedom to every republican slave! . . .

The object of the Anti-Slavery Association is not to destroy men's lives—despots though they be—but to prevent the spilling of human blood. It is to enlighten the understanding, arouse the conscience, affect the heart. We rely upon moral power alone for success. The ground upon which we stand belongs to no sect or

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party—it is holy ground. Whatever else may divide us in opinion, in this one thing we are agreed—that slaveholding is a crime under all circumstances, and ought to be immediately and unconditionally abandoned. We enforce upon no man either a political or a religious test as a condition of membership; but at the same time we expect every abolitionist to carry out his principles consistently, impartially, faithfully, in whatever station he may be called to act, or wherever conscience may lead him to go. . . .

Genuine abolitionism is not a hobby, got up for personal or associated aggrandizement; it is not a political ruse; it is not a spasm of sympathy, which lasts but for a moment, leaving the system weak and worn; it is not a fever of enthusiasm; it is not the fruit of fanaticism; it is not a spirit of faction. It is of heaven, not of men. It lives in the heart as a vital principle. It is an essential part of Christianity, and aside from it there can be no humanity. Its scope is not confined to the slave population of the United States, but embraces mankind. Opposition cannot weary it, force cannot put it down, fire cannot consume it. It is the spirit of Jesus, who was sent "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." Its principles are self-evident, its measures rational, its purposes merciful and just. It cannot be diverted from the path of duty, though all earth and hell oppose; for it is lifted far above all earth-born fear. When it fairly takes possession of the soul, you may trust the soul-carrier anywhere, that he will not be recreant to humanity. In short, it is a life, not an impulse—a quenchless flame of philanthropy, not a transient spark of sentimentalism.—*Address, July 4, 1842.*

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
  And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design
  And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;

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Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control:
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the household tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.

THE GUILTLESS PRISONER.

Prisoner! within these gloomy walls close pent,
Guiltless of horrid crime or venal wrong—
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was to love all mankind;
Thou didst oppose some vile oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
Or would not bear the implements of war,
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory 'mid intensest sufferings!
Though beat, imprisoned, put to open shame,
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

TO BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Self-taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned,
Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed;
As madman and fanatic oft condemned,
Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed;
Leonidas could not thy courage boast;
Less numerous were his foes, his band more strong;
Alone unto a more than Persian host,
Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
Nor shalt thou singly wage the unequal strife;
Unto thy aid, with spear and shield, I rush,
And freely do I offer up my life,
And bid my heart's blood find a wound to gush!
New volunteers are trooping to the field;
To die we are prepared, but not an inch to yield.

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GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, an English dramatist and poet, born about 1535 ; died at Stamford, England, October 7, 1577. He studied law at one of the Inns, but, being disinherited by his father, he enlisted in the Dutch service, and served against the Spaniards, but was taken prisoner and detained for four months. Getting back to England, he collected his poems, and rose into favor with Queen Elizabeth and her favorite, Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and took part in the famous festival at Kenilworth. Besides producing dramatic entertainments he wrote *The Steele Glass*, a satire in blank verse; *Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse; The Complaint of Philomene*, and a number of minor poems.

Saintsbury says in his *History of Elizabethan Literature:* "His work is remarkable for the number of first attempts at English it contains. It has been claimed for him (though students of literary history regard such claims as hazardous) that he wrote the first English prose comedy, the first regular verse satire, the first prose tale, the first translation from Greek tragedy, and the first critical essay. Though most of these were adaptations from foreign originals, they certainly make up a remarkable budget for one man." Gascoigne was twice elected to Parliament.

Gascoigne was much praised by his contempo-

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raries; among them Webbe speaks of him as "a witty gentleman and the very chief of our late rhymers;" Arthur Hall praises his "pretie pythie conceits;" and Harvey has a good word for "his commendable parts of conceit and endeavour," though he bemoans his "decayed and blasted estate." The latter writer also suggests that, with Chaucer and Surrey, Gascoigne should figure in the library of a maid of honor.

LADIES OF THE COURT.

Behold, my Lord, what monsters muster here
With angels' face and harmful, hellish hearts,
With smiling looks, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins and stony, cruel minds,
With stealing steps, yet forward feet to fraud.
The younger sort come piping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they birded.
The elder sort go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
Lordships and manors, fines; yea, farms and all!—
What should *these* be? Speak you my lovely Lord.
They be not men, for why, they have no beards;
They be no boys, which wear such sidelong gowns;
They be no gods, for all their gallant gloss;
They be no devils, I trow, that seem so saintish;
What be they? Women masking in men's weeds,
With Dutchkin doublets, and with gerkins jagged,
With Spanish spangs, and ruffles fet out of France,
With high-copt hats, and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt:
They, to be sure, seem even *Wo* to *Men* indeed!

—*The Steele Glass.*

THE LULLABIES.

First, lullaby my Youthful Years:
It is now time to go to bed;
For crooked age and hoary hairs
Have wore the haven within mine head.

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With lullaby, then, Youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will;
Since Courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

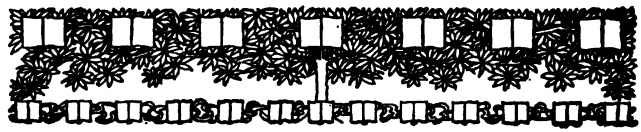
Next, lullaby my gazing Eyes,
  Which wonted were to glance apace;
For every glass may now suffice
  To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby, then, wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face or beauty bright
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton Will:
  Let Reason's rule now rein my thought
Since, all too late, I find by skill
  How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubt appease;
For trust in this—if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby, my Youth, mine Eyes,
  My Will, my Ware, and all that was:
I can no more delays devise,
  But welcome Pain, let Pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave;
With lullaby your dreams deceive;
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.



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GASKELL, ELIZABETH CLEGHORN (STEVENSON), an English novelist, born at Chelsea, London, September 29, 1810; died at Alton, Hampshire, November 12, 1865. Her father, William Stevenson, a tutor and preacher, relinquished preaching for farming because he thought it wrong to be a "hired teacher of religion." He was for a time editor of the *Scots Magazine*. He contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and became Keeper of the Records to the Treasury. Her mother died in giving her birth, and she was adopted by an aunt. She was partly educated in a school at Stratford-upon-Avon, and then returned to her father, who superintended her studies. She married William Gaskell, a clergyman of Manchester, and gave all her leisure to ministry among the poor of that city, and thus became intimately acquainted with the lives of operatives in the factories. Her first literary work was a paper entitled *An Account of Clopton Hall*, written for William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*. This was followed by short tales contributed to the *People's Journal*. *Mary Barton*, her first novel, a story of manufacturing life, was published in 1848. Her next publication was *The Moorland Cottage* (1850). *Ruth*, a novel, and *Cranford*, a series of sketches of life in a rural town, appeared in 1853. Mrs. Gaskell's other works are *North*

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and South (1855); a *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1857); *Round the Sofa* (1859); *Right at Last* (1860); *Sylvia's Lovers* (1863); *Cousin Phillis*, and *Wives and Daughters*, the last of which was not quite completed at the time of her sudden death from heart disease.

GREEN HEYS FIELDS, MANCHESTER.

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as Green Heys Fields, through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighborhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of hay-making, ploughing, etc., which are such pleasant mysteries for townspeople to watch: and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life—the lowing of cattle, the milkmaid's call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farm-house is

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covered by a rose-tree ; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks and wallflowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn ; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen ; but one afternoon—now ten or a dozen years ago—these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets ; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds, which were blown by a west wind over the dark blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life ; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colors.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory-girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens—namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but toward evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty ; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions ; they had dark hair, neatly and classically

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arranged, dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers have been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.—*Mary Barton.*

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature. "Have you seen any numbers of the *Pickwick Papers?*" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

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Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased pastor of Cranford; and on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak. "I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model."

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This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she, "and I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me and said, with mild dignity, "Fetch me *Rasselas*, my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown. "Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favorite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was the *Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters. I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favorite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writ-

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ing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."—*Cranford.*

THE MINISTER.

"There is Father!" she exclaimed, pointing out to me a man in his shirt-sleeves, taller by the head than the other two with whom he was working. We only saw him through the leaves of the ash-trees growing in the hedge, and I thought I must be confusing the figures, or mistaken: that man still looked like a very powerful laborer, and had none of the precise demureness of appearance which I had always imagined was the characteristic of a minister. It was the Reverend Ebenezer Holman, however. He gave us a nod as we entered the stubble-field, and I think he would have come to meet us but that he was in the middle of giving directions to his men. I could see that Phillis was built more after his type than her mother's. He, like his daughter, was largely made, and of a fair, ruddy complexion, whereas hers was brilliant and delicate. His hair had been yellow or sandy, but now was grizzled. Yet his gray hairs betokened no failure in strength. I never saw a more powerful man—deep chest, lean flanks, well-planted head. By this time we were nearly up to him, and he interrupted himself and stepped forward, holding out his hand to me, but addressing Phillis.

"Well, my lass, this is Cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But, Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land: it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Monday—I beg your pardon, Cousin Manning—and there's old Jem's cottage

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wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow while I am busy." Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep bass voice to an old suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, "Now, I will give out the psalm, 'Come, all harmonious tongues,' to be sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune."

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis: her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune, and the men came in with more uncertainty, but harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice, with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze before I could rouse myself.

"I dare say you railway gentlemen don't wind up the day with singing a psalm together," said he, "but it is not a bad practice—not a bad practice. We have had it a bit earlier to-day for hospitality's sake—that's all."

I had nothing to say to this, though I was thinking a great deal. From time to time I stole a look at my companion. His coat was black, and so was his waistcoat; neckcloth he had none, his strong, full throat being bare above the snow-white shirt. He wore drab-colored knee-breeches, gray worsted stockings (I thought I knew the maker), and strong-nailed shoes. He carried his hat in his hand as if he liked to feel the coming breeze lifting his hair. After a while, I saw that the father took hold of the daughter's hand, and so they, holding each other, went along toward home.—*Cousin Phillis.*

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GASPARIN, AGÉNOR ÉTIENNE, COMTE DE, a French publicist and writer on political and social topics, born at Orange, July 10, 1810; died at Geneva, Switzerland, May 4, 1871. He was the eldest son of Count Adrien Pierre de Gasparin. He was employed by Guizot as his secretary in the Department of Public Instruction, and when his father became Minister of the Interior in 1836 served also as secretary in that department. In 1842 he was elected deputy for the arrondissement of Bastia, in Corsica. A zealous Protestant, he advocated religious liberty, prison reform, emancipation of slaves, and social purity. He was not re-elected in 1846. Disapproving of the course of Louis Napoleon, he left France, and took up his residence near Geneva, where he lectured upon economy, history, and religion. He wrotè numerous pamphlets on slavery and other abuses, and contributed articles to the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Two remarkable works advocating the Union cause were written by him during the rebellion, and were translated under the titles of *The Uprising of a Great People: the United States in 1861* and *America before Europe* (1862). Among his other works are *Slavery and the Slave Trade* (1838); *Christianity and Paganism* (1850); *The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith* (1853); *Turning Tables, the Supernatural in General and Spirits* (1854); *The Question*

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of Neufchâtel (1857); *The Family: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows*, and *Moral Liberty* (1868); a *Life of Innocent III.*, and *The Good Old Times*, the last two works being published after his death, which was hastened by his cares for fugitive and wounded soldiers in 1871.

TRIED AND FIRM.

It might have been said formerly that the United States subsisted only through their privileged position —without neighbors, consequently without enemies. Exempt from the efforts exacted by war, life had been easy to them; their vast political edifice had not been tried, for it had struggled against no tempest, and there was a right to suppose that the first torrent which beat against the wall would overthrow or shake the foundations. To-day the torrent has come, and the foundation remains. The impotent nationality which has been shown us submerged beneath the waves of immigration has been found an energetic and long-lived nationality. In the face of the rebellious South, as in the face of the menacing South, there is found an American nation. It has broken forever—yes, broken, even in the event of the effective separation of a portion of the South—the perfidious weapon of separation. It has passed through the triple ordeal which all governments must endure—the ordeal of foundation, of independence, of revolution. It has affranchised with one blow its present and its future. At the hour of disasters it has displayed the rarest quality of all—patience to repair the evil. . . . I shall not waste my time in demonstrating that if the Union come out of the crisis victorious, it will come out aggrandized. The *uprising of a great people* will then have numerous partisans, and my paradox will become a commonplace. I have been anxious to establish another theory, no less true, but less popular—to-day, during the crisis, in the midst of difficulties and perils, whatever may be the issue of the struggle, the uprising is already accomplished. Already it has accepted heavy charges which will leave their traces on the American budget, like the noble scars which remain stamped on

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the countenance of conquerors. The uprising is therefore already accomplished. It may be that the United States will still combat and suffer, but their cause will not perish, and their cause is their greatness.—*America before Europe.*

GASPARIN, VALÉRIE (BOISSIER) DE, a French writer of travel and religious works, born at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1813; died there, June 29, 1894, wife of the preceding. She was a moralist of a high order. Among her works are *Marriage from the Christian Point of View* (1842), which obtained a prize at the French Academy; *There Are Poor in Paris and Elsewhere* (1846); *Monastic Corporations in the Heart of Protestantism* (1855); *Near Horizons; Heavenly Horizons; Vespers*, and *Human Sadness.*

BEHIND A VEIL.

Here again comes the stiffness of conventionality to paralyze a character all made up of light and motion. Spontaneous, unpremeditated, it has the gayety of a child; it has sadness as well, sudden bursts, impulses, enthusiasms, all of which I grant you are not in very perfect proportion;—the laughter is sometimes a little loud; tears come like those thunder-showers that all at once drown the sun out of sight; but such as it is, it is natural and it is charming. I add that when tempted it is excellent, because it is true. Now then let come traditions, let come the world with its good society amazement, and this poor soul is afraid of being itself. Ere long it grows ashamed of it; it dares no longer laugh or weep; it takes refuge in an artificial coldness. Here and there some eccentricity—one of those shoots of impetuous vegetation which pierce through old walls to open out to the light—escapes in look or tone; instantly there is a hue and cry. Quick, down with the portcullis, up with the drawbridge! There where a

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coppice full of songs grew green, a gray fortress is rising now; passers-by measure its height; they feel an icy shadow fall athwart them; they quicken their steps toward the flowery field beyond. And yet a heart was beating there; a genial spirit gave out fitful rays; there was life still, there might have been happiness.

If, at the least, the mistake once committed might become at length a kind of reality; if one but moved freely beneath the borrowed garment! But no! it was made to fit some one else; we are not only uncomfortable in it, but we are awkward as well. These disguises only half deceive; they suffice to embarrass; not to give one a home-feeling of ease. . . .

Alas! and one may go on thus to the very end! When the end is come, the indifferent crowd permits you to be buried without your disguise. Sometimes it happens that a curious on-looker stops and contemplates you; sometimes at the supreme parting hour a fold of the veil gets disarranged, and then your true visage appears. There it is all radiant, or all pale. There is the sweet smile; when just about to be for ever extinguished, it at length ventures forth upon the dying lips; the glance is fraught with emotion, tears warm the marble face! That then was the real man, the real woman! What! so beautiful, so touching, and I had never found it out!—*Human Sadness.*

OCTOBER.

On one of those October days which rise all radiant after they have once shaken off their mantle of mist, let us take our way into lonely places. The brambles are reddening on the mountains; we hear the lowing of the herds shaking their bells in the pastures. Here and there some fire rolls out its smoke; insects rise slowly with their little balloons of white silk; the bushes, deceived by the mildness of the nights, put forth fresh shoots; the great daisies, the scarlet pinks, the sage-plants that had flowered in June, open out a few bright petals here and there. This will not last; winter is coming on. What of that? This last smile tells me that God loves and means to console me.—*Human Sadness.*

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GAUDEN, JOHN, an English clergyman and religious writer, born at Mayland, Essex, in 1605; died September 20, 1662. Having preached a successful sermon before Parliament, he was in 1640 rewarded by the rich deanery of Bocking, and other preferments. After the breaking out of the civil war he submitted to the Presbyterian order of Church Government, and thus retained his preferments. In 1649, after the execution of Charles I., he wrote *A Just Invective against those of the Army and their Abettors who murthered King Charles I.* This, however, was not printed until after the Restoration of Charles II. Immediately after the Restoration Gauden was made chaplain to the King, then Bishop of Exeter, and in 1662 Bishop of Worcester. Between 1653 and 1660 he wrote a number of treatises in vindication of the Church of England and its clergy, among which are *A Petitionary Remonstrance to Oliver Cromwell in behalf of the Clergy of England*, and *The Tears, Sighs, and Complaints of the Church of England* (1659), *Antisacrilegus* (1660), besides several published *Sermons*.

Gauden's chief claim to a place in the history of literature rests upon his connection with the *Eikōn Basilikē, or the Pourtraicture of his sacred Majestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings*. This work, bearing date of 1649, was published soon after the execution of the King, by whom on its face it

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purports to have been written. The work was received by the Royalists as the composition of "the Royal Martyr;" but by others the authorship was attributed to Gauden. Volume upon volume has been written upon both sides of this controversy, which, perhaps, will never be definitely settled, since as late as 1829 the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth put forth an elaborate argument to show that King Charles was actually the author, while Mackintosh, Todd, and Macaulay hold that the work belongs to Gauden. But the consensus of critical opinion to-day is that Gauden was not the sole author of that famous book, and probably had but little share in its composition.

FROM THE "EIKŌN BASILIKÉ."

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use His power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able, when He pleases, to repress the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number. From small beginnings on my part, He let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or His protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for His just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies less punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults.

There is no doubt but personal and private sins may ofttimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man, in the world's

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esteem, a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valor, and strength, the less doth God ordinarily work by them for His own glory. I am sure the event of success can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their sôuls.

Those with me had, I think, clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oaths; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising arms. Those on the other side are forced to fly to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state, as they call them, which actually overthrow the present fabric both of Church and State; being such imaginary reasons for self-defence as are most impertinent for those men to allege, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the laws, first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present laws and governors, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them.

The eminent Dr. South seems to have had no doubt that Charles I. was really the author of the *Eikōn Basilikḗ*. He says: "To go no further for a testimony, let his own writings witness, which speak him no less an author than a monarch, composed with such a commanding majestic pathos as if they had been writ not with a pen but a sceptre; and for those whose virulent and ridiculous calumnies ascribe that incomparable piece to others, I say it is a sufficient argument that those did not write it because they could not."

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GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE, a French poet, novelist, and critic, born at Tarbes, Gascony, August 31, 1811; died at Neuilly, October 22, 1872. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, Paris, and on completing his college course entered the studio of Rioult, intending to become a painter. After two years' study he turned from art to literature, and joined in the revolt against the formalism of the French classic school. His first volume of *Poésies* (1830) was followed in 1832 by *Albertus*, a "theological legend." In 1833 he published a volume of tales, *Les Jeunes-France*, and in 1835 *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, a novel which was pronounced, even in France, immoral. To this time belongs a series of critical papers on the poets of the time of Louis XIII. which were afterward published in 1843, under the title of *Les Grotesques*. These were written for *La France Littéraire*, of which Gautier was editor. He also contributed to the *Revue de Paris*, *L'Artiste*, and other papers. In 1836 he became literary and dramatic editor of *La Presse*, in 1854 of *Le Moniteur Universel*, and in 1869 of *Le Journal Officiel*. His journalistic labors alone were enormous. It is said that a complete collection of his articles would fill three hundred volumes. He continued to write novels and poems. *La Comédie de la Morte* (1838), *Poésies* (1840), and *Émaux et Camées* (1852) all dis-

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play true poetic feeling and a marvellous command of poetic form. Gautier travelled in most of the countries of Europe, and wrote several books embodying his observations; among them *Italia* (1853) and *Constantinople* (1854). He wrote also for the stage, *La Tricorne Enchanté* (1845) being perhaps his best play. His short stories stand in the first rank of this class of fiction. The best of his novels are *Militona* (1847); *Le Roman de la Momie* (1856); *Le Capitaine Fracasse* (1863), and *Spirite* (1866). Besides the works of travel already mentioned are *Caprices et Zigzags*, *Voyage en Russie*, and *Voyage en Espagne*. *L'Histoire de l'Art Dramatique en France depuis vingt-cinq Ans* contains some of his best critical papers. His last work, *Tableaux du Siège*, gives a vivid picture of Paris at the time of its investment by the German troops.

THE ROYAL SEPULCHRES OF THEBES.

The director of excavations went on a little in advance of the nobleman and the savant, with the air of a well-bred person who knows the rules of etiquette, and his step was firm and brisk, as though he were quite confident of success. They soon reached a narrow defile leading into the valley of Bibán-el-Molook. It looked as if it had been cut by the hand of man through the thick wall of the mountain instead of being a natural cleft, as if the spirit of solitude had sought to render inaccessible this kingdom of the dead. On the perpendicular walls of the riven rock the eye could discern imperfect remains of sculptures, injured by the ravages of time, that might have been taken for inequalities of the stone, aping the crippled personages in a half-effaced bas-relief. Beyond the gorge the valley widened a little, presenting a spectacle of the most mournful desolation. On either side rose in steep crags enor-

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mous masses of calcareous rock, corrugated, splintered, crumbling, exhausted, and dropping to pieces in an advanced state of decomposition under an implacable sun. These rocks resembled the bones of the dead, calcined on a funeral pyre, and an eternity of weariness was expressed in the yawning mouths, imploring the refreshing drop that never fell. Their walls rose almost in a vertical line to a great height, marking out their indented tops of a grayish white against a sky of deepest indigo, like the turrets of some gigantic ruined fortress. A part of the funeral valley lay at a white heat under the rays of the sun ; the rest was bathed in that crude bluish tint of torrid lands which seems unreal at the North when artists reproduce it, and which is as clearly defined as the shadows on an architectural plan.

The valley lengthened out, now making an angle in one direction, now entangling itself in a gorge in another, as the spurs and projections of the bifurcated chain advanced or receded. According to a peculiarity of climates when the atmosphere, entirely free from moisture, possessed a perfect transparence, aerial perspective did not exist in this theatre of desolation; every little detail was sketched in, as far as the eye could reach, with a painful accuracy, and their distance made evident only by a decrease in size, as if a cruel Nature did not care to hide any of the poverty or misery of this barren spot, more dead itself than those whom it covered.

Over the wall, on the sunny side, fell a fiery stream of blinding light such as emanates from metals in a state of fusion. Every rocky surface, transformed into a burning mirror, sent it glancing back with even greater intensity. These reacting rays, joined to the scorching beams that fell from the heavens, and were reflected again from the earth, produced a heat equal to that of a furnace, and the poor German doctor constantly sponged his face with his blue-checked handkerchief, that looked as if it had been dipped in water. You could not have found a handful of soil in the whole valley, so there was no blade of grass, no bramble, no creeping vine of any kind, or growth of lichen, to break

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the uniform whiteness of the torrified ground. The crevices and dents in the rocks did not contain enough moisture to feed even the slender, thread-like roots of the poorest wall-plant. It was like a vast bed of cinders left from a chain of mountains burnt out in some great planetary fire in the day of cosmic catastrophes: to make the comparison more complete, long, black streaks, like scars left by cauterizing, ran down the chalky sides of the peaks. Absolute silence reigned over this scene of devastation; not a breath of life disturbed it; there was no flutter of wings, no hum of insects, no rustling of lizards and other reptiles; even the tiny cymbal of the grasshopper, that friend of arid wastes, could not be heard. A sparkling, micaceous dust, like powdered sandstone, covered the ground, and here and there formed mounds over the stones dug from the depths of the chain with the relentless pickaxes of past generations and the tools of troglodyte workmen preparing under ground the eternal dwelling-places of the dead. The fragments torn from the interior of the mountain had made other hills friable heaps of stones, that might have been taken for a natural ridge. In the sides of the rock were black holes, surrounded by scattered blocks of stone—square openings flanked by pillars covered with hieroglyphics, and having on their lintels mysterious cartouches that contained the sacred scarabæus in a great, yellow disk, the Sun as a ram's head, and the goddesses Isis and Nephthys, standing or kneeling. These were the royal sepulchres of Thebes.—*The Romance of a Mummy; translation of* AUGUSTA MCC. WRIGHT.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The daylight died; a filmy cloud
  Left lazily the zenith height,
In the calm river scarcely stirred,
  To bathe its flowing garment white.

Night came: Night saddened but serene,
  In mourning for her brother Day;
And every star before the queen
  Bent, robed in gold, to own her sway.

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The turtle-dove's soft wail was heard,
  The children dreaming in their sleep;
The air seemed filled with rustling wings
  Of unseen birds in downy sweep.

Heaven spake to earth in murmurs low,
  As when the Hebrew prophets trod
Her hills of old; one word I know
  Of that mysterious speech—'tis God.
—*Translation of* AMELIA D. ALDEN.

THE FIRST SMILE OF SPRING.

While to their vexatious toil, breathless, men are hurrying,
March, who laughs despite of showers, secretly prepares the Spring.

For the Easter daisies small, while they sleep, the cunning fellow
Paints anew their collarettes, burnishes their buttons yellow;

Goes, the sly perruquier, to the orchard, to the vine,
Powders white the almond-tree with a puff of swan's-down fine.

To the garden bare he flies, while dame Nature still reposes;
In their vests of velvet green, laces all the budding roses;

Whistles in the blackbird's ear new roulades for him to follow;
Sows the snow-drop far and near, and the violet in the hollow.

On the margin of the fountain, where the stag drinks, listening,
From his hidden hand he scatters silvery lily-buds for Spring;

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Hides the crimson strawberry in the grass, for thee to seek ;
Plaits a leafy hat, to shade from the glowing sun thy cheek.

Then, when all his task is done, past his reign, away he hies ;
Turn his head at April's threshold ;—"Springtime, you may come ! " he cries.

—*Translation of* AMELIA D. ALDEN.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

The rain-drops plash, and the dead leaves fall,
On spire and cornice and mould ;
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,
"We must follow the Summer, come one, come all,
For the Winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,
As to whither the way shall tend,
Says one, "I know the skies are fair
And myriad insects float in air
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

"And every year when the brown leaves fall,
In a niche of the Parthenon
I build my nest on the corniced wall,
In the trough of a devastating ball
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, "My cosey home I fit
On a Smyrna grande café,
Where over the threshold Hadjii sit,
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, "I prefer the nave
Of a temple in Baalbec ;
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,
And, perching near on the architrave,
I fill each open beak."

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"Ah!" says the last, "I build *my* nest
Far up on the Nile's green shore,
Where Memnon raises his stony crest,
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,
But greets him with song no more.

"In his ample neck is a niche so wide,
And withal so deep and free,
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,
And a thousand little ones rear beside—
Then come to the Nile with me."

They go, they go to the river and plain,
To ruined city and town,
They leave me alone with the cold again,
Beside the tomb where my joys have lain,
With hope like the swallows flown.

—*Translation of* HENRI VAN LAUN.

LOOKING UPWARD.

From Sixtus' fane when Michael Angelo
His work completed radiant and sublime,
The scaffold left and sought the streets below,

Nor eyes nor arms would lower for a time;
His feet knew not to walk upon the ground,
Unused to earth, so long in heavenly clime.

Upward he gazed while three long months went round;
So might an angel look who should adore
The dread triangle mystery profound.

My brother poets, while their spirits soar,
In the world's ways at every moment trip,
Walking in dreams while they the heavens explore.

—*Translation of* HENRI VAN LAUN.

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GAY, JOHN, an English poet, born at Barnstaple, baptized September 16, 1685; died in London, December 4, 1732. He was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London, but turned his attention to literary pursuits. In 1711 he published *Rural Sports*, a poem dedicated to Pope, which led to a close friendship between the two poets. This was followed by *The Shepherd's Week*, a kind of parody on the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Philips. He subsequently wrote several comedies; and in 1727 brought out the *Beggar's Opera*, which produced fame and money. This was followed by the comic opera of *Polly*, the representation of which was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. It was printed by subscription, and netted some £1,000 or £1,200 to the author. Other works are *The What D'ye Call It*, a farce (1715); *Poems*, including *Black-Eyed Susan* and *The Captives*, a tragedy (1724); *Acis and Galatea* (1732). Gay lost nearly all of his considerable property in the "South Sea Bubble," and during the later years of his life he was an inmate of the house of the Duke of Queensberry. Apart from the two comic operas, Gay's best works are *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, and the *Fables*, of which a very good edition was published in 1856. His amiable disposition won him many friends, but little can be said of the moral tendency of his works.

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WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along:
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his laboring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "Clean your shoes!" resounds from every voice,
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned:
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,

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You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.
If thy strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's, assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

—*Trivia.*

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.

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'Tis thus in friendship: who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain:
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden 's light."
The Horse replied: "Poor Honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see you thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;

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"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view!"

—*The Shepherd's Week.*

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard:
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew!"

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

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"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

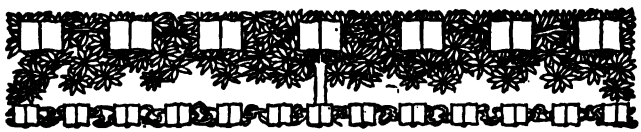
"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

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GAY, MARIE FRANÇOISE SOPHIE (DE LA VALETTE), a French novelist, born in Paris, July 1, 1776; died in March, 1852. She was the daughter of a financier to "Monsieur," afterward Louis XVIII., and was carefully educated by her father. When seventeen years of age she entered upon an unhappy marriage, but obtained a divorce in 1799. She afterward married M. Gay, Receiver-General in the department of Roer, and went to reside at Aix-la-Chapelle. Her beauty, wit, and amiability attracted many, and her husband's position widened her circle of acquaintances. She was a fine musician, a performer on the piano and harp, and composed both words and music of several romances. Her first literary work, a defence of Mme. de Staël's *Delphine*, was published in 1802 in the *Journal de Paris*. In the same year she published anonymously a romance, *Laure d'Estell. Léonie de Montbreuse* (1813) was her next novel. It was followed in 1815 by *Anatole*, the most popular of her works. She contributed to *La Presse* and other papers, and wrote several successful dramas. Among her other works are *Théobald* (1828); *Un Mariage sous l'Empire* (1832); *Scènes du Jeune Age* (1832); *Souvenirs d'une Vieille Femme* (1834); *Les Salons Célèbres* (1837); *Marie-Louise d'Orléans* (1842); *Le Faux Frère* and *Le Comte de Guiche* (1845).

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MARIE FRANÇOISE SOPHIE GAY

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS IN FRANCE.

The reunions begin ; already some persons have appointed their reception evenings, but the soirées are not complete ; for those husbands who are great proprietors make a pretext of their plantations and agricultural cares, to keep their young wives, as long as possible, far from the pleasures the city offers ; not reflecting that the richest love to pass over the season for gifts, considering them a species of tax imposed upon the vanity of the avaricious, as well as that of the lavish, from which distance and solitude can alone disfranchise.

It is toward the 20th of December that the scourge begins to be felt ; first, a general agitation is perceived, arising from perplexity in the choice of objects that will gratify the recipients ; to this succeeds despair of ever reconciling the gift one selects with the price she can or will give. Oh ! the sleepless nights that follow days of anxious thought ; the fear lest the present should be too useful, and hurt the pride of the friend, or too fanciful, and imply that she is capricious ; but it is less dangerous to consult her caprices than her needs, and the talent of divining the one or the other is seldom attended with success.

Nothing can equal the tacit ambition of the receivers of the New Year's gifts. Already the caresses of the children, the assiduity of the servants, is in ratio to the gifts they hope to receive from their relations or masters. Already the jewellers polish their old jewels, that they may sell them as new to strangers and provincials, who would be ill received on their return home, if not the envoys of robes, hats, and jewels, esteemed in the mode. The gift is the passport to a welcome from their families. . . .

If this month has its charges, it has also its profits ; the service in every house is performed with more exactness ; there are no letters lost, no journals missing, the visiting cards are punctually delivered to those who claim them, the lodger no longer knocks twenty times at the carriage entrance before the gate is opened, the

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boxkeeper does not keep you waiting in the lobby of the theatre, the coachman is more seldom drunk, the cook leaves in repose the cover of the basket, the chambermaid grumbles no longer, the children do not cry when nothing is the matter, the governesses intermit their beatings, everything goes on more easily, each one does his duty, every courtier is at his post—for each one hopes to have his name inscribed on the list for favors; the salons of the ministers are filled, government meets with less resistance, princes with fewer assassins.

But how many deceptions, jealousies, even enmities, date their birth from this deceitful month! What constrained visages, what contortions and grimaces of gratitude, without counting the conjugal kiss! We will favor our friends with titles of the different species of New Year's gifts:

First, the *duty gift*, given and received as the payment of a bill of exchange; that is to say, grudgingly on one side, and with no gratitude on the other.

Next, the *impost duty*, which it is necessary to satisfy; under penalty of being served the last, or even not at all, when you dine with your friends.

The *chance gift*, which simply consists in giving this year to the new friends the little presents that were received the year before from the old ones. This is the ass's bridge of the vain economists.

The *fraudulent gift*, which is particularly flattering, as it purports to have been purchased for the friend, or to have been sent by an old aunt, whose three years' revenue could not pay for this lying gift.

The *waning gift*. This reveals the phases and revolutions foreseen by astronomers of the heart, where love passes to friendship, friendship to habit, habit to indifference. This species of gift commences ordinarily with some rich talisman, the luxury of which, above all, consists in its uselessness, and ends with a bag of confectionery.

We have also the *politic gift*, the most ingenious of all, invented by fortune-hunters, solicitors, and artful women.

It is only a few choice spirits who have the finesse

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essential to success in this last present. They must not only give but little to obtain much ; but the choice of the present, and the means of making it available, require shrewdness and address. Wish you some place dependent upon a minister? Gain an introduction to his wife, or, if faithless to her, to the concealed object of his passion ; study her caprice that he has forgotten to satisfy ; send your offering anonymously ; your meaning will be divined by her, and the office you desire be obtained from him. Does your fate depend upon a brave administrator whose wife is faithful? Fear not ruining yourself in baubles for the children ; your place is more sure than the revenues of Spain.

Do you wish to assure yourself of an inheritance from some old relation? Observe his mania ; endeavor to discover what is the piece of furniture, the book, or the exquisite dish that his avarice refuses him ; give a watch to his housekeeper's little son ; persuade her to obtain a pension from the old man for the child, and you will not miss of the inheritance. This is the politic gift in all its diplomacy. As to the calculations of the woman who constrains or excites the generosity of her friends by her rich offerings, that is to be classed among vulgar speculations.—*Celebrated Salons ; translation of* J. WILLARD.



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GAY, SYDNEY HOWARD, an American journalist and historian, born at Hingham, Mass., May 22, 1814; died at New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., June 25, 1888. He entered Harvard College at fifteen, but left without graduating on account of ill health. After spending some years in a counting-house he began the study of law; this he abandoned for the reason that he could not conscientiously take the oath to maintain the Constitution of the United States, which required the surrender of fugitive slaves. In 1842 he became an anti-slavery lecturer; in 1844 editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, retaining that position until 1857, when he joined the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, of which he was managing editor from 1862 to 1866. From 1867 to 1871 he was managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. In 1872 he became one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*. Two years afterward William Cullen Bryant was asked by a publishing house to undertake the preparation of an illustrated *History of the United States*. He consented upon condition that the work should be actually executed by Mr. Gay, his own advanced age rendering it impossible that he should undertake a labor of such magnitude. This *History of the United States*, comprising four large volumes (1876–80), was really written by Mr. Gay, with

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the aid in the latter portion of several collaborators, among whom were Alfred H. Guernsey, Edward Everett Hale, Henry P. Johnson, Rossiter Johnson, and Horace E. Scudder. Mr. Gay has also written a *Life of James Madison* (1884), and was at the time of his death engaged upon a *Life of Edmund Quincy*.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS OF AMERICA.

The dead and buried culture of the ancient people of North America, to whose memory they themselves erected such curious monuments, is specially noteworthy in that it differs from all other extinct civilizations. Allied, on the one hand, to the rude conditions of the Stone Age, in which the understanding of man does not aim at much beyond some appliance that shall aid his naked hands in procuring a supply of daily food, it is yet far in advance of that rough childhood of the race; and while it touches the Age of Metal, it is almost as far behind, and suggests the semi-civilization of other pre-historic races who left in India, in Egypt, and the centre of the Western Continent, magnificent architectural ruins and relics of the sculptor's art, which, though barbaric, were nevertheless full of power peculiar to those parallel regions of the globe.

It is hardly conceivable that those imposing earthworks were meant for mere outdoor occupation. A people capable of erecting fortifications which could not be much improved upon by modern military science as to position, and, considering the material used, the method of construction; and who could combine for religious observances enclosures in groups of elaborate design, extending for more than twenty miles, would probably crown such works with structures in harmony with their importance and the skill and toil bestowed upon their erection. Such wooden edifices—for wood they must have been—would long ago have crumbled into dust; but it is not a fanciful suggestion that probably something more imposing than a rude hut once

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stood upon tumuli evidently meant for occupation, and sometimes approaching the Pyramids of Egypt in size and grandeur. These circumvallations of mathematical figures, bearing to each other certain well-defined relations, and made—though many miles apart—in accordance with some exact law of measurement, no doubt surrounded something better than an Indian's wigwam. That which is left is the assurance of that which has perished; it is the sacred and broken torso bearing witness to the perfect work of art as it came from the hands of the sculptor.

Nor is this the only conclusion that is forced upon us. These people must have been very numerous, as otherwise they could not have done what we see they did. They were an industrious, agricultural people; not like the sparsely scattered Indians, nomadic tribes of hunters; for the multitudes employed upon the vast systems of earth-works, and who were non-producers, must have been supported by the products of the labor of another multitude who tilled the soil. Their moral and religious natures were so far developed that they devoted much time and thought to occupations and subjects which could have nothing to do with their material welfare: a mental condition far in advance of the savage state. And the degree of civilization which they had reached—trifling in some respects, in others full of promise—was peculiarly their own, of which no trace can be discovered in subsequent times, unless it be among other and later races south and west of the Gulf of Mexico.

Doing and being so much, the wonder is that they should not have attained to still higher things. But the wonder ceases if we look for the farther development of their civilization in Mexico and Central America. If they did not die out, destroyed by pestilence or famine; if they were not exterminated by the Indians, but were at last driven away by a savage foe against whose furious onslaughts they could contend no longer, even behind their earthen ramparts, their refuge was probably, if not necessarily, farther south or southwest. In New Mexico they may have made their last defence in the massive stone fortresses, which the bitter experience of

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the past had taught them to substitute for the earth-works they had been compelled to abandon. Thence extending southward they may, in successive periods, have found leisure, in the perpetual summer of the tropics, where nature yielded a subsistence almost unsolicited for the creation of that architecture whose ruins are as remarkable as those of any of the pre-historic races of other continents. The sculpture in the stone of those beautiful temples may be only the outgrowth of that germ of art shown in the carvings on the pipes which the Mould-Builders left on their buried altars. In these pipes a striking fidelity to nature is shown in the delineation of animals. It is reasonable to suppose that they were equally faithful in portraying their own features in their representations of the human head and face; and the similarity between these and the sculptures upon the ancient temples of Central America and Mexico is seen at a glance.

Then also it may be that they discovered how to fuse and combine the metals, making a harder and a better bronze than the Europeans had ever seen; to execute work in gold and silver which the most skilled Europeans did not pretend to excel; to manufacture woven stuffs of fine texture, the beginnings whereof are found in the fragments of coarse cloth; in objects of use and ornament, wrought in metals, left among the other relics in the earlier northern homes of their race. In the art of the southern people there was nothing imitative; the works of the Mound-Builders stand as distinctly original and independent of any foreign influence. Any similarity in either that can be traced to anything else is in the apparent growth of the first rude culture of the northern race into the higher civilization of that of the south. It certainly is not a violent supposition that the people who disappeared at one period from one part of the continent, leaving behind them certain unmistakable marks of progress, had reappeared at another time in another place, where the same marks were found in large development.—*History of the United States, Vol. I., Chap. II.*

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GAYARRÉ, CHARLES ARTHUR, an American historian, born in Louisiana, January 9, 1805; died February 11, 1895. He was educated at the University of New Orleans, studied law at Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. In 1830 he was appointed Deputy Attorney-General of Louisiana, and in 1833 presiding Judge of the City Court of New Orleans. In 1835 he was chosen to the United States Senate, but impaired health prevented him from taking his seat. He went to Europe, where he remained for about eight years. Returning to New Orleans he was elected to the Legislature in 1844, and again in 1846. He was appointed Secretary of State in Louisiana, and held the office for seven years, after which he retired from public service. His writings relate mainly to the history of Louisiana. They are *Essai Historique sur la Louisiane* (1830); *Histoire de la Louisiane* (1848); *Louisiana, its Colonial History and Romance* (1851); *Louisiana, its History as a French Colony* (1852); *History of the Spanish Domination in Louisiana* (1854). He has also written *Philip II. of Spain*, a biographical sketch (1866); *Fernando de Lemos*, a novel (1872), and a continuation of it, *Albert Dubayet* (1882), and two comedies, *Doctor Bluff* and *The School for Politics* which appeared in 1854. Gayarré's histories are reliable, and written in readable narrative style.

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CHARLES ARTHUR GAYARRÉ

ORIGIN OF THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

If every man's life were closely analyzed, accident—or what seems to be so to human apprehension, and whatever usually goes by that name, whatever it may really be—would be discovered to act a more conspicuous part, and to possess a more controlling influence than preconception, and that volition which proceeds from long-meditated design. My writing the history of Louisiana from the expedition of De Soto in 1539 to the final and complete establishment of the Spanish government in 1769, after a spirited resistance from the French colonists, was owing to an accidental circumstance, which, in the shape of disease, drove me from a seat I had lately obtained in the Senate of the United States; but which, to my intense regret, I had not the good fortune to occupy. Travelling for health, not from free agency, but a slave to compulsion, I dwelt several years in France. In the peculiar state in which my mind then was, if its attention had not been forcibly diverted from what it brooded over, the anguish under which it sickened, from many causes, would soon not have been endurable. I sought for a remedy; I looked into musty archives; I gathered materials; and subsequently became a historian—or rather a mere pretender to that name.—*Preface to First Series of Colonial History and Romance.*

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The success of my *Romance of the History of Louisiana* from the discovery of that country by De Soto, to the surrender by Crozat of the charter which he had obtained from Louis XIV. in relation to that French colony, has been such that I deem it my duty to resume my pen and to present the following work to the kind and friendly regard of my patrons. When I wrote the precedent one, I said, in the words of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, while I mentally addressed the public:

> "Right I note, most mighty souveraine,
> That all this famous antique history
> Of some th' aboundance of an idle braine,
> Will judgèd be, and painted forgery,
> Rather than matter of just memory."

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Nor was I mistaken: for I was informed that many had taken for the invention of the brain what was historical truth set in a gilded frame, when—to use the expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds—I had taken but insignificant liberties with facts, to interest my readers, and make my narration more delightful—in imitation of the painter who, though his work is called *history-painting*, gives in reality a poetical representation of the facts. The reader will easily perceive that in the present production I have been more sparing of embellishments, although "I well noted, with that worthy gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney," as Raleigh says in his *History of the World*, that "historians do borrow of poets not only much of their ornament, but somewhat of their substance."

Such is not the case on this occasion; and I can safely declare that the *substance* of this work—embracing the period from 1717 to 1743, when Bienville, who with Iberville, had been the founder of the colony, left it forever—rests on such foundations as would be received in a court of justice; and that what I have borrowed of the poet for the benefit of the historian, is hardly equivalent to the delicately wrought drapery which even the sculptor would deem necessary as a graceful appendage to the nakedness of the statue of Truth.—*Preface to Second Series of Colonial History and Romance.*

CLOSE OF THE HISTORICAL LECTURES.

This is the third and last series of the Historical Lectures on Louisiana, embracing a period which extends from the discovery to 1769, when it was virtually transferred by the French to the Spaniards, in virtue of the Fontainebleau treaty signed in November, 1762. . . . I looked upon the first four Lectures as *nugæ seria*, to which I attached no more importance than a child does to the soap-bubbles which he puffs through the tube of the tiny reed, picked up by him for the amusement of the passing hour. But struck with the interest which I had excited, I examined, with more sober thoughts, the flowery field in which I had sported,

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almost with the buoyancy of a schoolboy. Checking the freaks of my imagination—that boon companion with whom I had been gambolling—I took to the plough, broke the ground, and turned myself to a more serious and useful occupation. . . .

Should the continuation of life and the enjoyment of leisure permit me to gratify my wishes, I purpose to write the history of the Spanish domination in Louisiana, from 1769 to 1803, when was effected the almost simultaneous cession of that province, by Spain to France and by France to the United States of America. Embracing an entirely distinct period of history, it will be a different work from the preceding, as much, perhaps, in point of style, and the other elements of compositions, as with regard to the characteristic features of the new lords of the land.—*Preface to Louisiana as a French Colony.*

THE ABORIGINES OF LOUISIANA.

Three centuries have hardly elapsed since that immense territory which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of Canada, and which was subsequently known under the name of Louisiana, was slumbering in its cradle of wilderness, unknown to any of the white race to which we belong. Man was there, however—but man in his primitive state, claiming, as it were, in appearance at least, a different origin from ours ; or being at best a variety of our species. There was the hereditary domain of the Red Man, living in scattered tribes over that magnificent country. These tribes earned their precarious subsistence chiefly by pursuing the inhabitants of the earth and of the water. They sheltered themselves in miserable huts, spoke different languages ; observed contradictory customs ; and waged fierce war upon each other. Whence they came, none knew ; none knows, with absolute certainty, to the present day ; and the faint glimmerings of vague tradition have afforded little or no light to penetrate into the darkness of their mysterious origin.—*Colonial History and Romance.*

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DEATH OF DE SOTO.

It would be too long to follow De Soto in his peregrinations during two years, through part of Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. At last he stands on the banks of the Mississippi, near the spot where now flourishes the Egyptian-named city of Memphis. He crosses the mighty river, and onward he goes, up to the White River, while roaming over the territory of the Arkansas. Meeting with alternate hospitality and hostility on the part of the Indians, he arrives at the mouth of the Red River, within the present limits of the State of Louisiana. There he was fated to close his adventurous career.

Three years of intense bodily fatigue and mental excitement had undermined the hero's constitution. Alas! well might the spirit droop within him! He had landed on the shore of the North American continent with high hopes, dreaming of conquest over wealthy nations and magnificent cities. What had he met? Interminable forests, endless lagoons, inextricable marshes, sharp and continuous conflicts with men little superior, in his estimation, to the brutish creation. He who in Spain was cheered by beauty's glance, by the songs of the minstrel, when he sped to the contest with adversaries worthy of his prowess—with the noble and chivalric Moors; he who had revelled in the halls of the imperial Incas of Peru, and who had there amassed princely wealth; he the flower of knightly courts, had been roaming like a vagrant over an immense territory, where he had discovered none but half-naked savages, dwelling in miserable huts, ignobly repulsive when compared with Castilla's stately domes, with Granada's fantastic palaces, and with Peru's imperial dwellings, massive with gold! His wealth was gone; two-thirds of his brave companions were dead. What account of them would he render to their noble families? He, the bankrupt in fame and in fortune, how would he withstand the gibes of envy? Thought—that scourge of life, that inward consumer of man—racks his brain; his heart is seared with deep anguish; a slow fever wastes his powerful

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frame; and he sinks at last on the couch of sickness, never to rise again.

The Spaniards cluster round him, and alternately look with despair at the dying chieftain, and at the ominous hue of the bloody river, known at this day as the Red River. But not he the man to allow the wild havoc within the soul to betray itself in the outward mien; not he, in common with the vulgar herd, the man to utter one word of wail! With smiling lips and serene brow he cheers his companions, and summons them, one by one, to swear allegiance in his hands to Muscoso de Alvarado, whom he designates as his successor. "Union and perseverance, my friends," he says. "So long as breath animates your bodies, do not falter in the enterprise you have undertaken. Spain expects a richer harvest of glory, and more ample domains, from her children!" These are his last words, and then he dies. Blest be the soul of the noble knight and of the true Christian! Rest his mortal remains in peace within that oaken trunk scooped by his companions, and by them sunk many fathoms deep in the bed of the Mississippi!—*Colonial History and Romance.*

THE DEATH-BED OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

The King, with the complication of diseases under which he was sinking, became so weak that his physicians were much alarmed. It was a tertian fever, and although it was with much difficulty stopped for some time, it returned with more violence, with daily attacks, and within shortening intervals. At the end of a week a malignant tumor manifested itself in his right knee, increased prodigiously, and produced the most intense pain. As the last resort, when all other modes of relief had been exhausted, the physicians resolved to open the tumor; and as it was feared that the patient, from his debility, would not be able to bear the operation, the physicians, with much precaution, communicated to him their apprehensions. He received this information with great fortitude, and prepared himself by a general confession for what might happen. He caused some relics to be brought to him, and after having adored

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and kissed them with much devotion, he put his body at the disposal of his medical attendants. The operation was performed by the skilful surgeon, Juan de Vergara. It was a very painful one, and all who were present were amazed at the patience and courage exhibited by Philip.

His condition, however, did not improve. The hand of God was upon him who had caused so many tears to be shed during his long life, and no human skill could avail when divine justice seemed bent to enforce its decree of retribution. Above the gash which the operator's knife had made, two large sores appeared, and from their hideous and ghastly lips there issued such a quantity of matter as hardly seems credible. To the consuming heat of fever, to the burning thirst of dropsy, were added the corroding itch of ulcers, and the infection of the inexhaustible streams of putrid matter which gushed from his flesh. The stench around the powerful sovereign of Spain and the Indies was such as to be insupportable to the bystanders. Immersed in this filth, the body of the patient was so sore that it could be turned neither to the right nor to the left, and it was impossible to change his clothes or his bedding.

So sensitive had he become that the slightest touch produced the most intolerable agony; and the haughty ruler of millions of men remained helplessly stretched in a sty, and in a more pitiable condition than that of the most ragged beggar in his vast dominions. But his fortitude was greater than his sufferings. Not a word of complaint was heard to escape from his lips; and the soul remained unsubdued by these terrible infirmities of the flesh. He had been thirty-five days embedded in this sink of corruption when, in consequence of it, his whole back became but one sore from his neck downward. . . .

It seemed scarcely possible to increase the afflictions of Philip, when a chicken broth sweetened with sugar, which was administered to him, gave rise to other accidents, which added to the fetidness of his apartment, and which are represented, besides, as being of an extraordinary and horrible character. He became sleepless, with occasional short fits of lethargy; and, as it

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were to complete this spectacle of human misery and degradation, the ulcers teemed with a prodigious quantity of worms, which reproduced themselves with such prolific abundance that they defied all attempts to remove their indestructible swarms. In this condition he remained fifty-three days, without taking anything which could satisfactorily explain the prolongation of his existence. . . .

In the midst of these excruciating sufferings, his whole body being but one leprous sore, his emaciation being such that his bones threatened to pierce through his skin, Philip maintained unimpaired the serenity of mind and the wonderful fortitude which he had hitherto displayed. To religion alone—or what to him was religion—he looked for consolation. The walls of the small apartment in which he lay were covered with crucifixes, relics, and images of saints. From time to time he would call for one of them and apply it to his burning lips, or to one of his sores, with the utmost fervor and faith. In those days of trial he made many pious donations, and appropriated large sums to the dotation of establishments for the relief of widows and orphans, and to the foundation of hospitals and sanctuaries.

It is strange that in the condition in which we have represented him to be, he could turn his attention to temporal affairs, and had sufficient strength of mind to dictate to his minister and confidential secretary, Cristoval de Mora, some of his views and intentions for the conduct of the government: or, rather, it was not strange; for it was the ruling passion strong in death. In old age, and amidst such torments as appalled the world, Philip displayed the same tenacity of purpose and love of power which had characterized him when flushed with the aspirations of youth and health, and subsequently when glorying in the strength and experience of manhood. . . .

On the 11th of September, two days before his death, he called the Hereditary Prince his son, and the Infanta his daughter, to his bedside. He took leave of them in the most affectionate manner; and, with a voice scarcely audible from exhaustion, he exhorted

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them to persevere in the true faith, and to conduct themselves with prudence in the government of those States which he would leave to them. He handed to his successor the celebrated testamentary instructions bequeathed by St. Louis of France to the heir of his crown, and requested the priest to read them to the Prince and Princess, to whom he afterward extended his fleshless and ulcered hand to be kissed, giving them his blessing, and dismissing them melting into tears.

On the next day the physicians gave Cristoval de Mora the disagreeable mission of informing Philip that his last hour was rapidly approaching. The dying man received the information with his usual impassiveness. He devoutly listened to the exhortations of the Archbishop of Toledo, made his profession of faith, and ordered that the Passion of Christ, from the Gospel of John, should be read to him. Shortly after he was seized with such a fit that he was thought to be dead, and a covering was thrown over his face. But he was not long before coming again to his senses, and, opening his eyes, he took the crucifix, kissed it repeatedly, listened to the prayers for the souls of the departed, which the Prior of the monastery was reading to him, and with a slight quivering passed away, at five o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, 1598. Philip had lived seventy-one years, three months, and twenty-two days; and reigned forty-two years.—*Philip II. of Spain.*



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GEIBEL, EMANUEL, a German poet, born at Lübeck, October 17, 1815; died there, April 6, 1884. Having completed his studies in the University of Bonn, he spent two years in Berlin. In 1838 he went to Athens as tutor in the Russian Ambassador's family. Here he continued his studies, and travelled in Greece with Curtius. On his return to Lübeck he published in 1840 a volume of poems, and with Curtius a volume of translations from the Greek poets, entitled *Classische Studien*. His poem *Zeitstimme* appeared in 1841, and *Spanische Volkslieder und Romanzen* in 1843; *King Roderick*, a drama (1844); *King Sigurd's Betrothal* and *Zwölf Sonette für Schleswig-Holstein* (1846); *The Songs of Junius* (1848); *The Death of Siegfried* (1851); the *Spanisches Liederbuch*, translated in conjunction with Paul Heyse (1852); *Neue Gedichte* (1856); *Brunhilde*, a tragedy (1857); *Gedichte und Gedenkblätter* (1864); *Sophonisbe* (1868); *Heroldsrufe* (1871); *Spätherbstblätter* (1877). After the publication of his first volume of poems the King of Prussia granted him a yearly pension of three hundred thalers. In 1852, at the invitation of King Maximilian II., he went as an honorary professor in the faculty of Philosophy to Munich. After the death of the King he was obliged, in 1868, to resign his position and return to Lübeck.

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EMANUEL GEIBEL

TO GEORGE HERWEGH.

Thy song resounded in my ear,
  So sharp and clear, with thrilling ring,
As if from out his sepulchre
  Had stepped an ancient poet king.
And yet I hurl my glove at thee,
In mail be clad, in steel be shod,
Come on into the lists with me!
War to the knife's point, war with thee
Thou poet by the Grace of God. . . .

Or, why this clashing of the steel,
  These battles which thy song demands,
This glow in which thy passions reel
  And burn like flaming firebrands?
No! thus no German arm is nerved;
  We too may fight for what is new,
Round freedom's banner we have served,
In serried ranks, but e'er preserved
  Our ancient loyalty so true.

Put up thy sword, then, in its sheath,
  As Peter once when he had sinned;
For murder wears not freedom's wreath,
  As Paris in thy ear hath dinned
Through mind alone she beareth fruit,
  And he who would with stains of blood
Her vesture pure and bright pollute,
And though he struck an angel's lute,
  Fights for the world, not for his God.

—*Translation of* BASKERVILLE.

AS IT OFTEN HAPPENS.

"He loves thee not," thus spoke they to the maid,
  "He sports with thee"—she bowed her head in grief,
And o'er her cheek the pearly tear-drops strayed
  Like dew from roses; why this rash belief?
And when he found that doubt assailed the maid,
  His froward heart its sadness would not own,
He drank, and laughed aloud, and sang and played,
  To weep throughout the night alone.

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What though an angel whispered in her ear,
"Stretch out thy hand, he's faithful still to thee,"
What though, amid his woes, a voice he hear,
"She loves thee still, thy own sweet love is she.
Speak one kind word, hear one kind word replied;
So is the spell that separates ye broken."
They came, they met.—Alas! O pride! O pride!
That one short word remained unspoken.

And so they parted. In the minster's aisle
Thus fades away the altar lamp's red light,
It first grows dim, then flickers forth awhile,
Once more 'tis clear, then all is dark, dark night.
So died their love, lamented first with tears.
With longing sighed for back, and then—forgot,
Until the past but as a dream appears,
A dream of love, where love was not.

Yet oft by moonlight from their couch they rose,
Moist with the tears that mourned their wretched lot,
Still on their cheeks the burning drops repose;
They had been dreaming both—I know not what,
They thought then of the blissful times long past,
And of their doubts, their broken, plighted troth,
The gulf between them now, so deep, so vast,
O God forgive, forgive them both!

—*Translation of* BASKERVILLE.

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GEIJER, ERIC GUSTAF, a Swedish historian and poet, born at Ransater, Wermland, January 12, 1783; died at Stockholm, April 23, 1847. He was educated in the University of Upsala, and in his twenty-first year obtained the chief prize of the Swedish Academy for composition. In 1810 he was appointed Lecturer on History in the University of Upsala, and in 1817 Professor of History. He was one of the founders of the Gothic Society, organized for the cultivation of a national spirit and literature. In the *Iduna*, the organ of their Society, Geijer published his best poems, *The Viking*, *The Last Scald*, *The Last Champion*, and *The Charcoal Boy*. His lectures were largely attended, but a suspicion of his orthodoxy led to an examination, which acquitted him. He was afterward offered a bishopric, which he declined. In 1828 he was elected a member of the Diet, for the University of Upsala, and was re-elected in 1840. His *Svea Rikes Hefder* (Annals of Sweden, 1825) is the introductory volume of an uncompleted work. His great work *Svenska Folkets Historia* (History of the Swedish People, 1832–36) brings the history down to the death of Queen Christina. Among his minor works are a *Sketch of the State of Sweden from Charles XII. to Gustavus III.* (1839), and a *Life of Charles XIV.* and *John or Bernadotte* (1844).

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ABDICATION AND DEATH OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

June 16, 1560, Gustavus came to Stockholm, and informed the Estates by message, that he would meet them at the palace on the 25th of the month. On the appointed day he took his station in the hall of assemblage, accompanied by all his sons, King Eric, Duke John, Duke Magnus, and Duke Charles; the last, who was still a child standing at his father's knee, the others on his left hand, each according to his age. The king having saluted the Estates, they listened for the last time to the accents of that eloquence so well liked by the people, that when in the Diets he deputed one of his officers to make a proposal, they were wont to cry that they would have himself to speak. "They well understood," he said, "and those of them who were fallen in years had seen it too, beneath what oppression and wretchedness their native land had groaned under foreign domination and alien rulers, last under that cruel tyrant, King Christian, whom God had punished and driven out by his hands—a divine help and deliverance to be held in remembrance by all, old and young, high and low, lords and servants. For what manner of man was I," proceeded the king, "to set myself against him who was so strong, the sovereign lord of three kingdoms, befriended by that mighty emperor, Charles V., and by the chief princes of Germany? But it was the doing of God, who had made him to be the sign of his power, and been his comfort and help in a government of forty years, the toils of which had brought him with gray hairs to his grave. He might compare himself indeed with King David (here the tears burst from his eyes) whom God had raised from a shepherd to be the lord and ruler over his people; for never could he have supposed that he could attain to this honor, when he was obliged to hide in forests and desert mountains from the bloodthirsty sword of his enemies. Grace and blessings had been richly dispensed to him and to them through the true knowledge of God's word (from which might they never depart!) and the seasonable abundance that lay everywhere be-

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fore their eyes. Yet would he not shrink from acknowledging his faults. For the errors and weaknesses which might be imputed to him during the time of his government—these his true liegemen might overlook and forgive: he knew that in the opinion of many he had been a hard king, yet the time was at hand, when Sweden's children would gladly pluck him out of the earth if they could. He needed not to ask the stars of his end; by the signs in his own body he felt that he had not much more time to look for. Therefore, while yet in health, he had caused his testament to be drawn up, and hoping that it rested on good reasons, he requested that they would give it confirmation." After the deed had been read, approved, and confirmed by oath, the king stood up and thanked them that they had willed him to be father to a dynasty of Swedish kings. He then committed the government to his son Eric, exhorted his children to harmony among themselves, stretched out his hands in benediction, and so took leave of his people.

The following day Eric made a speech to the Estates in the High Church, on the necessity of concluding in person the negotiation of the English match, from which great advantages were promised for Sweden. In this representation he was seconded by John, whom he named in return to be Administrator of the Kingdom during his absence. Gustavus himself was at length obliged to give way to the importunities of Eric, "after his dear son John had given a far better answer," and the young king showed himself so eager for the journey that not even his father's illness restrained him.

Upon the 14th of August, the very day of Eric's departure, Gustavus lay on his death-bed, ill of a burning fever and ague, with the malady called diarrhœa, says his confessor, Master Johannes, who, with the king's barber, Master Jacob, and the apothecary, Master Lucas, acted likewise as his physician. When therefore the first-named person began a long discourse of devotion, the king bade him cut it short, and instead of that, bring him a medicine for a sick stomach, and a brain that felt as if it were burning.

His mood was capricious and changeable; now harsh

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and morose, so that his children trembled in his presence; now soft even to tears; at other times merry and jesting, especially at the endeavors of those who wished to prolong his life. When one asked him if he needed aught, his reply was, "The kingdom of Heaven, which thou canst not give me." He seemed not to place much confidence even in his ghostly advisers; when the priest exhorted him to confess his sins, the king broke angrily out, "Shall I tell my sins to thee?" To the bystanders he declared that he forgave his enemies, and begged pardon of all for anything in which he had dealt unjustly with them, enjoining them to make known this to all. To his sons he said, "A man is but a man; when the play is out, we are all alike;" and enjoined them to unity and steadfastness in their religion.

The consort of the dying king never quitted his side. During the first three weeks of his illness he spoke often, sometimes with wonderful energy, on temporal and spiritual affairs. The three following he passed chiefly in silence, and as it seemed, with no great pain; he was often seen to raise his hands as in prayer. Having received the sacrament, made confession of his faith, and sworn his son to adhere firmly to it, he beckoned for writing materials, and inscribed these words, "Once confessed, so persist, or a hundred times repeated ——" but his trembling hand had not power to finish the sentence. The confessor continued his exhortations, till, as life was flying, Steno Ericson Lejonhufond interrupted him by saying, "All that you talk is in vain, for our lord heareth no more." Thereupon the priest bent down to the ear of the dying man and said, "If thou believe in Christ Jesus, and hear my voice, give us some sign thereof." To the amazement of all the king answered with a loud voice, "Yes!" This was his last breath, at eight of the clock in the morning, the 29th of September, 1560.—*History of the Swedes; translation of* J. H. TURNER.

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GEIKIE, ARCHIBALD, a Scottish scientist, born at Edinburgh in 1835. After studying at the University of Edinburgh, he received in 1855 an appointment upon the Geological Survey; in 1867 he was made Director of the Survey of Scotland; in 1870 incumbent of the newly founded chair of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Edinburgh; and in 1881 Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and Director of the Museum of Practical Geology, London. Besides numerous scientific contributions to periodical literature, he has written *The Story of a Boulder* (1858); *Life of Edward Forbes*, in conjunction with George Wilson (1861); *The Phenomena of the Glacial Drift in Scotland* (1863); *The Scenery of Scotland in Connection with its Physical Geography* (1865); *A Student's Manual of Geology*, in conjunction with Prof. J. B. Jukes (1871); *Memoir of Sir Roderick I. Murchison* (1874); *Class Book of Physical Geography* (1877); *Outlines of Field Geology* (1879); *Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad* (1882); *Text-Book of Geology* (1884); *Class-Book of Geology* (1886); *Memoir of Sir A. C. Ramsey* (1894). He was knighted in 1891.

His brother, JAMES GEIKIE, also a geologist, was born at Edinburgh, August 23, 1839. Like Archibald he devoted himself to the study of the physical sciences generally, giving especial atten-

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tion to geology and palæontology. He succeeded his brother in the chair of geology at the Edinburgh University. In 1861 he was appointed to an important position in the British Geological Survey. His most striking work is *The Great Ice Age and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man*, which marked a new era in the investigation of the subject. His later works include *Prehistoric Europe* (1881); *Outlines of Geology* (1886); *German Songs and Lyrics* (1887); *Fragments of Earth-Lore* (1893).

The London *Athenæum*, in its review of *The Great Ice Age*, says: "Mr. Geikie, in this work, unfolds a deeply interesting and a truly romantic history. His five hundred pages are devoted to a close examination of the evidences which geology has gathered together, and from which he built up the story of the checkered past. There is a charm in the well-balanced union of cultivated powers of observation and analytical method, with considerable imagination and much poetical feeling, which runs through the pages of this volume."

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

It may seem at first as if it were hopeless that man should ever know anything about the earth's interior. In walking and moving over the surface of the earth we are like flies walking over a great hill. All that can be seen from the top of the highest mountain to the bottom of the deepest mine is not more in comparison than the mere varnish on the outside of a school-globe. And yet a good deal can be learnt as to what takes place within the earth. Here and there, in different countries, there are places where communication exists between the interior and the surface, and it is from such places that much of our information on this subject is derived.

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Volcanoes are among the most important of the channels of communication with the interior.

Let us suppose that we were to visit one of these volcanoes just before what is called an "eruption." As we approach it, we see a conical mountain, seemingly with its top cut off. From this truncated summit a white cloud rises. As we watch it we notice that it rises out of the top of the mountain, even though there are no clouds to be seen anywhere else. Ascending from the vegetation of the lower grounds, we find the slopes to consist partly of loose stones and ashes, partly of rough black sheets of rock, like the slag of an iron-furnace. At last we reach the summit; and there what seemed a level top, is seen to be in reality a great basin, with steep walls descending into the depth of the mountain. We creep to the top of this basin, and look down into it. Far below the base of the rough red and yellow cliffs which form its sides, lies a pool of some liquid glowing with a white heat, though covered for the most part with a black crust, like that seen on the outside of the mountain during the ascent. From this fiery pool jets of the red-hot liquid are jerked out every now and then; stones and dust are cast up into the air, and fall back again; and clouds of steam ascend from the same source, and form the uprising cloud which is seen from a great distance hanging over the mountain.

This caldron-shaped hollow on the summit of the mountain is the "crater." The intensely heated liquid in the sputtering, boiling pool at its bottom is melted rock or "lava." And the fragmentary materials—ashes, dust, cinders, and stones—thrown out, are torn from the hardened sides and bottom of the crater by the violence of the explosion with which the gases and steam escape. The hot air and steam, and the melted mass at the bottom of the crater, show that there must be some source of intense heat underneath; and as the heat has been coming out for hundreds or even thousands of years, it must exist there in great abundance. . . .

Volcanoes mark the position of some of the holes or orifices whereby heated materials from the inside of the earth are thrown up to the surface. They occur in all quarters of the globe. In Europe, besides Mount Vesu-

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vius, which has been more or less active since it was formed, Etna, Stromboli, and other smaller volcanoes, occur in the basin of the Mediterranean; while far to the northwest some active volcanoes rise amid the snows and glaciers of Iceland. In America a chain of huge volcanoes stretches down the range of mountains which rises from the western margin of the continent. In Asia they are thickly grouped together in Java and some of the surrounding islands; and stretch thence through Japan and the Aleutian Isles to the extremity of North America. Thus the Pacific Ocean is girdled all round with volcanoes.

Since these openings into the interior of the earth are so numerous over the surface, we may conclude that this interior is intensely hot. But we have other proofs of this internal heat. In many countries hot-springs rise to the surface. It is known too that in all countries the heat increases as we descend into the earth. The deeper a mine the warmer are the rocks and air at its bottom. If the heat continues to increase in the same proportion, the rocks must be red-hot at no great distance beneath us.

It is not merely by volcanoes and hot-springs that the internal heat of the earth affects the surface. The solid ground is made to tremble, or is rent asunder, or upheaved or let down. These shakings of the ground, or earthquakes, when they are at their worst, crack the ground open, throw down trees and buildings, and bury hundreds of thousands of people in the ruins. Earthquakes are most common in or near those countries where active volcanoes exist.

Some parts of the land are slowly rising out of the sea. Rocks which used always to be covered by the tides, come to be wholly beyond their limits; while others, which used never to be seen at all, begin one by one to show their heads above water. On the other hand, some tracts are slowly sinking. Piles, sea-walls and other old landmarks on the beach are one after another enveloped by the sea as it encroaches further and higher on the land. These movements, whether in an upward or downward direction, are likewise due in some way to the internal heat.

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When we reflect upon these various changes, we see that through the agency of their internal heat land is preserved upon the face of the earth. If rain and frost, rivers, glaciers, and the sea were to go on wearing down the surface of the land continually without any counterbalancing kind of action, the land would necessarily in the end disappear—and indeed would have disappeared long ago. But owing to the pushing out of some parts of the earth's surface by the movements of the heated materials inside, portions of the land are raised to a higher level while parts of the bed of the sea are actually upheaved so as to form land. This kind of elevation has happened many times in all quarters of the globe. Most of our hills and valleys are formed of rocks which were originally laid down on the bottom of the sea, and have been subsequently raised into land.—*From the Physical Geography of Archibald Geikie.*

TERRESTRIAL MUTATIONS.

This earth of ours is the scene of continual movement and change. The atmosphere which encircles it is continually in motion, diffusing heat, light, and vapor. From the sea and from the waters of the land vapor is constantly passing into the air, whence—condensed into clouds, rain, and snow—it descends again to the earth. All over the surface of the land, the water which falls from the sky courses seaward in brooks and rivers, bearing into the great deep the materials which were worn away from the land. Water is thus ceaselessly circulating between the air, the land, and the sea. The sea, too, is never at rest. Its waves gnaw the edges of the land, and its currents sweep around the globe. Into its depths the spoils of the land are borne, there to gather into rocks, out of which new islands and continents will eventually be formed. Lastly, inside the earth is lodged a vast store of heat by which the surface is shaken, rent open, upraised or depressed. Thus while old land is submerged beneath the sea, new tracts are upheaved, to be clothed with vegetation and peopled with animals, and to form a fitting abode for man himself. This world is not a living being, like a plant or an

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animal; and yet there is a sense in which we may speak of it as such. The circulation of air and water, the interchange of sea and land; in short, the system of endless and continual movement by which the face of the globe is day by day altered and renewed, may well be called the Life of the Earth.—*From the Physical Geography of Archibald Geikie.*

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON AS A GEOLOGIST.

From a rapid survey of the progress of geology during the first quarter of the century, we can see the probable line of inquiry which any young Englishman would then be likely to take, who entered upon the pursuit of the science without gradually being led up to it by previous and special studies.

In the first place, he would almost certainly be a Huttonian, though doubtless holding some of Hutton's views with a difference. He would hardly be likely to show much sympathy with the fading doctrines of the Wernerians. In the second place, he would probably depart widely from one aspect of the Huttonian school in avoiding theoretical questions, and sticking, possibly with even too great pertinacity, to the observation and accumulation of facts. In the third place, he would most likely have no taste for experimental research as elucidating geological questions; and might set little store by the contributions made by physicists to the solution of problems in his science. In the fourth place, he would almost certainly be ignorant of mineralogy; and whenever his work lay among crystalline rocks, it would be sure to bear witness to this ignorance. In the fifth place, devoting himself to what lies beneath the surface as the true end and aim of geology, he would be apt to neglect the external features of the land; and this neglect might lead him in the end to form most erroneous views as to the origin of those features. Lastly, his main geological idea would probably be to make out the order of succession among the rocks of his own country; to collect their fossils, unravel their complicated structure, and gather materials for comparing them with the rocks of other countries. In a word, he would in all likelihood

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drift with the prevailing current of geological inquiry at the time, and become a stratigraphical geologist.

There was no reason in Murchison's case why the influences of the day should not mould the whole character of his scientific life. We shall hear in the records of late years how thoroughly they did so. As he started, so he continued to the end, manifesting throughout his career the permanent sway of the circumstances under which he broke ground as a geologist. At first the novelty and fascination of the pursuits engaged his attention. Many a time on his walking and hunting expeditions he had noticed marine shells far inland. He now found out that such shells formed, as it were, the alphabet of a new language; and that by their means he might decipher for himself the history of the rocks with whose external forms he was so familiar. He threw himself into the study with all his usual ardor, and ere long became as enthusiastic with his hammer over down and shore as he had been with his pencil and note-book among the galleries of Italy, with his hunting-whip or his gun across the moors of Durham.

But if distinction was to be won in this new kind of activity, it could only be by hard toil in the field. He was now thirty-four years of age, and had never had any of the special training which would have fitted him for working out geological problems indoors, such as the discrimination of fossils, or the characters and alternations of rocks; hence, although the stress of weather—not to speak of the pleasures of society—brought him to London, and kept him there during the winter, he soon saw that to insure progress in his adopted pursuit he must spend as much as possible of every summer and autumn in original field-exploration. He had begun well in this way by the tour along the south coast. Now that another summer has come round, he prepared to resume his hammer in the field. As before, a definite task was given to him. Buckland and others advised him to go North, and settle the geological age of the Brora coal-field in Sutherlandshire. Some geologists maintained that the rocks of that district were merely a part of the ordinary coal or carboniferous system; others held them to be greatly younger; to be indeed of the

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same general age with the lower oolitic strata of Yorkshire. A good observer might readily settle this question. Murchison resolved to try. Again he prepared himself by reading and the study of fossils to understand the evidence he was to collect and interpret. And in order to do full justice to the Scottish tract, he went first to the Yorkshire coast, and made himself master of the succession and leading characters of the rocks so admirably displayed along that picturesque line of cliffs. The summer had hardly begun before he and his wife broke up their camp in London, and were on the move northward.—*Archibald Geikie's Life of Murchison.*

THE ICE AGE IN BRITAIN.

So many diverse threads of evidence have now been followed that it may be well rapidly to catch these up, and so weave them into one connected whole. Hitherto we have followed the analytical method; we must now, in conclusion, pursue the synthetical, and endeavor to build up the story of that checkered past, whose records we have just been perusing.

Upward of 200,000 years ago the earth—as we know from the calculations of astronomers—was so placed in regard to the sun that a series of physical changes was induced which eventually resulted in conferring upon our hemisphere a most intensely severe climate. All northern Europe and northern America disappeared beneath a thick crust of ice and snow, and the glaciers of such regions as Switzerland assumed gigantic proportions. This great sheet of land-ice levelled up the valleys of Britain, and stretched across our mountains and hills down to low latitudes in England. Being only one connected or confluent series of mighty glaciers, the ice crept ever downward and outward from the mountains, following the direction of the principal valleys, and pushing far out to sea, where it terminated at last in deep water, many miles away from what now forms the coast-line of our country. This sea of ice was of such extent that the glaciers of Scandinavia coalesced with those of Scotland, upon what is now the floor of the shallow North Sea, while a mighty stream

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of ice flowing outward from the western seaboard, obliterated the Hebrides, and sent its icebergs adrift in the deep waters of the Atlantic. In like manner massive glaciers born in the Welsh and Cumbrian mountains, swept over the low grounds of England, and united with the Scotch and Irish ice upon the bottom of the Irish Sea. At the same period the Scandinavian mountains shed vast icebergs into the Northern Ocean, and sent southward a sheet of ice that not only filled up the Basin of the Baltic, but overflowed Finland and advanced upon the plains of northern Germany; while from every mountain region in Europe great glaciers descended, sometimes for almost inconceivable distances, into the low countries beyond.

Ere long this wonderful scene of arctic sterility passed away. Gradually the snow and ice melted and drew back to the mountains, and plants and animals appeared as the climate ameliorated. The mammoth and the woolly-coated rhinoceros roamed in our valleys; the great bear haunted our caves; and pine-trees grew in the South of England; but the seasons were well marked. In winter-time frost often covered the rivers with a thick coat of ice, which the summer again tore away, when the rivers, swollen with the tribute of such receding glaciers as still lingered in our deeper glens, rushed along the valleys, and spread devastation far and wide. By slow degrees, however, the cold of winter abated, while the heat of summer increased. As the warmth of summer waxed, the arctic mammalia disappeared from our valleys, and sought out northern and more congenial homes. Step by step the climate continued to grow milder, and the difference between the seasons to be less distinctly marked, until eventually something like perpetual summer reigned in Britain. Then it was that the hippopotamus wallowed in our rivers, and the elephant crashed through our forests; then, too, the lion, the tiger, and the hyena became denizens of the English caves.

Such scenes as these continued for a long time; but again the climate began to change. The summer grew less genial, the winter more severe. Gradually the southern mammalia disappeared, and were succeeded

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by arctic animals. Even these, however, as the temperature became too severe, migrated southward, until all life deserted Britain, and snow and ice were left in undisputed possession. Once more the confluent glaciers overflowed the land, and desolation and sterility were everywhere.

During these great oscillations of climate there were not infrequent shiftings in the distribution of land and sea; but such vicissitudes, although doubtless producing local effects, certainly do not seem to have been the cause of the chief climatal changes. It is much more likely that the mild inter-glacial periods were induced by the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, combined with the precession of the equinoxes.

We cannot yet say how often such alternations of cold and warm periods were repeated; nor can we be sure that palæolithic man lived in Britain during the earlier warm intervals of the glacial epoch. But since his implements are met with at the bottom of the very oldest palæolithic deposits, and since we know that the animals with which he was certainly contemporaneous did occupy Britain in early inter-glacial ages, and even in times anterior to the glacial epoch itself, it is in the highest degree likely that man arrived here as early as the mammoth and the hippopotamus. Be this, however, as it may, the evidence appears to be decisive as to the presence of man in Britain during the last mild inter-glacial period. And this being so, it is startling to recall in imagination those grand geological revolutions of which he must have been a witness.

During the last inter-glacial period he entered Britain at a time when our country was joined to Europe across the bed of the German Ocean; at a time when the winters were still severe enough to freeze over the rivers in the south of England; at a time when glaciers nestled in our upland and mountain valleys, and the arctic mammalia occupied the land. He lived here long enough to witness a complete change of climate—to see the arctic mammalia vanish from England, and the hippopotamus and its congeners take their place. At a later date, and while a mild and genial climate still continued, he beheld the sea slowly gain upon the land,

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until little by little, step by step, a large portion of our country was submerged—a submergence which, as we know, reached in Wales to the extent of some 2,000 feet or thereabout. We know, further, that simultaneously with the partial drowning of the British Islands a vast area in northern Europe also sank down below the waves.

When this great submergence commenced, the climate, as I have said, was genial; and it continued so up to a time when the subsidence had reached—or nearly reached—a climax. Then it was that the last cold period began. Intense arctic cold converted the rocky islands which then represented Britain into a frozen archipelago. From the ice-foot that clogged the shores, fleets of rafts set sail, and as they journeyed on dropped angular stones and rubbish over the bottom of the sea. At the same time icebergs floated away from the Scandinavian mountains, and strewed their burdens over the submerged districts of northern Europe, while the Alpine glaciers crept out upon the low ground of Switzerland, and overwhelmed the forest-lands of Zurich and Constance.

A similar succession of changes transpired in North America. After the continental ice-sheet had retired for the last time, great lakes appeared, and a luxuriant forest-growth overspread the land, which became the resort of a prolific mammalian fauna — mastodons, elephants, buffaloes, peccaries, and other animals. By and by, however, depression ensued, and icebergs, issuing from the frozen north, scattered over the site of the old forest-lands erratics and heaps of rubbish.

During this latest cold period of the glacial epoch, palæolithic man, for aught that we can say, may have occupied the south of Europe; but it is in the highest degree unlikely that he lived so far north as the unsubmerged portion of southern England.

Another great change now ensued. Those mysterious forces by which the solid crust of the earth is elevated and depressed now again began to act. The sea gradually retreated, and our hills and valleys eventually reappeared. Step by step the British Islands rose out of the waters, until for the last time they became united

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to the continent. Snow, however, still covered our loftier mountains, and glaciers yet lingered in a few of our mountain-valleys. The treeless land was now invaded by the reindeer, the moose-deer, the arctic fox, the lemming, and the marmot; and neolithic man likewise entered upon the scene. This palæolithic predecession had, as far as Britain and northern Europe are concerned, vanished forever.

Thus the palæolithic and neolithic ages are separated by a vast lapse of time—by a time sufficient for the submergence and re-elevation of a large part of Europe, and a very considerable change of climate.

In early neolithic time the climate was somewhat excessive, but as ages passed away it gradually became ameliorated. A strong forest-growth by and by covered the country, and herds of oxen wandered in its grassy glades, but the southern mammalia never returned to the old haunts, and it is even doubtful whether the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros again appeared in Britain. They seem, however, to have still lingered on for a time in central Europe.

As years rolled on, the sea again stole in between our Islands and the Continent, until a final severance was effected. It is beyond my purpose, however, to trace the gradual changes. From early neolithic times a gradual improvement and progress attended the efforts of our barbaric predecessors, until at length a period arrived when men began to abandon the use of stone implements and weapons and for these to substitute bronze. And so, passing on through the age of bronze and the days of the builders of Stonehenge, we are at last brought face to face with the Age of Iron and the dawn of History.—*From James Geikie's Great Ice Age, Chap. XXXIII.*



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GEIKIE, CUNNINGHAM, a British clergyman and religious writer, born in Edinburgh, October 26, 1826. He was educated in the University of Edinburgh, studied theology, and was the pastor of Presbyterian churches in Toronto and Halifax, Canada. In 1876 he became a clergyman of the Church of England. He is the author of *The Backwoods of Canada* (1864); *Great and Precious Promises* (1872); *The Life and Words of Christ* (1877); *Old Testament Portraits* (1878); *Hours with the Bible* (1881); *Entering on Life*, a collection of lectures to young men; *The Holy Land and the Bible* (1887); *A Short Life of Christ* (1888); *New Testament Hours* (1893); *Landmarks of Old Testament History* (1894).

"His aspirations are sublime," says a writer in the *Saturday Review*; "his execution is sublime also; but the fabric and matter of it"—speaking with particular reference to his *Life, a Book for a Quiet Hour*—"is a sort of strange moral shoddy."

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Of the preaching of Jesus the Gospel preserves numerous fragments, but no lengthened abstract of any single discourse except that of "the Sermon on the Mount." It seems to have been delivered immediately after the choice of the Twelve, to the disciples at large and the multitude who thronged to hear the new Rabbi. Descending from the higher point to which He had called up His Apostles, He came toward the crowd which waited

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for Him at a level place below. There were numbers from every part—from Judea and Jerusalem in the south, and even from the sea-coast of Tyre and Sidon; some to hear Him, others to be cured of their diseases, and many to be delivered from unclean spirits. The commotion and excitement were great at His appearance; for it had been found that to touch Him was to be cured; and hence all sought, either by their own efforts or with the help of friends, to get near enough to Him to do so. After a time, however, the tumult was stayed—all having been healed—and He proceeded, before they broke up, to care for their spiritual, as He had already for their temporal wants.

Tradition has chosen the hill known as "the Horns of Hattin"—two horn-like heights, rising sixty feet above the plain between them, two hours west of Tiberias, at the mouth of the gorge which opens past Magdala into the wild cliffs of Arbela, famous in the history of the Zealots as their hiding-place, and famous also for Herod's battles in the mid-air at the mouths of their caves, by means of great cages filled with soldiers let down the precipices. It is greatly in favor of this site to find such a writer as Dean Stanley saying that the situation so strikingly coincides with the intimations of the Gospel narrative as almost to force the inference that in this instance the eye of those who selected the spot was rightly guided. The plain on which the hill stands is easily accessible from the lake, and it is only a few minutes' walk from it to the summit, before reaching which a broad "level place" has to be crossed—exactly suited for the gathering of a multitude together. It was to this, apparently, that Jesus came down from one of the higher horns to address the people. Seated on some slightly elevated rock—for the teacher always sat while he taught—the people and the disciples sitting at His feet on the grass, the cloudless Syrian sky over them; the blue lake with its moving life on the one hand, and, in the far north, the grand form of Hermon glittering in the upper air—He began what is to us the Magna Charta of our faith, and to the hearers must have been the formal inauguration of the New Kingdom of God.

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The choice of the twelve Apostles and the Sermon on the Mount mark a turning-point in the life of Jesus. A crisis in the development of His work had arrived. He had till now taken no step toward a formal and open separation from Judaism, but had contented himself with gathering converts whom He left to follow the life he taught, without any organization as a distinct communion. The symptoms of an approaching rupture with the priests and rabbis had, however, forced on Him more decisive action. He had met the murmurs at the healing of the paralytic by the triumphant vindication of the language which had given offence. The choice of a publican as a disciple immediately after, had been a further expression of the fundamental opposition between His ideas and those of the Schools and the Temple, and His justification of the disuse by His disciples of the outward rites and forms which were vital in the eyes of the orthodoxy of the day, had been another step in the same divergent path. He had openly sanctioned the omission of fasts and of mechanical rules for prayer, which were sacred with the rabbis. He had even set the old and the new order of things in contrast, and had thus assumed independent authority as a religious teacher; the sum of all offence in a rigid theocracy. The choice of the Twelve, and the Sermon on the Mount, were the final and distinct proclamation of His new position. The Apostles must have seemed to a Jew the twelve patriarchs of a new spiritual Israel, to be instituted for the old; the heads of new tribes to be gathered by their teaching as the future people of God. The old skins had proved unfit for the new wine; henceforth new skins must be provided—new forms for a new faith. The society thus organized needed a promulgation of the laws under which it was to live; and this it received in the Sermon on the Mount.

The audience addressed consisted of the newly-chosen twelve; the unknown crowd who heard Him with pleasure, and were hence spoken of as His disciples; and the promiscuous multitude drawn to Him for the time by various motives. Jesus had no outer and inner circle, for public and secret doctrines, like the rabbis; for though He explained to the Twelve in private any points

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in His discourses they had not understood, the doctrines themselves were delivered to all who came to hear them. This sermon, which is the fullest statement we have of the nature of His kingdom, and of the conditions and duties of its citizenship, was spoken under the open sky, to all who happened to form His audience.

In this great declaration of the principles and laws of the Christian Republic—a republic in the relations of the citizen to each other—a kingdom in their relation to Jesus—the omissions are no less striking than the demands. There is no reference to the priests or the rabbis—till then the undisputed authorities in religion; nor is the rite of circumcision even mentioned—though it made the Jew a member of the Old Covenant—as a mere theocratic form, apart from moral requirements. It is not condemned, but it is ignored. Till now a vital condition of entrance into the Kingdom of God, it is so no more. Nor are any other outward forms more in favor. The new kingdom is to be founded only on righteousness and love; and contrasts with the old by its spiritual freedom, untrammelled by outward rules. It opposes to the nationality and limitation of the old theocracy a universal invitation, with no restriction except that of character and conduct. Citizenship is offered to all who sincerely believe in Jesus as the Messiah, and honestly repent before God. Even the few opening sentences mark the revolution in religious conceptions which the new faith involves. Temporal evil, which under the former dispensation had been the mark of divine displeasure, became, in the teaching of Jesus, the mark of fellowship and pledge of heavenly reward. The opinion of the day regarded poverty, hunger, trouble, and persecution as punishments for sin; He enumerates them as blessings. Throughout the whole sermon no political or theocratic ideas find place, but only spiritual. For the first time in the history of religion a communion is founded without a priesthood, or offerings, or a temple or ceremonial services; without symbolical worship, or a visible sanctuary. There is an utter absence of everything external or sensuous; the grand spiritual truths of absolute religious freedom, love, and righteousness alone are heard. Nor is the

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kingdom, thus founded, in itself visible or corporate, in any ordinary sense; it is manifested only by the witness of the Spirit in the heart, and by the power going forth from it in the life. In the fine words of Herder, Christianity was founded in direct opposition to the stupid dependence on customs, formulæ, and empty usages. It humbled the Jewish, and even the Roman national pride; the moribund Levitical worship, and idolatry, however fanatically defended, were wounded to death.

This unique example of our Saviour's teaching displays in one view nearly all characteristics presented in the more detached illustrations preserved in the Gospels. Never systematic, the discourses of Jesus were rather pointed utterances of special truths demanded by the occasion. In perfect inner harmony with each other, these sententious teachings at times appear to conflict, for they are often designed to present opposite sides of the same truth, as the distinct point to be met required. The external and sensuous in all His teachings, however, was always made the vehicle of an inner and heavenly lesson. He necessarily followed the mode to which His hearers were used, and taught them as their own rabbis were wont, that He might engage attention. At times He puts distinct questions; at others He is rhetorical or polemic, or speaks in proverbs, or in more lengthened discourse. He often uses parables, and sometimes even symbolic actions; is always spontaneous and ready; and even at times points His words by friendly or cutting irony. But while thus in many ways adopting the style of the rabbis His teaching was very different even in outward characteristics. They delivered painfully what they had learned like children, overlaying every address with citations, in their fear of saying a word of their own. But the teaching of Christ was the free expression of His own thoughts and feelings; and this, with the weight of the teaching itself, gave Him power over the hearts of His audience. With a minute and exact knowledge of the teaching of the schools, He shows, by repeated use of rabbinical proofs and arguments, that He was familiar also with the current modes of controversy. His fervor, His originality, and the grandeur of the truths He proclaimed, were

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enough in themselves, to command His words; but He constantly supports them by the supreme authority of the Scriptures, which were familiar to Him as His mother-speech. Simple, as a rule, in all He says, He yet often opens glimpses into the infinite heights where no human thought can follow Him. The spirit of His teaching is as transcendent as its matter. Tenderness and yearning love prevail; but there is not wanting, when needed, the sternness of the righteous judge. Throughout the whole of His ministry, and notably in the Sermon on the Mount, He bears Himself with a kingly grandeur, dispensing the rewards and punishments of the world to come; opening the Kingdom of Heaven to those only who fulfil His requirements, and resting the future prospects of men on the reception they give His words. Even to read His utterances forces from all the confession of those who heard Him, that "Never man spake like this."—*Life and Words of Jesus, Chap. XXXV.*

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GELLERT, CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT, a German poet and moralist, born at Hainichen, near Freiberg, Saxony, July 4, 1715; died in Leipsic, December 13, 1769. He was the son of a clergyman and entered the University of Leipsic at the age of nineteen, where he studied theology; but his constitutional timidity was such that after a single attempt, he gave up the idea of preaching, and became a private tutor, and subsequently Professor-extraordinary of Philosophy in the University. He wrote a novel, *The Swedish Countess*, several dramatic pieces, numerous fables, tales, essays, and odes. His literary reputation rests upon his sacred songs and his fables, which have become classics. He was among the founders of the modern school of German literature. His lectures at Leipsic attracted the attention of literary Germany and had much to do with moulding the style and directing the taste of contemporary and subsequent authors. His *Works* have been frequently republished.

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

Dorinda's youthful spouse,
Whom as herself she loved, and better too
("Better?" methinks I hear some caviller say,
With scornful smile; but let him smile away!
A truth is not therefore the less true.
Let laughing cavillers do what they may.)

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Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's arms—
Too early snatched, in all her glowing charms,
The best of husbands and the best of men :
And I can find no words ; in vain my pen,
Though dipped in briny tears, would fain portray
  In lively colors, all the young wife felt,
  As o'er his couch in agony she knelt,
And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek of clay.
The priest, whose business 'twas to soothe her, came ;
  All friendship came in vain ;
The more they soothed the more Dorinda cried.
They had to drag her from the dead one's side.
  A ceaseless wringing of the hands
Was all she did ; one piteous " Alas ! "
The only sound that from the lips did pass :
Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.
Meanwhile a neighbor o'er the way
Had happened in—well skilled in carving wood.
He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,
And partly at her own request,
Partly to show his reverence for the blest,
And save his memory from untimely end,
Resolved to carve in wood the image of his friend.
Success the artist's cunning hand attended,
With most amazing speed the work was ended ;
  And there stood Stephen, large as life.

A master-piece soon makes its way to light.
The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Stephen met
      their sight,
" Ah, Heavens ! Ah, there he is ! Yes, yes, 'tis he !
  O happy artist ! happy wife !
Look at the laughing features ! Only see
That open mouth, that seems as if 'twould speak !
  I never saw before, in all my life,
Such nature :—no, I vow, there could not be
A truer likeness ; so he looked to me,
  When he stood godfather last week."

  They brought the wooden spouse,
That now alone the widow's heart could cheer,
  Up to the second story of the house,
Where he and she had slept one blessed year

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There in her chamber, having turned the key,
She shut herself with him, and sought relief
And comfort in the midst of bitter grief;
And held herself as bound, if she would be
Forever worthy of his memory,
To weep away the remnant of her life.—
What more could one desire of any wife?

So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken,
And had not, my informant said—
In all the time to living creature spoken,
Except her house-dog and her serving-maid.
And this, after so many weeks of woe,
Was the first day that she had dared to glance
Out of her window. And to-day, by chance,
Just as she looked, a stranger stood below.
Up in a twinkling came the housemaid running
And said, with look of sweetest, half-hid cunning,
"Madam, a gentleman would speak with you:
A lovely gentleman as one would wish to view;
Almost as lovely as your blessed one.
He has some business must be done;
Business, he said, he could not trust with me."—
"Must just make up some story then," said she.
"I cannot leave, one moment, my dear man;
In short, go down and do the best you can.
Tell him I'm sick with sorrow; for, ah me!
It were no wonder!"—
"Madam, 'twill not do;
He has already had a glimpse of you
Up at your window, as he stood below.
You *must* come down; now do, I pray;
The stranger will not thus be sent away.
He's something weighty to impart, I know;
I *should* think, madam, you *might* go."

A moment the young widow stands perplext,
Fluttering 'twixt memory and hope; the next,
Embracing, with a sudden glow,
The image that so long had soothed her woe,
She lets the stranger in.—"Who can it be?
A suitor?" asks the maid: already she

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Is listening at the key-hole; but her ear
Only Dorinda's plaintive tone can hear.
The afternoon slips by. What can it mean?—
The stranger goes not yet—has not been seen
To leave the house. Perhaps he makes request—
Unheard of boldness!—to remain a guest?
Dorinda comes at length; and, sooth to say, alone.
Where is the image, her dear, sad delight?
"Maid," she begins, "say, what shall now be done?
The gentleman *will* be my guest to-night.
Go, instantly, and boil the pot of fish."
"Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure—as you wish."
Dorinda goes back to her room again.
The maid ransacks the house to find a stick
Of wood to make a fire beneath the pot:—in vain;
She cannot find a single one. Then quick
She calls Dorinda out in agony.
"Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth," says she:
"There's not a stick of fire-wood in the house.
Suppose I take the image down and split it? That
Is good hard wood, and to our purpose pat."—
"The image? No, indeed!—But—well—well—yes do!
What need have you been making all this touse?"—
"But, ma'am, the image is too much for me;
I cannot lift it all alone, you see;
'Twould go out of the window easily."—
"A lucky thought! And that will split it for you too.
The gentleman in future lives with me;
I may no longer nurse this misery."
Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen flew.

—*Translation of* C. T. BROOKS.

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GELLIUS, AULUS, Roman grammarian, born, probably at Rome, in the early part of the second century of the Christian era; and died about the year 180. Little is known of the incidents of his life, except what is gathered by personal references in his books. He studied grammar and rhetoric at Rome and became a resident of Athens, where he studied philosophy, and wrote his *Noctes Atticæ* (Attic Nights), a work of twenty books. He continued his work after his return to Rome. It is compiled from a sort of diary, which he kept for many years, jotting down observations on grammar, geometry, philosophy, history, scraps of conversation, and notes on persons, as well as extracts from books he read. Though there is no sequence or order of arrangement observed in the books, they are valuable for the insight they give into the pursuits and society of the time and selections from the lost works of ancient authors.

Gellius wrote during that period of Latin literature which commenced during the reign of Hadrian, and which was characterized by affected archaisms and pedantic learning, combined at times with reckless innovation and experiment, resulting in the creation of a large number of new phrases and the adoption of many plebeian expressions. Gellius cultivated a pure style, but his

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works abound in rare and archaic words and unheard-of diminutives. He makes some very pointed remarks on those who delight in obsolete words, but his own practice in this respect is not above criticism.

Beloe, the translator of the *Noctes Atticæ*, thus speaks of the style of Aulus Gellius as compared with that of Herodotus: "In translating Herodotus, I had before me a writer who has long been esteemed as the finest model of the Ionic dialect. Gellius, on the other hand, though he may boast of many and even peculiar beauties, is far removed from that standard of excellence which distinguished the Augustan age. The structure of his sentences is often intricate; his choice of words is singular, and in some instances even affected; and in addition to the difficulties arising from his own diction, other, and I think greater, are to be found in the numerous pages which he has happily preserved from oblivion. Painful indeed was the toil which I have experienced in my progress through the uncouth and antiquated phraseology of the Roman law; through the undisciplined, though masculine, eloquence of Roman historians and orators."

"Gellius," says the *Cornhill Magazine*, "was a pedant of the first water; we shall find his reminiscences more curious than either witty or pointed. He had an honest affection for almost every branch of knowledge, but there were three things which had an especial attraction for him —grammar in its comprehensive sense, anecdotes, and scandal."

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"EX PEDE HERCULES."

Plutarch, in the tract which he wrote on the difference existing among men in the accomplishments of mind and body, tells us with what skill and acuteness Pythagoras the philosopher reasoned, in discovering and ascertaining the height and size of Hercules. For as it was well known that Hercules had measured with his feet the space of the stadium at Pisa, near the temple of Jupiter Olympius, and that the length of it was six hundred of his steps; and that the other stadia in Greece, afterward introduced, consisted also of six hundred paces, though somewhat shorter; he drew this obvious conclusion:—That according to the rules of proportion, the exact measure of the foot of Hercules as much exceeded those of other men, as the Olympic stadium was longer than the rest. Taking, therefore, the size of the foot of Hercules, and adding to it such a height of body as the regular symmetry of all the other limbs demanded, he inferred from it, as a just consequence, that Hercules as much surpassed other men in stature, as the Olympic stadium exceeded all those described with the same number of paces.—*From Noctes Atticæ.*

THE RING-FINGER.

We have been told that the ancient Greeks had a ring upon the last finger but one of the left hand. They say too that the Romans usually wore theirs in the same manner. Appion, in his books upon Egypt, says, the reason of it is this, "That by dissecting and laying open human bodies, as the custom was in Egypt, which the Greeks call anatomy, it was discovered that from that finger only, of which we have spoken, a very fine nerve proceeded, and passed quite to the heart: wherefore it does not seem without reason, that that finger should particularly be honored with such an ornament, which seemed to be a continuation of, and as it were united with, the principle of the heart.—*From Noctes Atticæ.*

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AULUS GELLIUS

THE LOVE OF ARTEMISIA.

Artemisia is related to have loved her husband Mausolus beyond all the stories of amorous affection, nay beyond the limits of human attachment. Mausolus, according to Cicero, was King of Caria, or, as some Greek historians relate, he was the governor of a Grecian province, whom the Greeks call a satrap. When this Mausolus died, and was entombed with a magnificent funeral, amidst the tears and lamentations of his wife, Artemisia, inflamed with grief and regret for the loss of her husband, had his bones and ashes mixed with spices, and beaten to powder; she then infused them into water, and drank them off; and is said to have exhibited many other proofs of her violent love. She erected, at a vast expense of labor, for the sake of preserving the memory of her husband, that very celebrated monument which has been thought worthy to be admitted among the seven wonders of the world. When Artemisia consecrated this monument to the manes of her husband, she instituted likewise a literary contest in his honor, and appointed pecuniary rewards and most munificent presents; and to the celebration of these praises men are said to have come, of illustrious talents and distinguished oratory.—*Translated by* W. BELOE.



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GENLIS, FÉLICITÉ STÉPHANIE (DUCREST), COMTESSE DE, a prolific French writer on educational, moral, and social topics, born near Autun, Burgundy, January 25, 1746; died in Paris, December 31, 1830. She had a remarkable talent for music, played several instruments, had a fine voice, and a natural facility for verse-making. Her father died, leaving his wife and daughter in poverty, and the Comte de Genlis married the daughter, then scarcely seventeen years old. In 1770 she was appointed governess of the twin daughters of the Duchess de Chartres, and in 1782 governess of the three sons of the Duke de Chartres, the eldest of whom was afterward King Louis Philippe. In the year of her appointment she published *Adèle et Théodore*, or *Letters on Education*. Other educational works are *Théâtre d'Education*, *Annales de la Vertu*, *Les Viellées du Château*. In 1787 she published *La Religion considerée comme l'unique base du Bonheur et de la véritable Philosophie*. During the Revolution she was obliged to emigrate, and took up her abode in Switzerland, where she wrote *Précis de la Conduite de Madame de Genlis pendant la Revolution* to clear herself from some of the accusations against her. She was expelled by the King of Prussia from his territory, and wandered from place to place, but returned under his successor. During this period she wrote

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Les Mères Rivales, *Les Petits Emigrés*, and other works. In 1800 she returned to France, was well received by Napoleon, and was given apartments and a pension. She now busied herself with literary work, and twice a week wrote to Napoleon her *Observations on Politics, Finance, Literature, and Morals.* The Emperor's favor came to an end when she published the life of *Henri le Grand*, and he deprived her of her apartments and her pension. On the return of the Bourbons she again received a small pension. She continued to write during the remainder of her life. Among her works not previously mentioned are *La Vie Pénitente de la Vallière*, *Souvenirs de Félicie*, *Souvenirs de Mademoiselle de Clermont*, her best work; *Les Vœux Téméraires*, *Alphonse*, *Jeanne de France*, and her *Mémoires*, which she completed after she was eighty years of age.

FRENCH SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

At this period [about 1779] grand recollections and recent traditions still maintained in France good principles, sound ideas, and national virtues, already somewhat weakened by pernicious writings, and a reign full of faults; but in the city and at court, there were still found that refined taste, and that exquisite politeness, of which every Frenchman had a right to be proud, since throughout all Europe it was universally held to be the most perfect model of grace, elegance and dignity. Several ladies, and some few great lords, were then met with in society, who had seen Louis XIV., and they were respected as the wrecks of a great age. Youth became restrained in their company, and naturally became silent, modest, and attentive; they were listened to with profound interest, for they seemed to be the organs of history. They were consulted con-

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cerning etiquette and the usages of society; their suffrage was of the utmost importance to those who were entering into public life; in a word, contemporaries of so many great men of all kinds, these venerable characters seemed placed in society to maintain the ancient feelings of politeness, glory and patriotism, or at least, to delay their melancholy decline. But in a short time the influence of these feelings scarcely appeared except in an elevated style, in a simple *theory* of delicate and generous conduct. Virtue was retained only from the remains of good taste, which still held in esteem its language and appearance. Every one, to conceal his own way of thinking, became stricter in observing the *bienseances;* the most refined ideas were sported in conversation concerning delicacy, greatness of mind, and the duties of friendship; and even chimerical virtues were fancied, which was easy enough, considering that the happy agreement of conversation and conduct did not exist. But hypocrisy always betrays itself by exaggeration, for it never knows when to stop; false sensibility has no shades, never employs any but the strongest colors, and heaps them on with the most ridiculous prodigality.

There now appeared in society a very numerous party of both sexes, who declared themselves the partisans and depositories of the old traditions respecting taste, etiquette, and morals themselves, which they boasted of having brought to perfection; they declared themselves supreme arbiters of all the proprieties of social life, and claimed for themselves exclusively the high-sounding appellation of "good company." Every person of bad *ton* or licentious notoriety was excluded from the society; but to be admitted, neither a spotless character nor eminent merit was necessary. Infidels, devotees, prudes, and women of light conduct were indiscriminately received. The only qualifications necessary were *bon ton*, dignified manners, and a certain respect in society, acquired by rank, birth, and credit at court, or by display, mildness, and elevated sentiments. Thus good taste of itself taught them that to dazzle and fascinate, it was necessary to borrow all the forms of the most amiable virtues. Politeness, in these assemblies, had all the ease

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and grace which it can derive from early habit and delicacy of mind; slander was banished from the *public* parties, for its keenness could not have been well combined with the charm of mildness that each person brought into the general store. Discussion never degenerated into personal dispute. There existed in all their perfection the art of praising without insipidity and without pedantry, and of replying to it without either wealth, talent, or personal accomplishments. . . .

The usurping and arrogant circle I have just mentioned, that society so contemptuous to every other, roused up against itself a host of enemies; but as it received among its members every man of well known merit, or of high fashion from his rank or situation, the enmity it inspired was evidently the effect of envy, only gave it more *éclat*, and the unanimous voice of the public designated it by the title of the "Grand Society," which it retained till the revolution. This did not mean that it was the most numerous, but that, in the general opinion, it was the most choice and brilliant by the rank, personal estimation, *ton* and manners of those who composed it. There, in the parties too numerous to claim confidence, and at the same time not sufficiently so to prevent conversation—there, in parties of fifteen or twenty individuals, were, in fact, united all the ancient French politeness and grace. All the means of pleasing and fascinating were combined with infinite skill. They felt that to distinguish themselves from low company and ordinary society, it was necessary that they should preserve the tone and manners that were the best indications of modesty, good-nature, indulgence, decency, accepting or despising it;—of showing off the good qualities of others without seeming to protect them, and of listening with obliging attention. If all these appearances had been founded on moral feeling, we should have seen the golden age of civilization. Was it hypocrisy? No—it was the external coat of ancient manners preserved by habit and good taste, which always survive the principles that produced them; but which, having no longer any solid basis, gradually loses its original beauties, and is finally destroyed by the inroads of refinement and exaggeration.

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In the less numerous circles of the same society, much less caution was observed, and the *ton*, still strictly decorous, was much more piquant. No one's honor was attacked, for delicacy always prevailed; yet under the deceitful veils of secrecy, thoughtlessness, and absence of mind, slander might go on without offence. The most pointed arrows of malice were not excluded, provided they were skilfully aimed, and without any apparent ill-will on the part of the speaker; for no one could speak of his avowed enemies. To amuse themselves with slander, it required to arise from an unsuspected source, and to be credible in its details. Even in the private parties of the society, malignity always paid respect to the ties of blood, friendship, gratitude, and intimate acquaintance; but beyond that, all others might be sacrificed without mercy. I must add that in the most private of the coteries, it was requisite that the scandal should be as it were *divided;* for any one person who should have undertaken to retail it would have soon become odious. It was also necessary, even in the commerce of scandal, to mingle in the narration something of grace, gayety, or whim. Mere scandal is always a melancholy affair, and is always coarse and vulgar; besides, it would have contrasted ill with the habitual tone of these circles: it would have been in a bad and low taste.

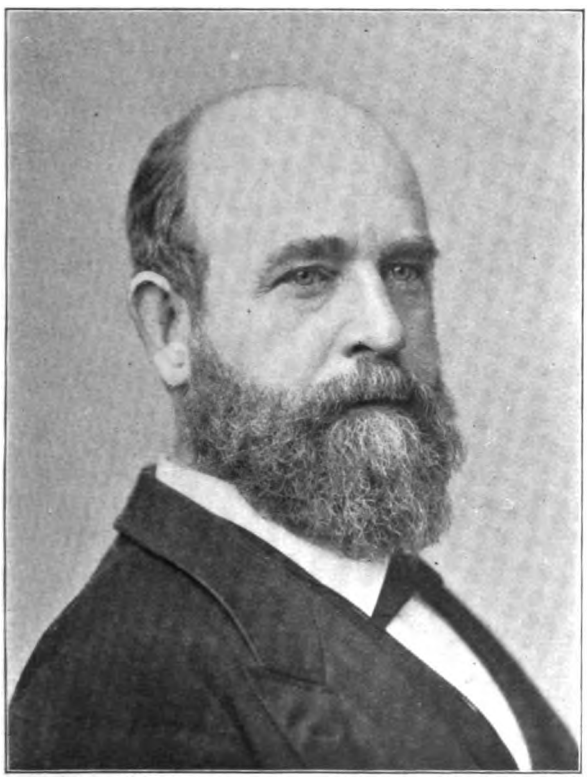
But the fault for which there was no redemption, which nothing could excuse, was meanness either in manners or language, or in actions, when such a thing could be thoroughly proved. It was not that the principles of society were so lofty as to inspire indignation at a mean action, which should have obtained its perpetrator a large fortune or an excellent place; but there is still among us more vanity than cupidity, and as long as pride preserves that character, it will sometimes resemble greatness of mind. When a mean action which turned out profitably was performed with certain precautions, and in a certain way, it was easy to feign a belief that it was only a necessary step in a system of laudable though selfish policy; and, like the thieves among the Lacedemonians, only the awkward were punished.—*Mémoires.*

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GEORGE, HENRY, an American political economist, was born in Philadelphia, September 2, 1839; died in New York, October 29, 1897. He attended the public schools until 1853, when he went into a counting-room, and then to sea, learning something of printing in the meanwhile. In 1858 he reached California, where he worked at the case again until 1866, when he became a reporter and afterward editor of various papers, among them the *San Francisco Times and Post*. In August, 1880, he removed to New York. He spent a year in England and Ireland, in 1881 and 1882, where he was twice under arrest as a "suspect," but was released upon his identity being established. Mr. George is chiefly known through his addresses and books upon economic questions, in which he attributes the evils of society to the treatment of land as subject to full individual ownership, and contends that, while the possession of land should be left to the individual, it should be subject to the payment to the community of land values proper, or economic rent. This doctrine, now known as *The Single Tax*, aims at abolishing all taxes for raising revenues except a tax levied on the value of land irrespective of improvements. He has published *Our Land and Land Policy* (1871); *Progress and Poverty* (1879); *Irish Land Question* (1881); *Social Problems* (1883); *Property in Land*, a controversy with the Duke of

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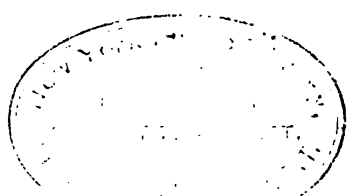


HENRY GEORGE.

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Argyll (1884); *Protection or Free Trade* (1886); *The Condition of Labor, an Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII.* (1891), and *A Perplexed Philosopher* (Herbert Spencer) (1892). Mr. George visited Great Britain again in 1883–84, 1884–85, and 1889, lecturing on economic questions, particularly that of land ownership, and in 1890 made a similar tour through Australia. In 1886 he was nominated by the United Labor Party as candidate for the Mayoralty of New York, and polled 68,000 votes against 90,000 for his Democratic opponent, and 60,000 for the Republican. The next year he received over 70,000 votes as the same party's candidate for Secretary of State of New York. On the adoption by the Democratic Party in 1888 of a low tariff as a national issue, Mr. George announced that he should, as a free trader, support Mr. Cleveland, and this ended the United Labor Organization, though the propagation of the *Single Tax* has gone on in quieter ways more actively than ever. In the Presidential campaign of 1892 over a million copies of a very cheap edition of *Protection or Free Trade* were circulated in the United States, with a marked result upon the election. Between 1887 and 1890 Mr. George published the *Standard*, a weekly paper, in New York.

Lloyd Sanders, in his *Celebrities of the Century*, says that "the charm of *Progress and Poverty* lies in the simplicity of its style, and the drastic remedy proposed for an exasperated people. Mr. George," continues this English writer, "maintaining that the 'unearned increment' in rent, as Mill had called it, was rightfully the property of

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the nation, proposes to 'appropriate rent by taxation,' which he argues would be no injustice, for 'it is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent.'"

In January, 1897, Mr. George was given four votes for United States Senator by the New York Legislature, and in the following October he was nominated for Mayor of Greater New York by the United Democracy.

THE BASIS OF PROPERTY.

What constitutes the rightful basis of property? What is it that enables a man to justly say of a thing, "It is mine"? From what springs the sentiment which acknowledges his exclusive right as against all the world? Is it not, primarily, the right of a man to himself, to the use of his own powers, to the enjoyment of the fruits of his own exertions? Is it not this individual right, which springs from and is testified to by the natural facts of individual organization—the fact that each particular pair of hands obeys a particular brain and are related to a particular stomach; the fact that each man is a definite, coherent, independent whole —which alone justifies individual ownership? As a man belongs to himself, so his labor when put in concrete form belongs to him.

And for this reason, that which a man makes or produces is his own, as against all the world—to enjoy or destroy, to use, to exchange, or to give. No one else can rightfully claim it, and his exclusive right to it involves no wrong to any one else. Thus there is to everything produced by human exertion a clear and indisputable title to exclusive possession and enjoyment, which is perfectly consistent with justice, as it descends from the original producer, in whom it is vested by natural law. The pen with which I am writing is justly mine. No other human being can rightfully lay claim to it, for in me is the title of the producers who made it. It has become mine, because transferred to me by the stationer,

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to whom it was transferred by the importer, who obtained the exclusive right to it by transfer from the manufacturer, in whom, by the same process of purchase, vested the rights of those who dug the material from the ground and shaped it into a pen. Thus, my exclusive right of ownership in the pen springs from the natural right of the individual to the use of his own faculties.

Now, this is not only the original source from which all ideas of exclusive ownership arise—as is evident from the natural tendency of the mind to revert to it when the idea of exclusive ownership is questioned, and the manner in which social relations develop—but it is necessarily the only source. There can be to the ownership of anything no rightful title which is not derived from the title of the producer, and does not rest upon the natural right of the man to himself. There can be no other rightful title, because (1st) there is no other natural right from which any other title can be derived, and (2d) because the recognition of any other title is inconsistent with and destructive of this.

For (1st) what other right exists from which the right to the exclusive possession of anything can be derived, save the right of a man to himself? With what other power is a man by nature clothed save the power of exerting his own faculties? How can he in any other way act upon or effect material things or other men? Paralyze the motor nerves, and your man has no more external influence or power than a log or stone. From what else, then, can the right of possessing and controlling things be derived? If it spring not from man himself, from whom can it spring? Nature acknowledges no ownership or control in man save as the result of exertion. In no other way can her treasures be drawn forth, her powers directed, or her forces utilized or controlled. She makes no discriminations among men, but is to all absolutely impartial. She knows no distinction between master and slave, king and subject, saint and sinner. All men to her stand upon an equal footing and have equal rights. She recognizes no claim but that of labor, and recognizes that without respect to the claimant. If a pirate spread his sails, the wind will fill

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them as well as it will fill those of a peaceful merchantman or missionary bark; if a king and a common man be thrown overboard, neither can keep his head above water except by swimming: birds will not come to be shot by the proprietor of the soil any quicker than they will come to be shot by the poacher; fish will bite or will not bite at the hook in utter disregard as to whether it is offered by a good little boy who goes to Sunday-school or a bad little boy who plays truant; grain will grow only as the ground is prepared and the seed is sown; it is only at the call of labor that ore can be raised from the mine; the sun shines and the rain falls alike upon just and unjust. The laws of nature are the decrees of the Creator. There is written in them no recognition of any right save that of labor; and in them is written broadly and clearly the equal right of all men to the use and enjoyment of nature; to apply to her by their exertions, and to receive and possess her reward. Hence, as nature gives only to labor, the exertion of labor in production is the only title to exclusive possession.

2d. This right of ownership that springs from labor excludes the possibility of any other right of ownership. If a man be rightfully entitled to the produce of his labor, then no one can be rightfully entitled to the ownership of anything which is not the produce of his labor, or the labor of some one else from whom the right has passed to him. If production give to the producer the right to the exclusive possession and enjoyment, there can rightfully be no exclusive possession and enjoyment of anything not the production of labor, and the recognition of private property in land is wrong. For the right to the produce of labor cannot be enjoyed without the right to the free use of the opportunities offered by nature, and to admit the right of property in these is to deny the right of property in the produce of labor. When non-producers can claim as rent a portion of the wealth created by producers, the right of the producers to the fruits of their labor is to that extent denied.

There is no escape from this position. To affirm that a man can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in

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his own labor, when embodied in material things, is to deny that any one can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in land. To affirm the rightfulness of property in land is to affirm a claim which has no warrant in nature, as against a claim founded in the organization of man and the laws of the material universe.—*Progress and Poverty.*

PROPERTY IN LAND.

The harder times, the lower wages, the increasing poverty perceptible in the United States are but results of the natural laws we have traced—laws as universal and as irresistible as that of gravitation. We did not establish the republic when in the face of principalities and powers we flung the declaration of the inalienable rights of man; we shall never establish the republic until we carry out that declaration by securing to the poorest child born among us an equal right to his native soil! We did not abolish slavery when we ratified the Fourteenth Amendment; to abolish slavery we must abolish private property in land! Unless we come back to first principles, unless we recognize natural perceptions of equity, unless we acknowledge the equal rights of all to land, our free institutions will be in vain, our common schools will be in vain; our discoveries and inventions will but add to the force that presses the masses down!—*Progress and Poverty.*



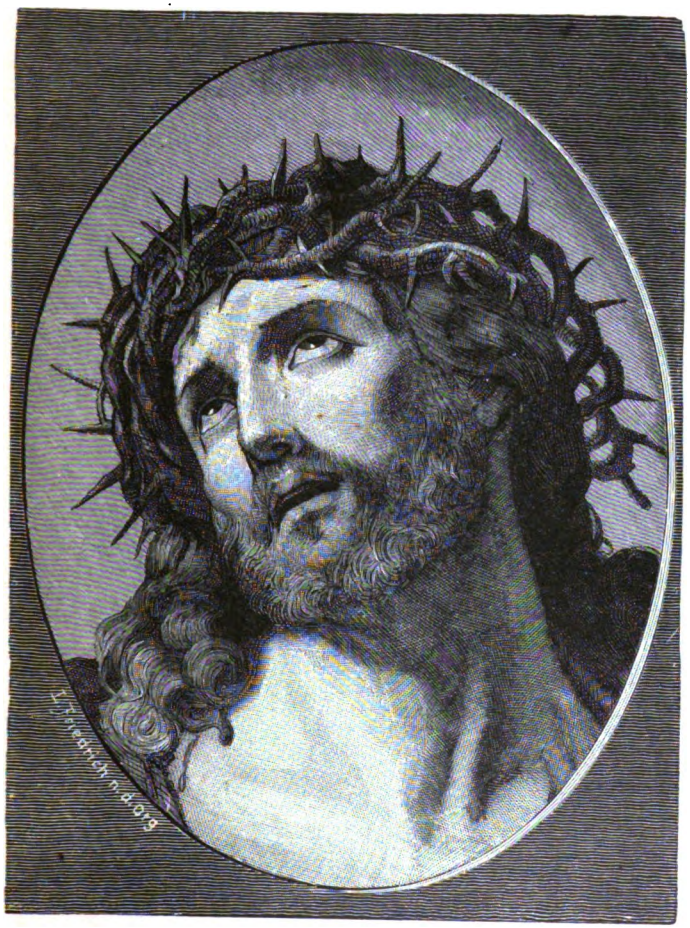
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GERHARDT, PAUL, a German sacred poet, born at Graefenhainichen, near Wittenberg, Saxony, March 12, 1607, as nearly as can be ascertained; died at Lübben, Prussia, June 7, 1676. Little is known of his early life. He studied for the ministry, taught in the family of an advocate of Berlin, whose daughter he afterward married, and in 1651 received his first appointment at Mittelwald. In 1657 he became *diaconus* to the Nicolaikirche of Berlin, of which he was deprived in 1666, on account of his refusal to comply with the Elector Frederick William's edict of 1664, commanding him to refrain from preaching the doctrine of Luther as against that of Calvin. In the following year he was restored to office, but soon resigned it, being unwilling to appear to accept tacitly what he disapproved. In 1668 he was appointed Archdeacon of Lübben, and held the office until his death. He is one of the most esteemed of German hymnists. His first church hymns were published in 1648, and in 1667 the first complete edition of one hundred and twenty hymns appeared.

Gerhardt ranks, next to Luther, as the most gifted and popular hymn-writer of the Lutheran Church. A very large proportion of his hymns are among the most cherished and most widely used among German-speaking Christians. "Like

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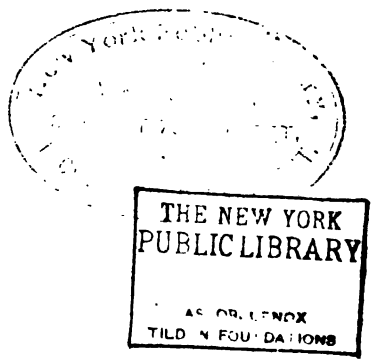


THE DYING SAVIOUR.

"O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down."

Painting by Guido Reni

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the old poets of the people," wrote Gervinus, the well-known historian of German literature, "he is sincerely and unconstrainedly pious, naïve, and hearty; the blissfulness of his faith makes him benign and amiable; and in his way of writing he is as attractive, simple, and pleasing as in his way of thinking." It has been noted, with reference to the transition to the modern subjective tone of religious poetry, as seen in Gerhardt's verses, that no less than sixteen of his hymns begin with the first person singular "I."

THE DYING SAVIOUR.

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown.

O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when thou appearedst;
What shame on thee is hurled!

How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this dying sorrow
Thy pity without end?

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O, make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me!
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.

When strength and comfort languish
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying
Come, Lord, to set me free.

These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely—through thy love.

—*Translation of* JOHN WESLEY.

LOVE DIVINE.

O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Father, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought,
Still lead me, lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought:
And, if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that Love is near.

—*Translation of* JOHN WESLEY.

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COMMIT THOU ALL THY GRIEFS.

Commit thou all thy griefs,
And ways unto His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

—*Translation of* JOHN WESLEY.

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GESSNER, SALOMON, a Swiss painter, engraver, and poet, born at Zürich, April 1, 1730; died there, March 2, 1788. His father was a bookseller at Zürich. The son was eminent as an artist and prose poet, but also became a partner in the business of his father. Most of his works are prose poems. The best known of them are *The Death of Abel* (1758), and *The First Navigator* (1762). He furnished capital illustrations to his own poems. His poetry is distinguished for elegance of language and rhythmic metre, but his delineation of life departs so far from reality that his works have lost much of their former popularity. The following is a metrical translation of the opening of the prose-poem *Semira and Semin:*

A PICTURE OF THE DELUGE.

Now beneath the flood of night
  Shrouded the marble turrets are,
And 'gainst insular mountain height
  The black, big waves are billowing far;
And lo! before the surging death
Isle after isle still vanisheth.

Remains one lonely speck above
  The fury of the climbing flood:
A grisly crowd still vainly strove
  To win that safer altitude;
    And the cries of despair
    Still rang on the air.
As the rushing wave pursued in its pride,
And dashed them from its slippery side

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Oh, is not yonder shore less steep,
Ye happier few? Escape the deep!
Upon its crest the crowd assembles;
Lo! the peopled mountain trembles!
The rushing waters exalt it on high;—
  Shaken and shivered from brow to base
    It slides amain, unwieldily,
    Into the universal sea;
And instantly the echoing sky
  Howls to the howl of the hapless race
That burden the hill, or under it die.

Yonder, the torrent of waters behold!
Into the chaos of ocean hath rolled
The virtuous son, with his sire so old!
He, strengthened with duty and proud of his strength
  Sought from that desolate island, now sunken,
To conquer the perilous billows at length;
  But their very last sob the mad waters have drunken!
To the deluge's dire unatonable tomb
  Yon mother abandons the children she tried
In vain to preserve; and the watery gloom
  Swells over the dead, as they float side by side;
  And she hath plunged after! How madly she died!

From forth the waters waste and wild
The loftiest summit sternly smiled;
And that but to the sky disclosed
  Its rugged top, and that sad pair
Who, to this hour of wrath exposed,
  Stood in the howling storm-blast there
Semin, the noble, young, and free,
  To whom this world's most lovely one
Had vowed her heart's idolatry—
His own beloved Semira—set
On this dark mountain's coronet:—
  And they were mid the flood alone.

Broke on them the wild waters;—all
The heaven was thunder, and a pall;
  Below, the ocean's roar;
Around, deep darkness, save the flash

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Of lightning on the waves, that dash
  Without a bed or shore.
And every cloud from the lowering sky
Threatened destruction fierce and nigh ;
And every surge rolled drearily,
With carcasses borne on ooze and foam,
Yawning, as to its moving tomb
It looked for further prey to come.

Semira to her fluttering breast
  Folded her lover; and their hearts
Throbbed on each other, unrepressed,
  Blending as in one bosom, while
The raindrops on her faded cheek
  With her tears mingled, but not a smile ;—
In horror, nothing now can speak :
  Such horror nothing now imparts.

" There is no hope of safety—none,
My Semira, my beloved one !
Oh, woe ! Oh, desolation ! Death
Sways all ; above, around, beneath ;
Near and more near he climbs ; and oh,
Which of the waves besieging so
Will whelm us ? Take me to thy cold
And shuddering arms' beloved fold !
My God ! look ! what a wave comes on !
  It glitters in the lightning dim—
It passes over us ! "—'Tis gone,
  And senseless sinks the maid on him.

Semin embraced the fainting maid;
  Words faltered on his quivering lips,
And he was mute; and all was shade,
  And all around him in eclipse.
Was it one desolate hideous spot ?
A wreck of worlds ?—He saw it not !
He saw but her, beloved so well,
  So death-like on his bosom lay,
Felt the cold pang that o'er him fell,
  Heard but his beating heart. Away,

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Grasp of dark Agony's iron hand!
  Off from his heart thine icy touch!
Off from his lips thy colorless band,
  Off from his soul thy wintry clutch!

Love conquers Death; and he hath kissed
  Her bleachèd cheeks—by the cold rain bleached:
He hath folded her to his bosom; and, list!
  His tender words her heart have reached.
She hath awakened, and she looks
  Upon her lover tenderly,
Whose tenderness the Flood rebukes,
  As on destroying goeth he.
"O God of judgment!" she cried aloud,
  "Refuge or pity is there none?
Waves rave, and thunder rends the cloud,
  And the winds howl, 'Be vengeance done!'
Our years have innocently sped,
  My Semin; thou wert ever good.
Woe's me! my joy and pride have fled!
  All but my love is now subdued!—
And *thou* to me who gavest life,
  Torn from my side. I saw thy strife
With the wild surges, and thy head
  Heave evermore above the water,
Thine arms exalted and outspread,
  For the last time to bless thy daughter!
The earth is now a lonely isle!
  Yet 'twere a paradise to me,
Wert, Semin, thou with me the while.
  Oh, let me die embracing thee!—
Is there no pity, God above!
For innocence and blameless love?—
But what shall innocence plead before Thee
Great God? Thus dying I adore Thee!"

Still his beloved the youth sustains,
  As she in the storm-blast shivers:—
"'Tis done! No hope of life remains;
  No mortal howls among the rivers!—
Semira, the next moment is
  Our last; gaunt Death ascends! Lo, he

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Doth clasp our thighs, and the abyss
  Yearns to embrace us eagerly !—
We will not mourn a common lot :
  Life, what art thou, when joyfullest,
  Wisest, noblest, greatest, best—
  Life longest, and that most delightest ?
A dewdrop, by the dawn begot,
  That on the rock to-day is brightest ;
To-morrow doth it fade away,
Or fall into the ocean's spray.

" Courage ! beyond this little life
Eternity and bliss are rife.
Let us not tremble, then, my love,
  To cross the narrow sea ; but thus
Embrace each other ; and above
  The swelling surge that pants for us
Our souls shall hover happily !

" Ay, let us join our hands in prayer
To Him whose wrath hath ravaged here :
His holy doom shall mortal man
Presume to judge, and weigh, and scan ?
He who breathed life into our dust
May to the just or the unjust
Send death ; but happy they
Who've trodden Wisdom's pleasant way.—
  Not life we ask, O Lord ! Do Thou
Convey us to Thy judgment seat !
  A sacred faith inspires me now :—
Death shall not end, but shall complete.
Peal out, ye thunders ; crush and scathe !
Howl, desolation, ruin, wrath !
Entomb us waters !—Evermore
Praised be the Just One !—We adore !
Our mouths shall praise Him, as we sink,
And the last thought our souls shall think ! " . . .
They spake—while them the monstrous deluge spray
Swept in each other's arms, away—away !

—*Translation of* J. A. HERAUD.

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GIBBON, EDWARD, an English historian, born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737; died in London, January 15, 1794. He was the eldest son of a merchant, sprung from an ancient family, who acquired a considerable fortune. His five brothers and two sisters died in infancy, and his own constitution was so delicate that it was not supposed that he would grow up to manhood. His education was consequently much neglected until he reached the age of sixteen, when a sudden change took place in his physical and mental condition. In 1752 he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, where he arrived, as he says, "with a stock of information which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might be ashamed." He read Bossuet's *Variations of Protestantism* and *Exposition of Catholic Doctrine*, and other controversial writings. "These works," he says, "achieved my conversion, and I surely fell by a noble hand." In the summer of 1753 he "privately abjured the heresies of his childhood" before a Roman Catholic priest, and announced the fact to his father in a long letter. The indignant father made public the defection of his son from Protestantism, and he was expelled from the college after a residence of fourteen months. Long afterward he wrote of this period of his life: "To my present feelings it

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seems incredible that I should ever believe that I believed in transubstantiation; but I could not blush that my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry which had entangled the acute and manly understandings of a Chillingworth and a Bayle."

Gibbon was now sent by his father to Lausanne, in Switzerland, and placed under the charge of M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic minister, who it was hoped would succeed in re-converting him to Protestantism. This re-conversion was effected in the next year; but from that time he ceased to care much for theological differences, though he appears always to have considered himself more of a Christian than anything else. His residence at Lausanne lasted five years, during which time he formed an attachment to Susanne Curchod, the daughter of a Protestant minister near Geneva. His father, however, would not consent to their marriage, and, writes Gibbon, "After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life." Mademoiselle Curchod in time became the wife of Jacques Necker, the famous French Minister of Finance, and the mother of Madame de Staël.

Gibbon returned to England in 1758, and spent the ensuing two years at his father's family seat, engaged mainly in study, especially of the classics, and pursued a course of reading equalled by few of his contemporaries. An episode of this period was his joining the Hampshire

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militia, and studying practically the technicalities of the military art. In his *Autobiography* he writes: "The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire." About this time Gibbon made his first appearance in print in an *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*, of which he says in his *Autobiography*: "The publication of my History, fifteen years afterward, revived the memory of my first production, and the *Essay* was eagerly sought for in the shops; but I refused the permission of reprinting it; and when a copy had been discovered at a sale, the primitive value of *2s. 6d.* had risen to the fanciful price of twenty or thirty shillings."

In 1763 Gibbon went again to Switzerland, stopping on the way three months at Paris, where he became acquainted with Diderot, d'Alembert, and other philosophers. He remained at Lausanne for nearly a year, and then proceeded to Italy. "It was in Rome," he writes in his *Autobiography*, "on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the City, rather than of the Empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point toward that object, some years elapsed, and several avo-

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cations intervened before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious task."

Gibbon returned to his father's house in June, 1765, and soon began to occupy himself in writing, in French, a *History of the Liberty of the Swiss.* In two years the first portion was completed, and the manuscript (the author's name not being divulged) was read before a literary club in London. The comments to which he listened were so unfavorable that he proceeded no further in the work. In 1757 Gibbon, in connection with his friend Duyverdun, began the publication of *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*, which it was proposed to continue periodically, but only two volumes (1757, 1758) were published. Of these *Memoirs* Gibbon says: "It is not my wish to deny how deeply I was interested in these *Mémoires*, of which I need not be ashamed. I will presume to say that their merit was superior to their reputation; but it is not less true that they were productions of more reputation than emolument." In 1770 Gibbon put forth anonymously *Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid*, being a sharp attack upon that portion of Bishop Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses* in which it is maintained that the descent into Hades is not a false but a mimic scene, representing the initiation of Æneas into the Eleusinean Mysteries. Of this work Gibbon says in his *Autobiography:* "As the Bishop and his friends maintained a discreet silence, my critical disquisition was soon lost among the pamphlets of the day. But the public coldness was overbalanced to my feelings by the weighty approbation of the

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best editor of Virgil, Professor Heyne of Göttingen, who acquiesces in my confutation, and styles the unknown author '*doctus et elegantissimus Britannus.*' . . . In the fifteen years (1761–76) between my *Essay on the Study of Literature* and the first volume of the *Decline and Fall*, this criticism on Warburton and some articles in the journals were my sole publications."

Gibbon's father died in the autumn of 1770, and he settled in London with a considerable, though somewhat encumbered, estate. He now began to labor directly upon the *Decline and Fall*, for which he had for several years been storing up materials. In 1774 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Liskeard. He held the seat for eight years as a constant though silent supporter of the administration of Lord North. Such was his constitutional timidity that he was never able to address the House. Several times he prepared a speech to be delivered, but could never muster courage to pronounce it. But of his Parliamentary career he says: "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence —the first and most essential virtue of an historian." In 1770, however, he wrote in French a pamphlet in defence of the Ministry, and was rewarded with a sinecure place, worth £800 a year, in the Board of Trade. The Board was suppressed upon the fall of the North Ministry the year afterward. Upon the consequent loss of his salary Gibbon considered himself not rich enough to live in England and went back to Lausanne, where the concluding volumes of the *Decline and*

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Fall were written. They were published in London on the anniversary of his fifty-first birthday, April 27, 1787. For all the volumes he received £5,000; the profits of the booksellers were fully ten times as much. Gibbon remained in England until July, 1788, when he returned to Lausanne, where he wrote his *Memoirs*, which, however, were not published until after his death, six years later. The French Revolution had now broken out; and in the spring of 1793 Gibbon set out for England. He had long been suffering from hydrocele. A surgical operation was decided upon, which was repeated three times, the last of which proved fatal.

The *Decline and Fall*, as originally published, consisted of six folio volumes, Vol. I. appearing in 1776; Vols. II. and III. in 1781; Vols. IV., V., and VI. in 1788. The first volume closed with the famous Chapters XV. and XVI., containing the account of the rise and progress of Christianity. These chapters elicited replies from various quarters. Among these was a temperate *Apology for Christianity* by Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff (1776). In reply to his assailant, Gibbon wrote a *Vindication*. Of Bishop Watson he says: "His mode of thinking bears a liberal and philosophical cast; his thoughts are expressed with spirit; and that spirit is always tempered by politeness and moderation. Such is the man whom I should be happy to call my friend, and whom I should not blush to call my antagonist." Toward some of his opponents Gibbon is sharp and acrimonious. Of the *Vindication*, as a whole, Dean

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Milman says: "This single discharge from the ponderous artillery of learning and sarcasm laid prostrate the whole disorderly squadron of his assailants."

The *Autobiography*, one of the three or four best works of the kind in any language, has often been reprinted separately. Of the *Decline and Fall* the best editions are those of Milman (1854 and 1855); both of which contain many new and valuable notes from many sources. The "Student's Gibbon" is a very good abridgment by Dr. William Smith, in which, as far as possible, the exact language of Gibbon has been retained.

Gibbon himself, at the close of the *Decline and Fall*, thus sets forth the general scope of the work:

THE SCOPE OF THE HISTORY.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is the greatest, perhaps, and most awful scene in the history of mankind. The various causes and progressive effects are connected with many of the events most interesting in human annals: The artful policy of the Cæsars, who long maintained the name and image of a free Republic; the disorders of Military Despotism; the rise, establishment, and sects of Christianity; the foundation of Constantinople; the division of the Monarchy; the invasion and settlement of the barbarians of Germany and Scythia; the institution of the Civil Law; the character and religion of Mohammed; the temporal sovereignty of the Popes; the restoration and decay of the Western Empire of Charlemagne; the Crusade of the Latins in the East; the conquests of the Saracens and Turks; the ruin of the Greek Empire; the state and revolutions of Rome in the Middle Ages. The historian may applaud the importance and variety of his subject; but while he is conscious of his own imperfections, he must often accuse the deficiency of his materials. It was

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among the ruins of the Capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public.

It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future date of my *History*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.—*Decline and Fall, Conclusion.*

POPULATION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, 50 A.D.

The number of subjects who acknowledged the laws of Rome, of citizens, of provincials, and of slaves, cannot now be fixed with such a degree of accuracy as the importance of the subject would deserve. We are informed that when the Emperor Claudius exercised the office of censor he took an account of 6,945,000 Roman citizens, who, with the proportion of women and children, must have amounted to about 20,000,000 of souls. The multitude of subjects of an inferior rank was uncertain and fluctuating. But after weighing with attention every circumstance which could influence the balance, it seems probable that there existed in the time of Claudius about twice as many provincials as there were citizens, of either sex and of every age, and that the slaves were at least equal in number to the free inhabitants of the Roman world. The total of this imperfect calculation would rise to about 120,000,000 of

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persons: a degree of population which possibly exceeds that of Modern Europe [at the close of the last century], and forms the most numerous society that has ever been united under the same system of government. —*Decline and Fall, Chap. II.*

HEREDITARY AND ELECTIVE FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate without an indignant smile that on the father's decease the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself? and that the bravest warriors and the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees and protestations of inviolable fidelity? Satire and declamation may paint these obvious topics in the most dazzling colors; but our more serious thoughts will respect a useful prejudice that establishes a rule of succession independent of the passions of mankind; and we shall cheerfully acquiesce in any expedient which deprives the multitude of the dangerous, and indeed the ideal, power of giving themselves a master.

In the cool shade of retirement, we may easily devise imaginary forms of government, in which the sceptre shall be constantly bestowed on the most worthy, by the free and incorrupt suffrage of the whole community. Experience overturns these airy fabrics, and teaches us that in a large society the election of a monarch can never devolve to the wisest or to the most numerous part of the people. The army is the only order of men sufficiently united to concur in the same sentiments, and powerful enough to impose them on the rest of their fellow-citizens; but the temper of soldiers habituated at once to violence and to slavery, renders them very unfit guardians of a legal or even a civil constitution. Justice, humanity, or political wisdom are qualities they are too little acquainted with in themselves, to appreciate them in others. Valor will acquire their esteem, and liberality will purchase their suffrage; but the first of

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these merits is often lodged in the most savage breasts; and the latter can only exert itself against the possessor of the throne, by the ambition of a daring rival.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. VII.*

THE DECLINING ROMAN EMPIRE.

Since Romulus with a small band of shepherds and outlaws fortified himself on the hills near the Tiber, ten centuries had already elapsed. During the four first ages the Romans, in the laborious school of poverty, had acquired the virtues of war and government. By the vigorous exertion of those virtues, and by the assistance of fortune, they had obtained, in the course of three succeeding centuries, an absolute empire over many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The last three hundred years had been consumed in apparent prosperity and internal decline. The nation of soldiers, magistrates, and legislators who composed the thirty-five tribes of the Roman people was dissolved into the common mass of mankind, and confounded with the millions of servile provincials who had received the name without adopting the spirit of the Romans. A mercenary army, levied among the subjects and barbarians of the frontier, was the only order of men who preserved and abused their independence. By their tumultuary election a Syrian, a Goth, or an Arab was exalted to the throne of Rome, and invested with despotic power over the conquests and over the country of the Scipios.

The limits of the Roman empire still extended from the Western Ocean to the Tigris, and from Mount Atlas to the Rhine and the Danube. To the undiscerning eye of the vulgar, Philip [247 A.D.] appeared a monarch no less powerful than Hadrian or Augustus had been. The form was still the same, but the animation, health, and vigor were fled. The industry of the people was discouraged and exhausted by a long series of oppression. The discipline of the legions which alone, after the extinction of every other virtue, had propped the greatness of the state, was corrupted by the ambition or relaxed by the weakness of the emperors. The

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strength of the frontier, which had always consisted in arms rather than in fortifications, was insensibly undermined; and the fairest provinces were left exposed to the rapaciousness or ambition of the barbarians, who soon discovered the Decline of the Roman Empire.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. VII.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A candid but rational inquiry into the progress and establishment of Christianity may be considered as a very essential part of the history of the Roman empire. While that great body was invaded by open violence, or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigor from opposition, and finally erected its triumphant banner of the Cross on the ruins of the Capitol. Nor was the influence of Christianity confined to the period or to the limits of the Roman empire. After a revolution of thirteen or fourteen centuries, that religion is still professed by the nations of Europe—the most distinguished portion of the human kind in arts and learning as well as in arms. By the industry and zeal of the Europeans it has been widely diffused to the most distant shores of Asia and Africa; and by the means of their colonies has been firmly established, from Canada to Chili, in a world unknown to the ancients.

But this inquiry, however useful or entertaining, is attended with two peculiar difficulties. The scanty and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history seldom enable us to dispel the dark cloud which hangs over the first age of the Church. The great law of impartiality too often obliges us to reveal the imperfections of the uninspired teachers and believers of the gospel; and to a careless observer their faults may seem to cast a shade on the faith which they professed. But the scandal of the pious Christian, and the fallacious triumph of the Infidel, should cease as soon as they recollect *by whom*, but likewise *to whom*, the Divine Revelation was given. The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing Religion as she descended from heaven

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arrayed in her native purity. A more melancholy duty is imposed on the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption which she contracted in a long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings.

Our curiosity is naturally prompted to inquire by what means the Christian faith obtained so remarkable a victory over the established religions of the earth. To this inquiry an obvious but unsatisfactory answer may be returned: That it was owing to the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling providence of its great Author. But as truth and reason seldom find so favorable a reception in the world, and as the wisdom of Providence frequently condescends to use the passions of the human heart, and the general circumstances of mankind, as instruments to execute its purpose, we may still be permitted, though with becoming submission, to ask, not indeed what were the first, but what were the secondary causes of the rapid growth of the Christian Church. It will perhaps appear that it was most effectually favored and assisted by the five following causes:

1. The inflexible, and, if we may use the expression, the intolerant zeal of the Christians, derived, it is true, from the Jewish religion, but purified from the narrow and unsocial spirit which, instead of inviting, had deterred the Gentiles from embracing the law of Moses. 2. The doctrine of a future life, improved by every additional circumstance which could give weight and efficacy to that important truth. 3. The miraculous powers ascribed to the Primitive Church. 4. The pure and austere morals of the Christians. 5. The union and discipline of the Christian republic, which gradually formed an independent and increasing State in the heart of the Roman Empire.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. XV.*

PERSECUTION OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

History, which undertakes to record the transactions of the past for the instruction of future ages, would ill deserve that honorable office if she condescended to plead the cause of tyrants, or to justify the maxims of persecution. It must, however, be acknowledged that

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the conduct of the emperors who appeared the least favorable to the primitive Church, is by no means so criminal as that of modern sovereigns who have employed the arm of violence and terror against the religious opinions of any part of their subjects. From their reflections, or even from their own feelings, a Charles V. or a Louis XIV. might have acquired a just knowledge of the rights of conscience, of the obligation of faith, and of the innocence of error. But the princes and magistrates of ancient Rome were strangers to those principles which inspired and authorized the inflexible obstinacy of the Christians in the cause of truth; nor could they themselves discover in their own breasts any motive which would have prompted them to refuse a legal and, as it were, a natural submission to the sacred institutions of their country. The same reason which contributes to alleviate the guilt, must have tended to abate the rigor of their persecutions. As they were actuated not by the furious zeal of bigots, but by the temperate policy of legislators, contempt must often have relaxed, and humanity must frequently have suspended, the execution of those laws which they enacted against the humble and obscure followers of Christ. From the general view of their character and motives we might naturally conclude: 1. That a considerable time elapsed before they considered the new sectaries as an object deserving the attention of government. 2. That in the conviction of any of their subjects who were accused of so very singular a crime, they proceeded with caution and reluctance. 3. That they were moderate in the use of punishments. 4. That the afflicted Church enjoyed many intervals of peace and tranquillity. Notwithstanding the careless indifference which the most copious and the most minute of the Pagan writers have shown to the affairs of the Christians, it may still be in our power to confirm each of these probable suppositions by the evidence of authentic facts.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. XVI.*

THE EMPEROR JULIAN.—331–363 A.D.

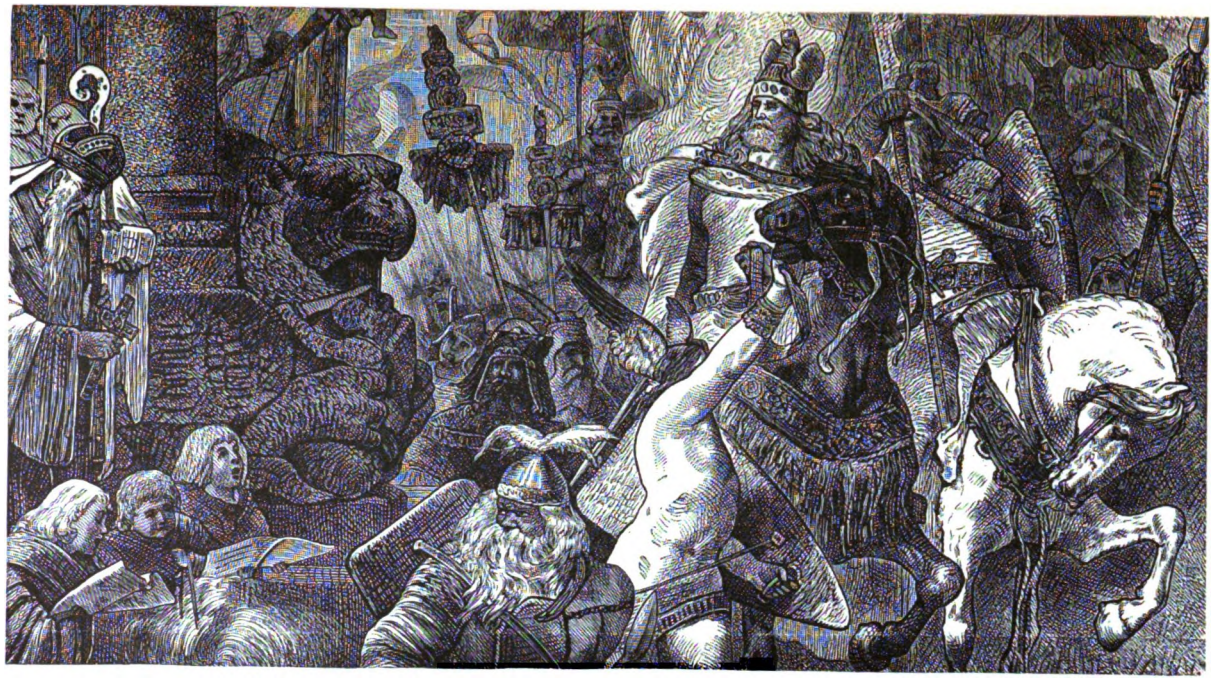
The devout and fearless curiosity of Julian tempted the philosopher with the hopes of an easy conquest which, from the situation of their young proselyte,

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might be productive of the most important consequences. Julian imbibed the first rudiments of the Platonic doctrines from the mouth of Ædesius, who had fixed at Pergamus his wandering and persecuted school. But as the declining strength of that venerable sage was unequal to the ardor, the diligence, the rapid conception of his pupil, two of the most learned disciples, Chrysanthes and Eusebius, supplied, at his own desire, the place of their aged master. These philosophers seem to have prepared and distributed their respective parts; and they artfully contrived by dark hints and affected disputes to excite the impatient hopes of the aspirant, till they delivered him into the hands of their associate Maximus, the boldest and most skilful master of the Theurgic science. By his hands Julian was secretly initiated at Ephesus; in [350] the twentieth year of his age. His residence at Athens confirmed this unnatural alliance of philosophy and superstition. He obtained the privilege of a solemn initiation into the mysteries of Eleusis which, amidst the general decay of the Grecian worship, still retained some vestiges of their primæval sanctity. And such was the zeal of Julian that he afterward invited the Eleusinian pontiff to the court of Gaul, for the sole purpose of consummating by mystic rites and sacrifices the great work of his sanctification. As these ceremonies were performed in the depth of caverns and in the silence of the night, and as the inviolable secret of the mysteries was preserved by the discretion of the initiated, I shall not presume to describe the horrid sounds and fiery apparitions which were presented to the senses or the imagination of the credulous aspirant, till the visions of comfort and knowledge broke upon him in a blaze of celestial light.

In the caverns of Ephesus and Eleusis the mind of Julian was penetrated with sincere, deep, and unalterable enthusiasm; though he might sometimes exhibit the vicissitudes of pious fraud and hypocrisy which may be observed—or, at least, suspected—in the characters of the most conscientious fanatics. From that moment he consecrated his life to the service of the gods; and while the occupations of war, of government, and of study seemed to claim the whole measure of his time,

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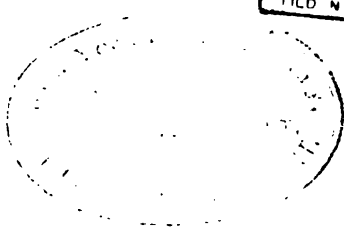
THE SACK OF ROME BY ALARIC.

Drawing by H. Vogel.

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a stated portion of the hours of the night was invariably reserved for the exercise of private devotions.

The temperance which adorned the severe manners of the soldier and philosopher was connected with some strict and frivolous rules of religious abstinency, and it was in honor of Pan or Mercury, of Hecate or Isis, that Julian on particular days denied himself the use of some particular food which might have been offensive to his tutelar deities. By these voluntary fasts he prepared his senses and his understanding for the frequent and familiar visits with which he was honored by the celestial powers. Notwithstanding the modest silence of Julian himself, we may learn from his faithful friend, the orator Libanius, that he lived in a perpetual intercourse with the gods and goddesses; that they descended upon earth to enjoy the conversation of their favorite hero; that they gently interrupted his slumbers by touching his hand or his hair; that they warned him of every impending danger, and conducted him, by their infallible wisdom, in every action of his life; and that he had acquired such an intimate knowledge of his heavenly guests as readily to distinguish the voice of Jupiter from that of Minerva, and the form of Apollo from that of Mercury. These sleeping or waking visions, the ordinary effects of abstinence and fanaticism, would almost degrade the emperor to the level of an Egyptian monk. But the useless lives of Antony or Pachemius were consumed in these vain occupations. Julian could break from the dream of superstition to arm himself for battle; and after vanquishing in the field the enemies of Rome, he calmly retired into his tent to dictate the wise and salutary laws of an empire, or to indulge his genius in the elegant pursuits of literature and philosophy.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. XXIII.*

THE SACK OF ROME BY ALARIC.

The king of the Goths, who no longer dissembled his appetite for plunder and revenge, appeared in arms under the walls of the capital; and the trembling Senate, without any hopes of relief, prepared by a desperate resistance to delay the ruin of their country. But they

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were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics who, either from birth or interest, were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome the imperial city which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into the vanquished city discovered, however, some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valor, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, as holy and inviolable sanctuaries. Amidst the horrors of a nocturnal tumult several of the Christian Goths displayed the fervor of a recent conversion; and some instances of their uncommon piety and moderation are related, and perhaps adorned, by the zeal of ecclesiastical writers:

While the barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin who had devoted her life to the service of the altar, was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in her possession; and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate, of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition, addressed to him in the following words: "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter: if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend." The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, dispatched a messenger to inform the king of the treasure which he had discovered, and

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received a peremptory order from Alaric that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported without danger or delay to the church of the apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession; and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age or rank, or even of sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican. The learned work concerning *the City of God* was professedly composed by St. Augustine to justify the ways of Providence in the destruction of the Roman greatness. He celebrates with peculiar satisfaction this memorable triumph of Christ; and insults his adversaries, by challenging them to produce some similar example of a town taken by storm in which the fabulous gods of antiquity had been able to protect either themselves or their deluded votaries.

In the sack of Rome some rare and extraordinary examples of barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people. Many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith of Christ; and we may suspect, without any breach of charity, that in the hour of savage license, when every passion was inflamed, and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the gospel seldom influenced the behavior of the Gothic Christians. The writers, the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency, have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans; and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the barbarians were

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provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The virgins and matrons of Rome were exposed to injuries more dreadful, in the apprehension of chastity, than death itself; and the ecclesiastical historian has selected an example of female virtue for the admiration of future ages. . . .

It cannot be presumed that all the barbarians were at all times capable of perpetrating these amorous outrages; and the want of youth, or beauty, or chastity protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion; since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome a just preference was given to the possession of gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight. But after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled on the wagons that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe.

The acquisition of riches served only to stimulate the avarice of the rapacious barbarians, who proceeded by threats, by blows, and by tortures, to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasure. Visible splendor and expense were alleged as the proof of a plentiful fortune; the appearance of poverty was imputed to a parsimonious disposition; and the obstinacy of some misers, who endured the most cruel torments before they would discover the secret object of their

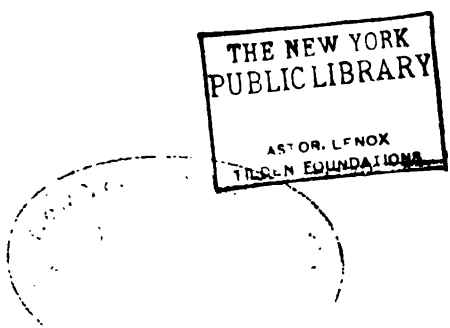
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CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS.

"The most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated, and not a dart, not a bullet of the Christians was idly wasted."

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affection, was fatal to many unhappy wretches, who expired under the lash for refusing to reveal their imaginary treasures.

The edifices of Rome—though the damage has been much exaggerated—received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate they fired the adjacent houses, to guide their march and to distract the citizens: the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings; and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained in the age of Justinian [a century and a half later], a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. Yet a contemporary historian has observed that fire could hardly consume the enormous beams of solid brass, and that the strength of man was insufficient to subvert the foundations of ancient structures. Some truth may possibly be concealed in his devout assertion that the wrath of Heaven supplied the imperfections of hostile rage; and that the proud Forum of Rome, decorated with the statues of so many gods and heroes, was levelled in the dust by a stroke of lightning.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. XXXI.*

THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS.—1453 A.D.

Of the triangle which composes the figure of Constantinople, the two sides along the sea were made inaccessible to an enemy—the Propontis by nature, and the harbor by art. Between the two waters, the base of the triangle, the land side, was protected by a double wall, and a deep ditch of the depth of 100 feet, against this line of fortifications, which an eye-witness prolongs to the measure of six miles, the Ottomans directed their principal attack; and the emperor, after distributing the service and command of the most perilous stations, undertook the defence of the external wall. In the first days of the siege the Greek soldiers descended into the ditch or sallied into the field; but they soon discovered that, in the proportion of their numbers, one Christian was of more value than twenty Turks; and after these bold preludes they were prudently content to maintain

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the rampart with their missile weapons. The incessant volleys of lances and arrows were accompanied with the smoke, the sound, and the fire of their musketry and cannon. Their small-arms discharged at the same time either five or even ten balls of lead of the size of a walnut, and, according to the closeness of the ranks and the force of the powder, several breastplates and bodies were transpierced by the same shot. But the Turkish approaches were soon sunk in trenches or covered with ruins. Each day added to the science of the Christians; but their inadequate stock of gunpowder was wasted in the operations of each day. Their ordnance was not powerful either in size or number; and if they possessed some heavy cannon, they feared to plant them on the walls, lest the aged structure should be shaken and overthrown by the explosion.

The same destructive secret had been revealed to the Moslems, by whom it was employed with the superior energy of zeal, riches, and despotism. The great cannon of Mahomet has been separately noticed—an important and visible object in the history of the times; but that murderous engine was flanked by two fellows of almost equal magnitude. The long order of the Turkish artillery was pointed against the walls; fourteen batteries thundered at once on the most accessible places; and of one of these it is ambiguously expressed that it was mounted with 130 guns, or that it discharged 130 bullets. Yet in the power and activity of the Sultan we may discern the infancy of the new science. Under a master who counted the moments, the great cannon could be loaded and fired only seven times in one day. The heated metal unfortunately burst; several workmen were destroyed; and the skill of an artist was admired who bethought himself of preventing the danger by pouring oil, after each explosion, into the mouth of the cannon. The first random shots were productive of more sound than effect; and it was by the advice of a Christian that the engineers were taught to level their aim against the two opposite sides of the salient angles of a bastion.

However imperfect, the weight and repetition of the five made some impression on the walls; and the Turks,

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pushing their approaches to the edge of the ditch, attempted to fill the enormous chasm, and to build a road to the assault. Innumerable fascines and hogsheads and trunks of trees were heaped on each other; and such was the impetuosity of the throng that the foremost and weakest were pushed headlong down the precipice, and instantly buried under the accumulated mass. To fill the ditch was the toil of the besiegers; to clear away the rubbish was the safety of the besieged; and after a long and bloody conflict the web which had been woven in the day was still unravelled in the night. The next resource of Mahomet was the practice of mines. But the soil was rocky; in every attempt he was stopped and undermined by the Christian engineers; nor had the art been invented of replenishing those subterraneous passages with gunpowder, and blowing whole towers and cities into the air.

A circumstance that distinguishes the siege of Constantinople is the reunion of the ancient and modern artillery. The cannon were intermingled with the mechanical engines for casting stones and darts; the bullet and the battering-ram were directed against the same wall; nor had the discovery of gunpowder superseded the use of the liquid and unextinguishable fire. A wooden turret of the largest size was advanced on rollers; their portable magazine of ammunition and fascines was protected by a threefold covering of bulls' hides; incessant volleys were securely discharged from the loop-holes. In the front three doors were contrived for the alternate sally and retreat of the soldiers and workmen. They ascended by a staircase to the upper platform; and, as high as the platform, a scaling ladder could be raised by pulleys to form a bridge, and grapple with the adverse rampart.

By these various arts of annoyance—some as new as they were pernicious to the Greeks—the tower of St. Romanus was at length overturned. After a severe struggle the Turks were repulsed from the breach, and interrupted by darkness; but they trusted that with the return of light they should renew the attack with fresh vigor and decisive success. Of this pause of action, this interval of hope, each moment was improved by the ac-

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tivity of the emperor and Justinian, who passed the night on the spot, and urged the labors which involved the safety of the church and city. At dawn of day the impatient Sultan perceived with astonishment and grief that his wooden turret had been reduced to ashes; the ditch was cleared and restored; and the tower of St. Romanus was again strong and entire. He deplored the failure of his design; and uttered a profane exclamation, that the word of the thirty-seven thousand prophets should not have compelled him to believe that such a work, in so short a time, could have been accomplished by the infidels.

After a siege of forty days the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications which had stood for ages against hostile violence were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon, many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus four towers had been levelled to the ground. During the siege the words of peace and capitulation had been sometimes pronounced, and embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek emperor was humbled by adversity, and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and loyalty. The Turkish Sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his soldiers; still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures; and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *Gabouis* the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mahomet might have been satisfied with an annual sum of 100,000 ducats. But his ambition grasped the capital of the East. To the prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration or a safe departure. But after some fruitless treaty he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of horror, and the fear of universal reproach, forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans; and he determined to abide the last extremities of war. Several days were employed by the Sultan in the preparations of the assault; and a respite was granted by his favorite science of astrology, which had fixed on the 29th of May as the

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fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the 29th he issued his final orders; assembled in his presence the military chiefs, and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty and the motives of the perilous enterprise.

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but in this great and general attack the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable 29th of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed. The troops, the cannons, and the fascines were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with their prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible parts of the harbor. Under pain of death silence was enjoined; but the physical laws are not obedient to discipline or fear. Each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen on the towers.

At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host—a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onward to the wall. The most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated, and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defence. The ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks the troops of Anatolia and Romania

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were successively led to the charge. Their progress was various and doubtful; but after a conflict of two hours the Greeks maintained and improved their advantages; and the voice of the emperor was heard encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country.

In that fatal moment the Janizaries arose—fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The Sultan himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor. He was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eyes. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections; the skilful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary though pernicious science. But in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault all is blood and horror and confusion; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries, and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians. The double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins. In a circuit of several miles some places must be found more easy of access or more feebly guarded;

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and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was inevitably lost. The first who deserved the Sultan's reward was Hassan the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his cimeter in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification. Of the thirty Janizaries who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones: but his success had proved that the achievement was possible. The walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained till their last breath the honorable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene; his mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The Greeks fled toward the city; and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall; and as they advanced into the streets they were joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbor.

In the first heat of the pursuit about two thousand Christians were put to the sword. But avarice soon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter if the valor of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire had only been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.—*Decline and Fall, Chap. LXVIII.*

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GIBBONS, JAMES, cardinal, was born in Baltimore, Md., July 23, 1834. When a child he was taken by his parents to their former home in Ireland, where his early education was received. When seventeen years of age he returned to Baltimore and soon after entered St. Charles's College, Emmittsburg, Md. In 1857 he was transferred to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and on June 30, 1861, ordained a priest. He was made assistant of St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, and in a few months priest of St. Bridget's Church, Canton, a suburb of Baltimore. From this parish he was transferred to the Cathedral by Archbishop Spalding, and made his private secretary. In 1866, when the second plenary council of the Catholic Church in America was held in Baltimore, he was appointed assistant chancellor of the council. In 1868 he was made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina with the rank and title of bishop, and was consecrated by Archbishop Spalding in the Cathedral on August 16th of that year. At this time the Catholic population of North Carolina was very small, but in a few years Bishop Gibbons had built new churches, opened new schools, founded asylums, and largely increased the number of priests. In 1872 he was transferred to the vacant see of Richmond, Va., where he continued the work he had begun in

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North Carolina. In 1877, Archbishop Bayley's health beginning to fail, he asked Pope Pius IX. for a coadjutor, and requested that Bishop Gibbons be given the position. The request was granted and on May 20, 1877, he was appointed, with the right of succession to the see. Bishop Bayley died the same year, and on October 3d Bishop Gibbons succeeded him. This see is the oldest in the United States, and for this reason ranks as the most important. In 1883, with other archbishops, he was called to Rome to confer with the Pope upon the affairs of the Church in the United States. In 1884 he was appointed to preside over the third plenary council, which was also held in Baltimore, and in June, 1886, he received a cardinal's hat, succeeding Cardinal McCloskey. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate was celebrated with imposing ceremonies on October 18, 1893. With one exception, every archbishop, nearly every bishop, and many monsignors and priests were present and took part in the celebration.

Cardinal Gibbons has been a frequent contributor to both secular and religious periodicals, and is the author of two books, *The Faith of Our Fathers* (1876) and *Our Christian Heritage* (1889). The former has been translated into a number of different languages, and has passed through forty editions.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

A man enjoys *religious* liberty when he possesses the free right of worshipping God according to the dictates of a right conscience, and of practising a form of relig-

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ion most in accordance with his duties to God. Every act infringing on his freedom of conscience is justly styled religious intolerance. This religious liberty is the true right of every man, because it corresponds with a most certain duty which God has put upon him.

A man enjoys *civil* liberty when he is exempt from the arbitrary will of others, and when he is governed by equitable laws established for the general welfare of society. So long as, in common with his fellow-citizens, he observes the laws of the state, any exceptional restraint imposed upon him, in the exercise of his rights as a citizen, is so far an infringement on his civil liberty.

I here assert the proposition, which I hope to confirm by historical evidence, that the Catholic Church has always been the zealous promoter of religious and civil liberty; and that whenever any encroachments on these sacred rights of man were perpetrated by professing members of the Catholic faith, these wrongs, far from being sanctioned by the Church, were committed in palpable violation of her authority.

Her doctrine is, that as man by his own *free will* fell from grace, so of his *own free will* must he return to grace. Conversion and coercion are two terms that can never be reconciled. It has ever been a cardinal maxim, inculcated by sovereign Pontiffs and other Prelates, that no violence or undue influence should be exercised by Christian Princes or Missionaries in their efforts to convert souls to the faith of Jesus Christ.

St. Augustine and his companions, who were sent by Pope Gregory I. to England for the conversion of that nation, had the happiness of baptizing in the true faith King Ethelbert and many of his subjects. That monarch, in the fervor of his zeal, was most anxious that all his subjects should immediately follow his example; but the missionaries admonished him that he should scrupulously abstain from all violence in the conversion of his people; for the Christian religion should be voluntarily embraced.

Pope Nicholas I. also warned Michael, King of the Bulgarians, against employing any force or constraint in the conversion of idolaters.

The fourth Council of Toledo, a synod of great au-

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thority in the Church, ordained that no one should be compelled against his will to make a profession of the Christian faith. And be it remembered that this Council was composed of all the Bishops of Spain; and was assembled in a country, and at a time in which the Church held almost unlimited sway, and among a people who have been represented as the most fanatical and intolerant of all Europe.

Perhaps no man can be considered a fairer representative of the age in which he lived than St. Bernard, the illustrious Abbot of Clairvaux. He was the embodiment of the spirit of the Middle Ages. His life is the key that discloses to us what degree of toleration prevailed in those days. Having heard that a fanatical preacher was stimulating the people to deeds of violence against the Jews, as the enemies of Christianity, St. Bernard raised his eloquent voice against him, and rescued those persecuted people from the danger to which they were exposed.

Not to cite too many examples, let me only quote for you the beautiful letter addressed by Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, to the son of King James II. of England. This letter not only reflects the sentiments of his own heart, but formulizes, in this particular, the decrees of the Church of which he was a distinguished ornament. "Above all," he writes, "never force your subjects to change their religion. No human power can reach the impenetrable recess of the free will of the heart. Violence can never persuade men: it serves only to make hypocrites. Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever Almighty God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by mild persuasion."

It is true, indeed, that the Catholic Church spares no pains, and stops at no sacrifice, in order to induce mankind to embrace her faith. Otherwise she would be recreant to her sacred mission. But she scorns to exercise any undue influence in her efforts to convert souls. —*The Faith of Our Fathers.*

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GIBSON, WILLIAM HAMILTON, an American artist and descriptive writer, born at Sandy Hook, Conn., October 5, 1850; died July 16, 1896. Thrown upon his own resources by the business failure and the death of his father, he first entered a life-insurance office. His talent for drawing had been developed at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. His first successful effort in literature was an article on the cotton-plant, with illustrations by himself, which he contributed to a magazine. He was the author of *The Complete Angler and Trapper* (1876); *Camp Life in the Woods* and *Pastoral Days* (1880); *Highways and Byways* (1882); *Happy Hunting Grounds* (1886); *Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine* (1891); *Sharp Eyes* (1892); all illustrated by himself.

The Boston *Literary World* tells the following story of his first successful literary venture: "He had conceived the idea of writing an article on the cotton-plant, and drawing the illustrations for it on the wood, all ready for the engraver. This article, with the accompanying blocks, was accordingly prepared, and offered to a publisher. The idea was novel, it 'took,' and the young man's future was made sure. It was not long before his gifts were recognized; and in no quarter has he found more generous support than in that where his first efforts were summarily rejected."

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WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON

NATURE'S CALENDAR.

I know of no other place in which the progress of the year is so readily traced as in the swampy fallow lands. They are a living calendar, not merely of the seasons alone, but of every month successively, and its record is almost unmistakably disclosed. It is whispered in the fragrant breath of flowers, and of the aromatic herbage you crush beneath your feet. It floats about on filmy wings of dragon-fly and butterfly, or glistens in the air on silky seeds. It skips upon the surface of the water, or swims among the weeds beneath ; and is noised about in myriads of tell-tale songs among the reeds and sedges. The swallows and the starlings proclaim it in their flight, and the very absence of these living features is as eloquent as life itself. Even in the simple story of the leaf, the bud, the blossom, and the downy seed, it is told as plainly as though written in prosaic words and strewn among the herbage.

In the early, blustering days of March, there is a stir beneath the thawing ground, and the swamp-cabbage root sends up a well-protected scout to explore among the bogs ; but so dismal are the tidings which he brings, that for weeks no other venturing sprout dares lift its head. He braves alone the stormy month—the solitary sign of spring, save, perhaps, the alder catkins that loosen in the wind. April woos the yellow cowslips into bloom along the water's edge, and the golden willow-twigs shake out the perfumed tassels. In May the prickly-cane blossoms among the tussocks, and the calamus buds burst forth among their flat green blades. June is heralded on right and left by the unfurling of blue-flags, and the eye-bright blue winks and blinks as it awakens in the dazzling July sun.

Then follows brimful August, with the summer's consummation of luxuriance and bloom ; with flowers in dense profusion in bouquets of iron-weed and thoroughwort, of cardinal-flowers and fragrant clethra, and their host of blossoming companions. The milk-weed pods fray out their early floss upon September breezes, and the blue petals of the gentian first unfold their fringes.

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October overwhelms us with the friendly tokens of burr marigolds and bidens; while the thickets of black alder lose their autumn verdure, and leave November with a "burning bush" of scarlet berries hitherto half hidden in the leafage. Now, too, the copses of witch-hazel bedeck themselves, and are yellow with their tiny ribbons. December's name is written in wreaths of snow upon the withered stalks of slender weeds and rushes, which soon lie bent and broken in the lap of January, crushed beneath their winter weight. And in fulfilment of the cycle, February sees the swelling buds of willow, with their restless pussies eager for the spring, half creeping from their winter cells.—*Pastoral Days.*



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GIFFORD, WILLIAM, an English editor and satirical poet, born at Ashburton, Devonshire, in April, 1757; died in London, December 31, 1826. He was left an orphan at an early age, and at fifteen was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He had previously received a fair education, and had acquired a fondness for reading, which he had now no means to gratify. Some verses written by him fell into the hands of a Mr. Cookesley, who started a subscription to purchase his release from his indentures, and sent him to school. Some of his letters on literary topics were by accident read by Lord Grosvenor, who invited Gifford to reside with him, and ultimately sent him on a continental tour as travelling tutor to his son. Gifford made his first appearance as an author in 1794 by the publication of *The Baviad*, a satire upon the so-called "Della Cruscan" school of poetry. This was followed in the same year by *The Mæviad*, aimed at the corruption of the drama. In 1800 he put forth a bitter poetical *Epistle to "Peter Pindar,"* the pseudonym of John Wolcot, who replied in the still more scurrilous *Cut at a Cobbler*. In 1802 Gifford published a translation of *Juvenal*, to which was prefixed a charming autobiographical sketch. This work was sharply dealt with in the *Critical Review;* and Gifford retorted in a pamphlet sharply lampooning the reviewers.

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A TOAD OF A REVIEWER.

During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perhaps as many places as "Scrub," though I suspect they were not altogether so dignified: the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage-planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world. I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant; and therefore took every opportunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad. I never loved toads, but I never molested them; for my mother had early bid me remember that every living thing had the same Maker as myself; and the words always rang in my ears. The toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpish animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of its eye then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honey-bee. Since I have marked the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me.

It was not long before Gifford himself became a Reviewer. The *Quarterly Review* was established in 1809 by prominent members of the Tory party, and Gifford was made its editor, a position which he held until 1824. Of him Southey, one of the leading writers in the *Quarterly Review*, wrote: "He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; them he regarded as a fish-

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monger regards eels, or as Izaak Walton did slugs, worms, and frogs. I always protested against that temper in the *Review*." Besides the works already mentioned, Gifford edited the dramatic works of Massinger, Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley.

SOME LITERARY DUNCES.

Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rules to stagger and no sense to pose;
Which read and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder—what it is about.
These fancy "Bell's Poetics" only sweet
And intercept his hawkers in the street;
There, smoking hot, inhale Jim Adney's strains,
And the rank fume of Tony Pasquin's brains,
Others, like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore,
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit or lucky price
Has blessed them with "The Boke of gode Advice,"
For "ekes" and "algates" only deign to seek,
And live upon a "whilom" for a week.

And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are placed
By thoughtless passion on the throne of taste
Say, can we wonder whence such jargon flows,
This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose,
This old, new language which defiles our page,
The refuse and the scum of every age?

Lo, Beaufoy tells of Afric's barren sand,
In all the flowery phrase of fairy-land;
There Fezzan's thrum-capped tribes—Turks, Christians,
Jews—
Accommodate, ye gods, their feet with shoes;
There meagre shrubs inveterate mountains grace.
And brushwood breaks the amplitude of space,
Perplexed with terms so vague and undefined.

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I blunder on till wildered, giddy, blind,
Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
And call for Mandeville to ease my head.

Oh for the good old times when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view.
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold;
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart,
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves—
Less to display our subject than ourselves.
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird—
Heavens! how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war.

Some of Gifford's verses have a tender tone, as this:

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And thrust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius's watery skies!

Retire, retire! These tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past;
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you, and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die

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Come, then, ere yet the morning ray,
  Has drunk the dew that gems your crest
And drawn your balmest sweets away;
  Oh, come, and grace my Anna's breast!

The "Anna" here mentioned was a very different personage from what would have been expected from these lines. Who and what she was is told in the epitaph upon her tombstone erected by Gifford in the burying-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, London:

EPITAPH UPON ANNA DAVIES.

Here lies the body of Ann Davies (for more than twenty years), servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the forty-third year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply affected master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth, and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection for long and meritorious services.

Though here unknown, dear Ann thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
Oh, when this frame, which yet while life remained,
Thy duteous love with trembling hand sustained,
Dissolves—as soon it must—may that blest Power
Who beamed on thine, illume my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,
Where what is sown in grief is reaped in joy,
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.

Gifford was fifty-eight years old when his servant, Anna Davies, fifteen years his junior, died. The following verses appear to have been written

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considerably later; how much later is not certain. Gifford survived his servant a little more than ten years. Surely no servant was ever more truly loved and highly honored than was Anna Davies.

THE GRAVE OF ANNA.

I wish I were where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
"Go and partake her humble bier."

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have no business there?

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished—snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring—
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name forever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore:—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas, can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

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And can thy soft persuasive look,
  Thy voice that might with music vie,
The air that every gazer took,
  Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
  Thy courage, by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
  Thy gay good-humor—can they fade?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
  Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
  A long, a last, a sad adieu.

In a poem clearly of an earlier date, describing a day spent at Greenwich Hill, the name "Anna" occurs; indeed the poem is addressed to her. We are inclined to think that this poem is wholly imaginary. Certainly we can hardly imagine it written by a gentleman past middle age to a woman who was or was to be—his domestic servant:

GREENWICH HILL.

Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
  And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
  As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed.

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
  Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
  The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
  On which we both—(and yet, who knows)—
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
  And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

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How pleasant, from that dome-crowned hill,
To view the varied scene below—
Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The circling Thames' majestic flow!

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the checkered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaims the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, nothing loath,
We to our simple meal retired.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wantoned for a while,
And seeking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile;

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part
As close to mine thy cheek was laid
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid—my sweet employ—
From truth, from innocence of soul.

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft—and yet it seemed to thrill—
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear,
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And oh! how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined

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Played lightly round the heart, and shed
  Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments winged their flight,
  Till now the boatman on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
  Recalled us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
  I cannot, must not hope to share;
For I have found an hour of bliss
  Still followed by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes—
  But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
  The day we passed on Greenwich Hill.



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GILBERT, WILLIAM SCHWENCK, an English humorist and playwright, born in London, November 18, 1836. He was educated at Great Ealing School and at the University of London, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. His first play was *Dulcamara* (1866). Among his subsequent dramatic productions are *An Old Score* and *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1871); *The Wicked World, a Fairy Comedy* (1873); *Charity* and *Sweethearts* (1874); *Broken Heart* (1876); *Pinafore* and *The Sorcerer* (1877); *The Pirates of Penzance* (1879); *Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride* (1881); *Iolanthe* (1882); *Princess Ida* (1883); *The Mikado* (1885); *Ruddigore* (1887); *Yeoman of the Guard* (1888); *The Gondoliers* (1889), and *Utopia (Limited)* (1893). In most of his comic operas he collaborated with Sir Arthur Sullivan. In 1877 he published a volume of humorous verse entitled *Bab Ballads.*

The London *Spectator* said of the first series of *Bab Ballads:* "We have not found a single line in the book which expresses either a subtle sense of incongruity as distinguished from a calculated and vulgar distortion or a really buoyant and playful heart. It is all screams of forced mirth and coarse exaggerations of the grotesque into the impossible." And of the second series: "The nonsense, even when most nonsensical, is seldom unredeemed by some spice of wit, some shy gleam of irony or reflected ruddy glow of humor."

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MORTAL LOVE.

[Spoken by SELENE, a Fairy Queen.]

With all their misery, with all their sin,
With all the elements of wretchedness
That teem on that unholy world of theirs,
They have one great and ever-glorious gift,
That compensation for all they have to bear—
The gift of Love! Not as we use the word;
To signify more tranquil brotherhood;
But in some sense that is unknown to us,
Their love bears like relation to our own
That the fierce beauty of the noonday sun,
Bears to the calm of a soft summer's eve.
It nerves the wearied mortal with hot life,
And bathes his soul in hazy happiness.
The richest man is poor who hath it not,
And he who hath it laughs at poverty.
It hath no conqueror. When Death himself
Has worked his very worst, this love of theirs
Lives still upon the loved one's memory.
It is a strange enchantment, which invests
The most unlovely things with loveliness.
The maiden, fascinated by this spell,
Sees everything as she would have it be;
Her squalid cot becomes a princely home;
Its stunted shrubs are groves of stately elms;
The weedy brook that trickles past her door
Is a broad river, fringed with drooping trees;
And of all marvels the most marvellous,
The coarse unholy man who rules her love
Is a bright being—pure as we are pure;
Wise in his folly—blameless in his sin·
The incarnation of a perfect soul;
A great and ever-glorious demi-god.

—*The Wicked World.*

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!

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What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look very blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

[*It rolls on.*]

ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

Only a dancing girl.
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed color and curl
With fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her trips!

Hung from the "flies" in air,
She acts a palpable lie,
She's as little a fairy there
As unpoetical I!
I hear you asking, Why—
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, tinselled thing?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green,
From a highly impossible tree
In a highly impossible scene
(herself not over clean).

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For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring
    Their daughters there to see,
Pronounce the "dancing thing"
    No better than she should be
    With her skirt at her shameful knee
And her painted, tainted phiz:
Ah, matron, which of us is?

(And, in sooth, it oft occurs
    That while these matrons sigh,
Their dresses are lower than hers,
    And sometimes half as high;
    And their hair is hair they buy,
And they use their glasses too,
In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green
    For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
    Of her home, when coaxing down
    Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den;
She's a fairy truly, then!

—*The Bab Ballads.*

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GILDER, RICHARD WATSON, an American poet and journalist, born at Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844. He is the author of *The New Day, a Poem in Songs and Sonnets* (1876); *The Poet and His Master* (1878); *Lyrics and Other Poems* (1886); *Two Worlds* (1891); *The Great Remembrancer, and Other Poems* (1893). In 1870 he connected himself with *Scribner's Monthly*, and in 1881 he became one of the editors of the *Century Magazine*, and later editor-in-chief.

The *Nation*, reviewing Mr. Gilder's poems as early as 1876, said: "There is sincerity of emotion, delicacy of expression, seriousness of intention, and artistic capacity enough in Mr. Gilder's verses to give ground for hope that, with large experience and faithful culture, he will write such poetry as will add preciousness even to these first works of his muse." The *Nation*, in 1885, said: "He stands clearly the first in promise among the younger men to whom we must look to inherit the poetic laurels of Emerson and Longfellow;" and Stedman, in his *Poets of America*, writes as follows: "There is no slovenly work in *The New Day* and *The Poet and His Master;* each is a cluster of flawless poems, the earlier verse marked by the mystical beauty, intense emotion, and psychological distinctions of the select illuminati."

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O SWEET WILD ROSES THAT BUD AND BLOW.

O sweet wild roses that bud and blow,
Along the way that my Love may go;
O moss-green rocks that touch her dress,
And grass that her dear feet may press;

O maple-tree, whose brooding shade
For her a summer tent has made;
O golden-rod and brave sun-flower
That flame before my maiden's bower;

O butterfly, on whose light wings
The golden summer sunshine clings;
O birds that flit o'er wheat and wall,
And from cool hollows pipe and call;

O falling water, whose distant roar
Sounds like the waves upon the shore;
O winds that down the valley sweep,
And lightnings from the clouds that leap;

O skies that bend above the hills,
O gentle rains and babbling rills,
O moon and sun that beam and burn—
Keep safe my Love till I return!

DAWN.

The night was dark, though sometimes a faint star
A little while a little space made bright.
The night was long and like an iron bar
Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea
Slowly, within the East, there grew a light
Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be
The herald of a greater. The pale white
Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height
Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew
Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew
Straight toward the utmost boundary of the East,
Where slowly the rose gathered and increased.

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It was as on the opening of a door
  By one that in his hand a lamp doth hold,
  Whose flame is hidden by a garment's fold,—
The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean turned
Dark and more dark against the brightening sky—
Sharper against the sky the long sea-line.
The hollows of the breakers on the shore
Were green, like leaves whereon no sun doth shine,
Though white the outer branches of the tree.
From rose to red the level heaven burned;
Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the horizon's rim.

THE SOWER.

I.

A sower went forth to sow,
His eyes were wild with woe;
He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
Nor smelt the perfume warm and sweet,
That prayed for pity everywhere.
He came to a field that was harried
By iron, and to heaven laid bare:
He shook the seed that he carried
O'er that brown and bladeless place.
He shook it, as God shakes hail
Over a doomèd land,
When lightnings interlace
The sky and the earth, and his wand
Of love is a thunder-flail.
  Thus did that sower sow;
His seed was human blood,
And tears of women and men.
And I, who near him stood,
Said: When the crop comes, then
There will be sobbing and sighing,
Weeping and wailing and crying,
And a woe that is worse than woe

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It was an autumn day
When next I went that way.
And what, think you, did I see?
What was it that I heard?
The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
Nay—but the songs of many,
Thrilled through with praising prayer.
Of all those voices not any
Were sad of memory:
And a sea of sunlight flowed,
And a golden harvest glowed.
On my face I fell down there;
I hid my weeping eyes,
I said: O God, thou art wise!
And I thank thee, again and again,
For the sower whose name is Pain.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Here stays the house, here stays the self-same places,
Here the white lilacs and the buttonwoods,
Here are the pine-groves, there the river floods,
And there the threading brook that interlaces
Green meadow-bank with meadow-bank the same.
The melancholy nightly chorus came
Long, long ago from the same pool, and yonder,
Stark poplars lift in the same twilight air
Their ancient shadows: nearer still, and fonder,
The black-heart cherry-tree's gaunt branches bare
Rasp on the same old window where I ponder.
And we, the only living, only pass;
We come and go, whither and whence we know not:
From birth to bound the same house keeps, alas!
New lives as gentle as the old; there show not
Among the haunts that each had thought his own
The looks that parting brings to human faces.
The black-heart there, that heard my earliest moan,
And yet shall hear my last, like all these places
I love so well, unloving lives from child
To child; from morning joy to evening sorrow—
Untouched by joy, by anguish undefiled:
All one the generations gone, and new;

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All one dark yesterday and bright to-morrow;
To the old tree's insensate sympathy
All one the morning and the evening dew—
My far, forgotten ancestor and I.

FATHER AND CHILD.

Beneath the deep and solemn midnight sky,
At the last verge and boundary of time,
I stand and listen to the starry chime
That sounds to the inward sense and will not die.
Now do the thoughts that daily hidden lie
Arise, and live in a celestial clime—
Unutterable thoughts, most high, sublime,
Crossed by one dread that frights mortality.
Thus, as I muse, I hear my little child
Sob in its sleep within the cottage near—
My own dear child!—Gone is that mortal doubt!
The Power that drew our lives forth from the wild
Our Father is; we shall to Him be dear,
Nor from his universe be blotted out!

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GILFILLAN, GEORGE, a Scottish Presbyterian minister, poet, and literary critic, born at Cowrie, Perthshire, January 30, 1813; died at Dundee, August 13, 1878. He studied at the Glasgow University, and in 1836 became pastor of a Presbyterian congregation at Dundee. In 1842 he contributed to the *Dumfries Herald* a series of papers which were, four years later, published under the title *A Gallery of Literary Portraits*, which was rapidly followed by a second and third series. In 1851 he put forth *The Bards of the Bible*. His other works are *Martyrs and Heroes of the Scottish Covenant* (1851); *The Grand Discovery* (1854); *History of a Man*, partly autobiographical (1856); *Christianity and our Era* (1857); *Alpha and Omega*, a collection of sermons (1860); and *Night*, a poem (1867). He also edited a collection of *British Poets* in forty-eight volumes, with biographical and critical notes. He was an eloquent preacher and a popular lecturer.

Gilfillan's industry has been warmly praised, while his style as a writer has been perhaps as warmly censured. His fondness for overstrained metaphor and ambitious style, as seen in *The Bards of the Bible*, called forth the strongest denunciations of no less an Orientalist than Moses Stuart, of Andover, and is thus spoken of in the *Dublin University Magazine's* review of his *Gallery*

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of Literary Portraits: "In all such habitual use of strong language a writer is throwing away his wealth, and making his style in reality poor and meagre. Words are lavished with profusion when they absolutely represent nothing, and none but the man who has read through a volume of words with the wish really to ascertain the amount of instruction it gives, can judge of the unutterable weariness produced by this careless habit of stating everything in a temper of exaggeration."

SKETCH OF EDWARD IRVING.

In reference to other literary men you think, or at least speak, of their appearance last. But so it was of this remarkable man, that most people put his face and figure in the foreground, and spoke of his mental and moral faculties as belonging to them, rather than of them as belonging to the man. In this respect, he bore a strong resemblance to the two heroes of the French Revolution, Mirabeau and Danton. Irving was a Danton spiritualized. Had he been born in France, and subjected to its desecrating influences, and hurled headforemost into the vortex of its revolution, he would, in all probability, have cut some such tremendous figure as the Mirabeau of the Sans-culottes; he would have laid about him as wildly at the massacres of September, and carried his huge black head as high in the death-cart, and under the guillotine. Had he been born in England, in certain circles, he had perhaps emerged from obscurity in the shape of an actor, the most powerful that ever trod the stage, combining that statuesque figure and sonorous voice of the Kemble family with the energy, the starts, and bursts and inspired fury of Kean, added to some qualities peculiarly his own. Had he turned his thought to the tuneful art, he had written rugged and fervent verse, containing much of Milton's grandeur, and much of Wordsworth's oracular simplicity. Had he snatched the pencil, he would have wielded it with the savage force of Salvator Rosa, and his con-

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ceptions would have partaken now of Blake's fantastic quaintness, and now of Martin's gigantic monotony. Had he lived in the age of chivalry, he would have stood side by side in glorious and well-foughten fields with Cœur-de-Lion himself, and died in the steel harness full gallantly. Had he lived in an age of persecution, he had been either a hardy martyr, leaping into the flames as into his wedding suit, or else a fierce inquisitor, aggravating by his portentous frown, and more portentous squint, the agonies of his victim. Had he been born in Calabria, he had been as picturesque a bandit as ever stood on the point of a rock between a belated painter and the red evening sky, at once an object of irresistible terror and irresistible admiration, leaving the poor artist in doubt whether to take to his pencil or to his heels. But, in whatever part or age of the world he had lived, he must have been an extraordinary man.

No mere size, however stupendous, or expression of face, however singular, could have up-lifted a common man to the giddy height on which Irving stood for a while, calm and collected as the statue upon its pedestal. It was the correspondence, the reflection of his powers and passions upon his person ; independence stalking in his stride, intellect enthroned on his brow, imagination dreaming on his lips, physical energy stringing his frame, and athwart the whole a cross-ray, as from Bedlam, shooting in his eye! It was this which excited such curiosity, wonder, awe, rapture, and tears, and made his very enemies, even while abusing, confess his power, and tremble in his presence. It was this which made ladies flock and faint, which divided attention with the theatres, eclipsed the oratory of Parliament, drew demireps to hear themselves abused, made Canning's fine countenance flush with pleasure, "as if his veins ran lightning;" accelerated in an alarming manner the twitch in Brougham's dusky visage, and elicited from his eye those singular glances, half of envy and half of admiration, which are the truest tokens of applause; and made such men as Hazlitt protest, on returning half squeezed to death from one of his displays, that a monologue from Coleridge, a recitation of one of his own poems from Wordsworth, a burst of puns

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from Lamb, and a burst of passion from Kean, were not to be compared to a sermon from Edward Irving.

His manner also contributed to the charm. His aspect, wild, yet grave, as of one laboring with some mighty burden; his voice, deep, clear, and with crashes of power alternating with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the motion of the oak in the hurricane. Then there was the style, curiously uniting the beauties and faults of a sermon of the seventeenth century with the beauties and faults of a parliamentary harangue or magazine article of the nineteenth—quaint as Browne, florid as Taylor, with the bleak wastes which intersect the scattered green spots of Howe mixed here with sentences involved, clumsy, and cacophonous as the worst of Jeremy Bentham's, and interspersed there with threads from the magic loom of Coleridge. It was a strange amorphous Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original, rank with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and blemishes, inclosing amid wide tracts of jungle little bits of clearest and purest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic bursts of real fire, amid jets of mere smoke and hot water. It had great passages, but not one finished sermon or sentence. It was a thing of shreds, and yet a web of witchery. It was perpetually stumbling the least fastidious hearer or reader, and yet drawing both impetuously on. And then, to make the medley "thick and slab," there was the matter—a grotesque compound, including here a panegyric on Burns, and there a fling at Byron; here a plan of future punishment, laid out with as much minuteness as if he had been projecting a bridewell, and there a ferocious attack upon the *Edinburgh Review;* here a glimpse of the gates of the Celestial City, as if taken from the top of Mount Clear, and there a description of the scenery and of the poet of the Lakes; here a pensive retrospect to the days of the Covenant, and there a dig at the heart of Jeremy Bentham; here a ray of prophecy, and there a bit of politics; here a quotation from the Psalms, and there from the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* Such was the strange yet overwhelming exhibition which our hero made be-

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fore the gaping, staring, wondering, laughing, listening, weeping, and thrilling multitudes of fashionable, political, and literary London.

He was, in fact, as De Quincey once called him to us, a "demon of power." We contemporaries might equal him in preaching, but none approached to the very hem of his garment while rapt up into the heaven of devotion. It struck you as the prayer of a great being conversing with God. Your thoughts were transported to Sinai, and you heard Moses speaking with the Majesty on High, under the canopy of darkness, amid the quaking of the solid mountain and the glimmerings of celestial fire; or you thought of Elijah praying in the cave in the intervals of the earthquake, and the fire and the still small voice. The solemnity of the tones convinced you that he was conscious of an unearthly presence and speaking to it, not to you. The diction and imagery showed that his faculties were wrought up to their highest pitch, and tasked to their noblest endeavor, in that "celestial colloquy sublime." And yet the elaborate intricacies and swelling pomp of his preaching were exchanged for deep simplicity. A profusion of Scripture was used; and never did inspired language better become lips than those of Irving. His public prayers told to those who could interpret their language of many a secret conference with Heaven—they pointed to wrestlings all unseen, and groanings all unheeded—they drew aside, involuntarily, the veil of his secret retirements, and let in a light into the sanctuary of the closet itself. Prayers more elegant and beautiful and melting have often been heard; prayers more urgent in their fervid importunity have been uttered once and again (such as those which were sometimes heard with deep awe to proceed from the chamber where the perturbed spirit of Hall was conversing aloud with its Maker till the dawning of the day); but prayers more organ-like and Miltonic, never. The fastidious Canning, when told by Sir James Mackintosh, of Irving praying for a family of orphans as "cast upon the fatherhood of God," was compelled to start, and own the beauty of the expression. —*Literary Portraits.*

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GILMAN, ARTHUR, an American historian and editor, born at Alton, Ill., in 1837. He was educated in New York, and entered upon commercial life, which he relinquished for literature. Among his works are *First Steps in English Literature* (1870); *Seven Historic Ages* (1876), republished under the title of *Kings, Queens, and Barbarians, First Steps in General History* (1876); *Shakespeare's Morals* (1879); *Poets' Homes: Pen and Pencil Sketches of American Poets and their Homes* (1879); *History of the American People* (1883); *Story of the Saracens* (1886); *Short Stories from the Dictionary* (1886); *The Story of Rome* (1887); *The Story of Boston* (1889). He edited the *Riverside Chaucer*, published by Barnes & Co. and D. Lothrop.

The London *Academy*, speaking of Gilman's contributions to *The Story of the Nations* series, and particularly of his *Saracens*, said that it was "decidedly one of the best of the series;" and a recent writer says of him that in writing history he "enters into the real life of the peoples, and brings them before the reader as they actually lived, labored, and struggled—as they studied and wrote, and as they amused themselves."

LEGEND OF THE FOUNDING OF ROME.

The proverbs say that Rome was not built in a day. It was no easy task for the twins to agree just where

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they should even begin the city. Romulus thought the Palatine Hill, on which he and his brother had lived, was the most favorable spot for the purpose, while Remus inclined no less favorably to the Aventine, on which Numitor had fed his flocks. In this emergency, they seem to have asked counsel of their grandfather, and he advised them to settle the question by recourse to augury.

Following this advice the brothers took up positions at a given time on the respective hills, surrounded by their followers; those of Romulus being known as the Quintilii, and those of Remus as the Fabii. Thus in anxious expectation, they awaited the passage of certain birds. We can imagine them as they waited. The two hills are still to be seen in the city, and probably the two groups were about half a mile apart. On one side of them rolled the muddy waters of the Tiber, from which they had been snatched when infants, and around them rose the other elevation over which the "seven-hilled" city of the future was destined to spread. From morning to evening they patiently watched, but in vain. Through the long April night, too, they held their posts, and as the sun of the second day rose over the Cœlian Hill, Remus beheld with exultation six vultures swiftly flying through the air, and thought that surely fortune had decided in his favor. But Romulus, when he heard that Remus had seen six asserted that twelve had flown by him. His followers supported this claim, and determined that the city should be begun on the Palatine Hill. At the proper moment Romulus began the Etrurian ceremonies, by digging a circular pit down to the hard clay, into which were cast with great solemnity some of the first-fruits of the season, and also handfuls of earth, each man throwing in a little from the country from which he had come. The pit was then filled up, and over it an altar was erected, upon the hearth of which a fire was kindled. Thus the centre of the new city was settled and consecrated. Romulus then harnessed a white cow and a snow-white bull to a plough with a brazen share, and holding the handle himself, traced the line of the future walls with a furrow. —*The Story of Rome.*

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GILMAN, CAROLINE (HOWARD), an American poet, born in Boston, October 8, 1794; died in Washington, September 15, 1888. In 1819 she married the Rev. Samuel Gilman (1791–1858), pastor of a Unitarian congregation in Charleston, S. C., and author of numerous contributions to general literature, the most important of which were in 1856 collected into a volume entitled *Contributions to Literature, Descriptive, Critical, and Humorous, Biographical, Philosophical, and Poetical.* Mrs. Gilman, both before and after her marriage, wrote much for the press. At sixteen she put forth a poem entitled *Jephtha's Rash Vow;* and, not long after, *Jairus's Daughter,* which was printed in the *North American Review.* Her principal writings after her marriage are *Recollections of a New England Housekeeper; Recollections of a Southern Matron; Ruth Raymond; Poetry of Traveling; Verses of a Lifetime* (1848); *Oracles from the Poets* (1854); *Stories and Poems by a Mother and Daughter.*

CAROLINE HOWARD, daughter of Mrs. Gilman, was born in 1823; died in 1877. In 1840 she married Mr. Lewis Glover, who died in 1843. In 1865 she married Mr. Lewis Jervey. She wrote many poems and tales for periodicals, some of which were published in a volume with others by her mother; and two novels, *Vernon Grove* (1859) and *Helen Courtney's Promise* (1866).

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ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

She bounded o'er the graves
With a buoyant step of mirth,
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelled the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelled the lettered word
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'Twas near her sister's mound;
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart—
O, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years!

ON THE PLANTATION.

Farewell awhile the city's hum,
Where busy footsteps fall;
And welcome to my weary eye
The planter's friendly hall!

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Here let me rise at early dawn
And list the mock-bird's lay,
That, warbling near our lowland home,
Sits on the waving spray;

Then tread the shading avenue
Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum-tree, with its flickered shade,
Or chincapin's perfume.

The myrtle-tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly, with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,
The rich magnolia stands;
And here, in softer loveliness,
The white-bloom bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully,
Idly I twine its wreaths,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air
The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around: the red-bird darts
Like flame from tree to tree;
The whippoorwill complains alone,
The robin whistles free.

The frightened hare scuds by my path,
And seeks the thicket nigh;
The squirrel climbs the hickory bough,
Thence peeps with careful eye.

The humming-bird, with busy wing,
In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon withered pine
The soaring eagle flies,
There builds her eyrie 'mid the clouds.
And man and heaven defies.

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GILMORE, JAMES ROBERTS (*pseudonym* EDMUND KIRKE), an American novelist, poet, and biographer, born in Boston, September 10, 1823. At eleven years of age he was thrown upon his own resources by the death of his father. While employed in a counting-house by day, he pursued his studies at night, and fitted himself for Harvard, but the necessity of supporting himself and his mother obliged him to relinquish the hope of a college education. The house in which he was engaged, and of which, at the age of nineteen, he became a partner, transacted much business with the South, and Mr. Gilmore frequently visited the Southern States, and became acquainted with their people. Soon after the breaking out of the Civil War he was associated with Robert J. Walker and Charles G. Leland in establishing *The Continental Monthly*, for which he wrote a series of papers, afterward collected and published under the title *Among the Pines*. It was very popular, as were his following works, *My Southern Friends* and *Down in Tennessee*. Besides these he published during the war *On the Border*, *Among the Guerillas*, *Adrift in Dixie*, and *Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures*. His later works are a *Life of James A. Garfield* (1880); *The Rear Guard of the Revolution* and *John Sevier as a Commonwealth Builder* (1887); *The Advance Guard of Western Civilization* (1888),

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A Mountain-White Heroine (1889), and, in conjunction with Lyman Abbott, *The Gospel History, a Complete Connected Account of the Life of our Lord* (1881). During the Civil War he was intrusted, with Colonel Jaquess, with an unofficial mission to the Confederate Government with a view of ascertaining on what terms the South would treat for peace.

THE SETTLERS OF TENNESSEE.

The over-mountain settlers were not fugitives from justice, nor needy adventurers seeking in the untrodden West a scanty subsistence which had been denied them in the Eastern settlements. And they were not merely Virginians—they were the culled wheat of the Old Dominion, with all those grand qualities which made the name of "Virginian" a badge of honor throughout the colonies. Many of them were cultivated men of large property, and, though the larger number were poor in this world's goods, they all possessed those more stable riches which consist of stout arms and brave hearts, unblemished integrity and sterling worth. They were so generally educated that in 1776 only two in about two hundred were found unable to write their names in good, legible English. Order-loving and God-fearing, they lived together for twelve years, without so much as one capital crime among them. Shut out by wide forests and high mountain-barriers from civilized law, they made their own laws, and framed for themselves a government which was—with the sole exception of the "Fundamental Agreement," entered into by the "free planters" of New Haven on June 4, 1639—the first absolutely "free and independent" constitution that existed in this country. The ruling motive of many of these men—as it is generally of those who seek new fields of enterprise—was, no doubt, the bettering of their worldly condition; nevertheless, I think much the larger number sought in their western homes not so much worldly wealth as political freedom. . . .

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Under two leaders, John Sevier and James Robertson, these people had developed a boundless courage, a constant fortitude, a self-devoted patriotism, worthy of the most heroic ages. When only a handful of thirty men able to wield an axe or handle a rifle, they ventured beyond the Alleghanies, and in the mountain-girt valley of the Watauga built their cabins and tilled their fields, encompassed by twenty thousand armed savages, and shut off by a trackless wilderness from all civilized succor. There for five years they held their ground, till they grew to number about two hundred riflemen, and then, under John Sevier, they began a career for which it is hard to find a parallel in history. Outnumbered more than twenty to one, they held for six years the gateways of the Alleghanies against the savage horde which Great Britain had enlisted for the destruction of the colonies. Time and again they met the savage onset, and time and again they beat it back, and carried havoc and death into the very heart of the Indian country. And so well did they guard the mountain-passes that in all these years not one savage band broke through to carry the torch and the tomahawk to the homes of Eastern Carolina. Their own cabins went up in flames, their own firesides were drenched in blood, and their mothers and wives and children fell before the merciless scalping-knife of the Cherokee, yet they never shrank and never wavered, but stood, from first to last, the immovable rear-guard of the Revolution. And not content with this, when the day was at the darkest, when seaboard Carolina was trodden under foot by the red dragoon, and the young republic seemed in the very throes of dissolution, they left their own homes well-nigh unprotected, and mustering their bravest and best, rushed over the mountains to the rescue of their distant countrymen. Making an unexampled march of two hundred miles, they hurled themselves, only nine hundred and fifty strong, against the almost impregnable defences of King's Mountain, and in one hour annihilated the left wing of the army of Cornwallis! The result, in logical sequence, was Yorktown and American independence.—*John Sevier as a Commonwealth Builder.*

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GILPIN, WILLIAM, an English clergyman, biographer, descriptive writer, and artist, born at Carlisle, June 4, 1724; died at Boldre, Hants, April 5, 1804. He was educated at Oxford, and after holding a small curacy, he established a school for the education of the sons of gentlemen. He had many eminent pupils, among whom was William Mitford, author of a *History of Greece*, who presented him with the living of Boldre, in Hampshire. Gilpin wrote the *Life of Bernard Gilpin*, an eminent divine of the sixteenth century, and other biographical and religious works.

"Gilpin has described"—we quote from the *Biographie Universelle*—"in several justly esteemed tours, the Picturesque Beauties of Great Britain. All his volumes are accompanied by engravings in aquatint, executed by himself with the tastes and feelings of a painter. He has in some measure created a new kind of tour. His works abound in ingenious reflections, proper to enrich the theory of the arts and to guide the practice of them."

Thomas Green, in his *Diary of a Lover of Literature*, speaks of Gilpin as "a gentleman by whose pen and whose pencil I have been almost equally delighted, and who, with an originality that always accompanies true genius, may be considered as having opened a new source of enjoyment in surveying the works of nature."

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THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND SHADE.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflection only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped. The effect is often very pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendant when he rises accompanied by a train of vapors in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakespeare's language,

"Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top,"

and dart his diverging ray through the rising vapor. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in

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which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant—for it is always a vanishing scene—it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpendicular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate chasm,

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and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridian sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow; the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendor and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapors which envelop it—the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effects, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendor of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendor. This verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colors.

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GIRARDIN, DELPHINE (GAY) DE, a French poet and novelist, born at Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, June 26, 1804; died in Paris, June 29, 1884. She was the daughter of Madame Sophie Gay, and the wife of the journalist Émile de Girardin, whom she married in 1831. When seventeen years old she received a prize from the French Academy for a poem entitled *Les Sœurs de Sainte Camille*, celebrating the devotion of those sisters of charity during the plague at Barcelona. In 1824 she published a volume of *Essais Poetiques*, containing with other poems *Magdaleine* and *Le Bonheur d'être Belle*. In 1825 she improvised, at the tomb of General Foy, several verses on his death, and was rewarded by Charles X. with a pension of 1,500 francs. In the following year she went to Italy, where she was elected a member of the Tiber Academy, and escorted in triumph to the Capitol. She next visited Cape Messina, and composed a poem, *Le Dernier Jour de Pompéi*, which was published with other poems in 1829. *Napoline*, one of her best poems, appeared in 1833. Her first novel, *Le Lorgnon*, "*The Quiz*" (1831), was followed by *M. le Marquis de Pontanges* (1835) and *La Canne de M. de Balzac* (1836). In this year she began to contribute to *La Presse*, under the pseudonym of Viscount Charles de Launay, a series of *Lettres Parisiennes*, a part of which

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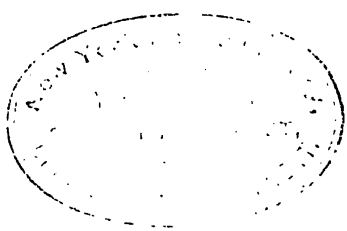


MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

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were published collectively in 1843. A complete edition of these letters appeared after her death. She wrote several successful plays—*Cléopatre*, a tragedy (1847); *C'est la Faute du Mari, ou Les bons Maris font les bonnes Femmes* (1851); *Lady Tartufe* (1853); *La Joie fait Peur*, and *Le Chapeau d'un Horloger* (1854). In 1853 she published two more novels, *Marguerite, ou deux Amours*, and *Il ne faut pas jouer avec la Douleur*. She was the author of several other works of prose and poetry. Her beauty and wit, as well as her literary talent, rendered her famous, and she was styled *La Muse de la Patrie*.

THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING BEAUTIFUL.

There is a misfortune that nobody pities, a danger that nobody fears, a plague that nobody avoids. This plague, to tell the truth, is contagious in only one way—by heredity; and further, it is a very uncertain heritage. Nevertheless, it is a plague, a fatality, that forever pursues you, at every hour of your life; an obstacle to everything—not an obstacle that you meet with—it is more: it is an obstacle that you may carry with you, a ridiculous blessing that simpletons envy you, a favor of the gods that renders you a pariah among men; to speak still more plainly, a gift of nature that makes a dunce of you in society. In short, this misfortune, this danger, this plague, this obstacle, this ridiculous thing is—— we wager that you do not guess it, and that, nevertheless, when you know you will say it is true. When the inconveniences of this advantage have been set before you, you will say "I covet no longer." This misfortune, then, is the misfortune of being beautiful.

Some one has said somewhere, "What is the disagreeable thing that everybody wants?" and has answered his own question thus: "It is old age." *We* say, "What is the plague that everybody wishes for?"

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and we reply, "It is beauty." But by beauty we understand real beauty, perfect beauty, classic beauty, fatal beauty. There is beauty and beauty. He who has the first escapes fatality; he has a thousand chances of happiness. To begin with, he is almost always good-natured and well satisfied with himself. It follows that particular circumstances are created for his beauty. To be a handsome man is an occupation.

The handsome man, properly speaking, can be happy as a hunter, with a green uniform, and with a plume on his head. He can be happy as a master-of-arms, and can find a thousand ineffable joys of pride in the stateliness of his attitudes. He can be happy as a hairdresser. He can be happy as a drum-major: oh, *then* he is very happy. He can also be happy as commander of the empire, at Franconi's theatre, and can represent, with delight, King Joachim Murat. Finally, he can be happy as a model in the most celebrated studios, can take his part in the success of our great painters, and can legitimize, so to speak, the gifts he has received from nature, by consecrating them to the fine-arts. The handsome man can support life; can dream of happiness.

But the beautiful man, the Antinoüs, the Greek Eros, the ideal man, the man of classic brow, of regular lines, of antique profile; the man young and perfectly beautiful, angelically beautiful, must drag out a miserable earthly existence, among prudent fathers, frightened husbands, who proscribe him, and, more terrible still, among the noble and ancient Englishwomen who run after him. For it is an unaccountable and unfortunate fact that a very handsome young man, though not always enticing, is always compromising.

It may be that in a country less civilized than ours beauty is a power; but here in Paris, where advantages are conventional, exquisite beauty is unappreciated: it is not in harmony with our customs; it is a splendor that produces too great an effect, an advantage which causes too much embarrassment. Beautiful men have gone out of fashion with historical pictures. Our women no longer dream of the loves of pages, and grace takes precedence of beauty. Ill-fortune, then, to the beautiful man!—*La Canne de M. de Balzac.*

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GIUSTI, GIUSEPPE, an Italian poet, born at Monsummano, near Pistoja, May 13, 1809; died at Florence, March 31, 1850. He was of a noble family, and received the usual education of young men of his time. After leaving school he went to study "the humanities" at the University of Pisa; but passed his time at the *cafés* more than in the philosophical classes. While quite young he began to write satirical verses of a political character, which brought him into some difficulty with the existing Government of Tuscany. Among the most notable of his poems of this class is the *Instruction to an Emissary*, which was written in 1847, when the Italians were aspiring to national independence and self-government, while their rulers were conceding privileges, and conspiring with Austria to maintain the old system.

"His verses," said Gualterio, "will live as the best picture of the manners of his times; of the political passions, and, so to speak, the inflammatory humors, of the society in which he moved. His satire never descended to personalities, except when aimed at the occupants of high places; and then not from envy of their power, but only so far as their public station brought them within the jurisdiction of general criticism." "I believe," said he himself, "that I have never scoffed at virtue, or cast ridicule on the gentle affections."

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THE MINISTER'S INSTRUCTION TO AN EMISSARY.

You will go into Italy ; you have here
  Your passport and your letters of exchange ;
You travel as a count, it would appear,
  Going for pleasure and a little change ;
Once there, you play the rodomont, the queer
  Crack-brain good fellow, idle gamester, strange
Spendthrift and madcap. Give yourself full swing ;
People are taken with that sort of thing. . . .

When you behold—and it will happen so—
  The birds flock down about the net, be wary ;
Talk from a warm and open heart, and show
  Yourself with everybody bold and merry.
The North's a dungeon, say, a waste of snow,
  The very house and home of January,
Compared with that fair garden of the earth,
Beautiful and free, and full of life and mirth. . . .

Be bold and shrewd ; and be not too quick—
  As some are—and plunge headlong on your prey,
When if the snare should happen not to stick,
  Your uproar frightens all the rest away ;
To take your hare by carriage is the trick ;
  Make a wide circle, do not mind delay ;
Experiment and work in silence ; scheme
With that wise prudence that shall folly seem.

Scatter republican ideas, and say
  That all the rich and all the well-to-do
Use common people hardly better, nay,
  Worse, than their dogs ; and add some hard words too ;
Declare that *bread's* the question of the day,
  And that the Communists alone are true ;
And that the foes of an agrarian cause
Waste more than half of all by wicked laws. . . .

If you should have occasion to spend, spend ;
  The money won't be wasted ; there must be

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Policemen in retirement, spies without end,
  Shameless and penniless; buy, and you are free.
If destiny should be so much your friend
  That you could shake a throne or two for me
Pour me out treasures. I shall be content;
My gains will be at least seven cent. per cent.

In order not to awaken any fear
  In the post-office, 'tis my plan that you
Shall always correspond with Liberals here;
  Don't doubt but I shall hear of all you do
——'s a Republican known far and near;
  I haven't another spy that's half as true!
You understand, and I need say no more;
Lucky for you if you get me up a war.

—*Translation of* W. D. HOWELLS.

ITALY, THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

'Mongst us phantoms of Italians—
  Mummies even from our birth—
The very babies' nurses
  Help to put them under earth.

'Tis a waste of holy water
  When we're taken to the font;
They that make us pay for burial
  Swindle us to that amount.

In appearance we're constructed
  Much like Adam's other sons;
Seem of flesh and blood, but really
  We are nothing but dry bones.

O deluded apparitions,
  What do *you* do among men?
Be resigned to fate, and vanish
  Back into the Past again!

Ah! of a perished people
  What boots now the brilliant story?

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Why should skeletons be bothering
About Liberty and Glory? . . .

O you people hailed down on us
From the Living overhead,
With what face can you confront us,
Seeking health among us Dead?

O ye grim sepulchral friars,
Ye inquisitorial ghouls,
Lay down, lay down forever
The ignorant censor's tools.

This wretched gift of thinking,
O ye donkeys, is our doom;
Do you care to expurgate us,
Positively in the tomb?

Why plant this bayonet forest
On our sepulchres? What dread
Causes you to place such jealous
Custody upon the Dead?

Well, the mighty book of Nature
Chapter first and last must have;
Yours is now the light of heaven,
Ours the darkness of the grave.

But, then, if you ask it,
We lived greatly in our turn,
We were grand and glorious, Gino,
Ere our friends up there were born!

O majestic mausoleums,
City walls outworn with time,
To our eyes are even your ruins
Apotheosis sublime! . . .

O'er these monuments in vigil
Cloudless the sun flames and glows
In the wind for funeral torches—
And the violet and the rose,

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And the grape, the fig, the olive,
  Are the emblems fit for grieving;
'Tis, in fact, a cemetery
  To strike envy in the Living.

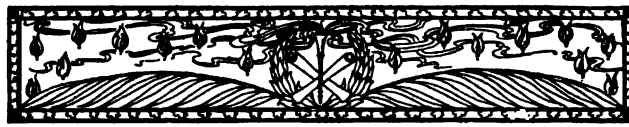
Well, in fine, O brother Corpses,
  Let them pipe on as they like;
Let us see on whom hereafter
  Such a death as ours shall strike!

'Mongst the anthems of the function
  Is not *Dies Iræ?* Nay,
In all the days to come yet,
  Shall there be no Judgment Day?

—*Translation of* W. D. HOWELLS.

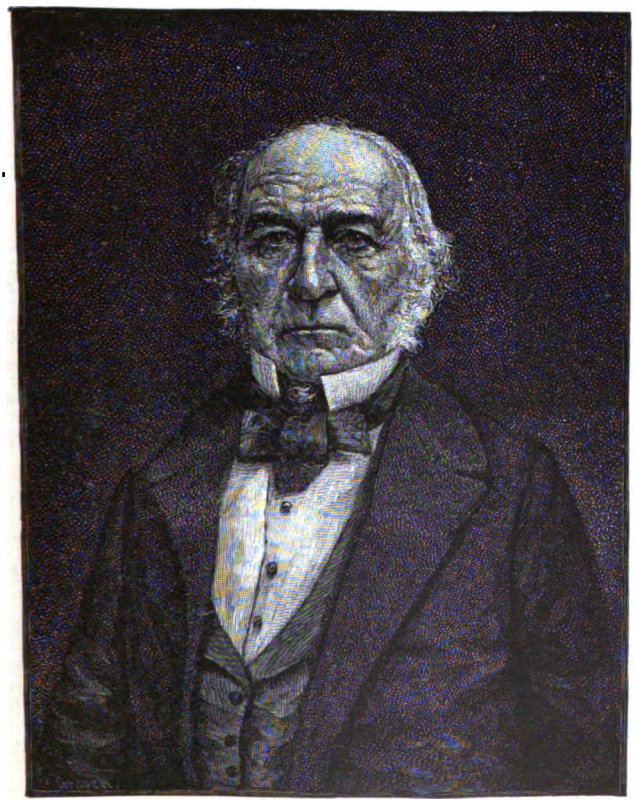


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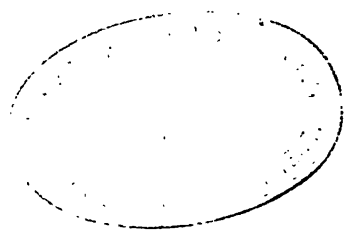
GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART, an English statesman and orator, born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He is the fourth son of John Gladstone, a native of Scotland, who acquired a large fortune as a Liverpool merchant, was returned to Parliament, and was late in life created a baronet. W. E. Gladstone was educated at Eton and afterward at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double first-class in 1831. In the next year, through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, he was returned to Parliament in the "Conservative" or Tory interest, attaching himself especially to Sir Robert Peel, then the leader of that party in the House of Commons. We touch only upon some of the leading events in his political career. In 1835 he became Under Secretary for Colonial Affairs; in 1841 was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council; in 1852 was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the ministry of Lord Aberdeen. In 1858 he introduced a bill for the disestablishment of the Irish [Episcopal] Church; and became First Lord of the Treasury and Premier; in 1874 he was succeeded in this position by Mr. Disraeli, whom he in turn succeeded in 1880. Having been defeated in Parliament, he left office in 1866, and became the acknowledged leader of the "Liberal" or Opposition Party. During his career Mr. Gladstone has served four times as Prime-Minister, December, 1868, to February, 1874; April,

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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

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1880, to June, 1885; February to July, 1886, and August, 1892, to March, 1894. From 1832 until his retirement from office in 1894 he was nearly always a member of Parliament, but advanced age and failing physical powers compelled the "Grand Old Man" to abandon public life and pass his remaining days in the quiet of his country-place.

Mr. Gladstone has been a very prolific author. Besides numerous published speeches, and pamphlets treating merely of political topics, he has been a frequent contributor to reviews and magazines, especially upon classical or religious subjects. His first book, *The State in its Relations to the Church* (1838), elicited one of Macaulay's ablest critiques. This treatise is perhaps now chiefly noteworthy on account of the retraction of its most important theories put forth by Mr. Gladstone himself in his *Chapter of Autobiography* (1869). The work on Church and State was followed in 1841 by a somewhat kindred book, *Church Principles considered in their Results.* His later works include *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age* (3 vols., 1858); *Juventus Mundi: the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age* (1869); *The Vatican Decrees* (1874); *Homeric Synchronisms* (1876); *Gleanings of Past Years* (7 vols., 1879); *The Irish Question* (1886); *Landmarks of Homeric Study* (1890); *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* (1890); *Odes of Horace* (a translation, 1894).

ABOUT HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography is commonly interesting; but there can, I suppose, be little doubt that, as a general rule, it should be posthumous. The close of an active career

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supplies an obvious exception. I have asked myself many times during the present year [1869] whether peculiar combinations of circumstances might not afford a warrant at times for departure from the general rule, so far as some special passage of life is concerned ; and whether I was not myself now placed in one of these special combinations. The motives which incline me to answer these questions in the affirmative are mainly two. *First*, that the great and glaring change in my course of action with respect to the Established Church of Ireland is not the mere eccentricity, or even perversion, of an individual mind, but connects itself with silent changes which are advancing in the very bed and basis of modern society. *Secondly*, that the progress of a great cause, signal as it has been and is, appears liable nevertheless to suffer in point of credit, if not of energy and rapidity from the real or supposed delinquencies of a person with whose name for the moment it happens to be specially associated. . . .

One thing I have not done, and shall not do. I shall not attempt to laugh off the question or to attenuate its importance. In theory at least, and for others, I am myself a purist with respect to what touches the consistency of statesmen. Change of opinion, in those to whose judgment the public looks more or less to assist its own, is an evil to the country, although a much smaller evil than their persistence in a course which they know to be wrong. It is not always to be blamed. But it is always to be watched with vigilance ; always to be challenged, and put upon its trial. It can hardly escape even cursory observation that the present century has seen a great increase in the instances of what is called political inconsistency. . . .

If it is the office of law and of institutions to reflect the wants and wishes of the country (and its wishes must ever be a considerable element in its wants), then as the nation passes from a stationary into a progressive period, it will justly require that the changes in its own condition and views should be represented in the professions and actions of its leading men. For they exist for its sake, not it for theirs. It remains indeed their business, now and ever, to take honor and duty for their

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guides, and not the mere demand or purpose of the passing hour; but honor and duty themselves require their loyal servant to take account of the state of facts in which he is to work; and, while ever laboring to elevate the standard of opinion of those around him, to remember that his business is not to construct, with self-chosen materials, an Utopia or a republic of Plato, but to conduct the affairs of a living and working community of men, who have self-government recognized as in the last resort as the moving spring of their political life, and of the institutions which are its outward vesture. . . .

Let me now endeavor to state the offence of which I am held guilty. *Ille ego qui quondam:* I the person who have now accepted a foremost share of the responsibility of endeavoring to put an end to the existence of the Irish Church as an establishment, and also the person who, of all men in official, perhaps in public life, did, until the year 1841, recommend, upon the highest and most imperious grounds its resolute maintenance.—*A Chapter of Autobiography.*

THE BOOK ON STATE AND CHURCH.

The book entitled *The State in its Relations to the Church*, was printed during the autumn of 1838, while I was making a tour in the South of Europe, which the state of my eyesight had rendered it prudent to undertake. Three editions of it were published without textual change; and in the year 1841 a fourth, greatly enlarged, though in other respects little altered, issued from the press. All interest in it had, however, even at that time, long gone by, and it lived for nearly thirty years only in the vigorous and brilliant, though not, in my opinion, entirely faithful picture, drawn by the accomplished hand of Lord Macaulay. During the present year, as I understand from good authority, it has again been in demand, and in my hearing it has received the emphatic suffrages of many, of whose approval I was never made aware during the earlier and less noisy stages of its existence.

The distinctive principle of the book was supposed to

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be that the State had a conscience. But the controversy really lies not in the existence of a conscience in the State, so much as in the extent of its range. Few would deny the obligation of the State to follow the moral law. Every treaty, for example, depends upon it. The true issue was this: Whether the State in its best condition, has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and error; and in particular, whether the State of the United Kingdom, at a period somewhat exceeding thirty years ago, was or was not so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country. The work attempted to survey the actual state of the relations between the State and the Church; to show from History the ground which had been defined for the National Church at the Reformation; and to inquire and determine whether the existing state of things was worth preserving and defending against encroachment from whatever quarter. This question is decided emphatically in the affirmative. . . .

Faithful to logic, and to its theory, my work did not shrink from applying them to the crucial case of the Irish Church. It did not disguise the difficulties of the case, for I was alive to the paradox which it involved. But the one master idea of the system, that the State, as it then stood, was capable in this age—as it had been in ages long gone by—of assuming beneficially a responsibility for the inculcation of a particular religion, carried me through all. My doctrine was, that the Church, as established by law, was to be maintained for its truth; that this was the only principle on which it could be properly and permanently upheld; that this principle, if good for England, was good also for Ireland; that truth is of all possessions the most precious to the soul of man; and that to remove—as I then erroneously thought we should remove—this priceless treasure from the view and the reach of the Irish people, would be meanly to purchase their momentary favor at the expense of their permanent interests, and would be a high offence against our own sacred obligations.

These, I think, were the leading propositions of the

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work. In one important point, however, it was inconsistent with itself: it contained a full admission that a State might, by its nature and circumstances, be incapacitated from upholding and propagating a definite form of religion: "There may be a state of things in the United States of America—perhaps in some British colonies there does actually exist a state of things—in which religious communions are so equally divided, or so variously subdivided, that the government is itself similarly chequered in its religious complexion, and thus internally incapacitated by disunion from acting in matters of religion; or, again, there may be a State in which the members of Government may be of one faith or persuasion, the mass of subjects of another, and hence there may be an external incapacity to act in matters of religion."

The book goes on to describe that incapacity, however produced, as a social defect and calamity. But the latter part of the work, instead of acknowledging such incapacity as a sufficient and indeed commanding plea for abstention, went beyond the bounds of moderation, and treated it as if it must in all cases be a sin; as though any association of men, in civil government or otherwise, could be responsible for acting beyond the line of the capabilities determined for it by its constitution and composition. My meaning, I believe, was to describe only cases in which there might be a deliberate renunciation of such duties as there was the power to fulfil. But this line is left too obscurely drawn between this wilful and wanton rejection of opportunities for good, and the cases in which the state of religious convictions, together with the recognized principles of government, disable the civil power from including within its work the business of either directly or indirectly inculcating religion, and mark out for it a different line of action.—*A Chapter of Autobiography.*

SOME AFTER-THOUGHTS.

I believe that the foregoing passages describe fairly, if succinctly, the main propositions of *The State in its Relations to the Church*, so far as the book bears upon the present controversy. They bound me hand and

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foot; they hemmed me in on every side. My opinion of the Established Church of Ireland is now the direct opposite of what it was then. I then thought it reconcilable with civil and national justice; I now think the maintenance of it grossly unjust. I then thought its action was favorable to the interests of the religion which it teaches; I now believe it to be opposed to them. . . .

An establishment that does its work in much, and has the hope and likelihood of doing it in more; an establishment that has a broad and living way open to it into the hearts of the people; an establishment that can command the services of the present by the recollections and traditions of a far-reaching past; an establishment able to appeal to the active zeal of the greater portion of the people and to the respect or scruples of almost the whole; whose children dwell chiefly on her actual living work and service, and whose adversaries—if they have them—are in the main content to believe that there will be a future for them and their opinion:—such an establishment should surely be maintained.

But an establishment that neither does nor has the hope of doing work except for a few—and those few the portion of the community whose claim to public aid is the smallest of all; an establishment severed from the mass of the people by an impassable gulf, and by a wall of brass; an establishment whose good offices, could she offer them, would be intercepted by a long, unbroken chain of painful and shameful recollections; an establishment leaning for support upon the extraneous aid of a State, which becomes discredited with the people by the very act of lending it:—such an establishment will do well for its own sake, and for the sake of its creed, to divest itself as soon as may be of gauds and trappings, and to commence a new career, in which, renouncing at once the credit and the discredit of the civil sanction, it shall seek its strength from within, and put a fearless trust in the message that it bears.—*A Chapter of Autobiography.*

However much Mr. Gladstone may have found reason to change his views as to the Established

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Church in Ireland, he has never changed his view in respect to the Established Church of England. He indeed is wont to act as a "Lay-reader" in the church of which one of his sons is rector. The following passage is from his Church Principles, published in 1841:

ANTICIPATIONS FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

And here I close this review of the religious position of the Church of England under the circumstances of the day [1840]: of course not venturing to assume that these pages can effect in any degree the purpose with which they are written, of contributing to her security and peace; but yet full of the most cheerful anticipations of her destiny, and without the remotest fear either of schism among her children, or of any permanent oppression from the State, whatever may befall the State herself. She has endured for ten years, not only without essential injury, but with a decided and progressive growth in her general influence as well as in her individual vigor, the ordeal of public discussion, and the brunt of many hostile attacks, in a time of great agitation and disquietude, and of immense political changes. There was a period when her children felt no serious alarms for her safety: and then she was in serious peril. Of late their apprehensions have been violently and constantly excited; but her dangers have diminished: so poor a thing, at best, is human solicitude. Yes, if we may put any trust in the signs that are within her and upon her—if we may at all rely upon the results of the patient and deliberate thought of many minds, upon the consenting testimony of foes and friends—the hand of her Lord is over her for good, to make her more and more a temple of His spirit and an organ of His will. Surely He will breathe into her anew, and more and more, the breath of life, and will raise up in her abundantly power in the midst of weakness, and the sense of power in the midst of the sense of weakness:—of weakness in so far as she is an earthen vessel; of power inasmuch as He is a heavenly treasure abiding therein.

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The might that none can withstand, the wisdom that none can pierce, the love that none can fathom, the revelation of truth whose light faileth not, the promise that never can be broken :—those are the pillars of her strength whereon she rests, we may trust, not more conspicuous by their height than secure upon their deep foundations.—*Church Principles in their Results.*

THE HOMERIC VIEW OF THE FUTURE STATE.

The picture of the future state of man in Homer is eminently truthful as a representation of a creed which had probably fallen into dilapidation, and of the feelings which clustered about it : and it is perhaps unrivalled in the perfectly natural but penetrating force with which it conveys the effect of dreariness and gloom. It does not appear to be in all respects coherent and symmetrical; and while nothing betokens that this defect is owing to the diversity of the sources from which the traditions are drawn, it is such as might be due to the waste wrought by time and change on a belief which had at an earlier date been self-consistent.

The future life, however, is in Homer used with solemnity and force as a sanction of the moral laws, especially in so far as the crime of perjury is concerned. The Erinnues dwell in the Underworld, and punish perjurers. As the Erinnues are invoked with reference to other offences, we may therefore presume them also to have been punishable in the Underworld. The world to come is exhibited to us by Homer in three divisions :

I.—There is the Elysian Plain, apparently under the government of Rhadamanthus, to which Menelaos will be conducted—or rather, perhaps, translated—in order to die there ; not for his virtues, however, but because he is the husband of Helen, and so the son-in-law of Zeus. The main characteristic of this abode seems to be easy and abundant subsistence, with an atmosphere free from the violence of winter, and from rain and snow. Okeanos freshens it with zephyrs ; it is therefore apparently on the western border of the world. Mr. Max Muller conjectures that *Elysiam* (ἦλυθον) may be a name simply expressing *the future.* The whole con-

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ception, however, may be deemed more or less ambiguous inasmuch as the Elysian state is antecedent to death.

II.—Next comes the Underworld proper—the general receptacle of human spirits. It nowhere receives a territorial name in Homer, but is called the abode of Aïdes, or of Aïdes and Persephone. Its character is chill, drear, and dark; the very gods abhor it. Better serve for hire, even for a needy master, says the Shade of Achilles, than to be lord over the Dead. It reaches, however, under the crust of the earth; for in the *Theomachy*, Aïdoneus dreads lest the earthquake of Poseidon should lay open his domain to gods and men. Minos administers justice among the dead as a king would on earth. But they are in general under no penal infliction. Three cases alone are mentioned as cases of suffering: those of Tituos, Tantalos, and Sisuphos. The offence is only named in the case of Tituos; it was violence offered to the goddess Leto. Heracles suffers a strange discerption of individuality; for his *Eidolon*, or "Shade," moves and speaks here, while "he himself is at the banquets of the Immortals." Again Castor and Pollux are here, and are alive on alternate days, while they enjoy on earth the honors of deities. Here, then, somewhat conflicting conditions appear to be combined. Within the dreary region seems to be a palace, which is in a more special sense the residence of its rulers. The access to the Underworld is in the far East, by the Ocean River, at a full day's sail from the Euxine, in the country of the cloud-wrapped Kimmerioi. From this point the way lies, for an indefinite distance, up the Stream, to a point where the beach is narrow, and where Persephone is worshipped in her groves of poplar and of willow.

III.—There is also the region of Tartaros, as far below that of Aïdes as Aïdes is below the earth. Here dwell Iapetos and Kronos, far from the solar ray. Kronos has a band of gods around him, who have in another place the epithet of sub-Tartarean, and the name of Titans. It does not appear whether these are at all identified with the deposed dynasty of the Nature-power, whose dwelling is in the Underworld, and with whom the human Dead had means of communication; for Achilles

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charges the Shade of Patroclos with a communication to the river Spherchеios.

The line, therefore of communication between the realm of Aïdes and the dark Tartaros is obscurely drawn; but in general we may say that, while the former was for men, the latter was for deposed or condemned Immortals. We hear of the offences of Eurumedon and the Giants with their ruler; and though their place is not named, we may presume them, as well as Otos and Ephialtes, to be in Tartaros, in addition to the deities already named. Hither it is that Zeus threatens to hurl down refractory divinities of the Olympian Court. This threefold division of the unseen world is in some kind of correspondence with the Christian, and with what may have been the patriarchal tradition; as is the retributive character of the future State, however imperfectly developed, and the continuance there of the habits and propensities acquired on earth.—*Juventus Mundi, Chap. IX.*

HOMER'S HABITAT AND DATE.

I must confess it to be a common assumption repeated in a multitude of quarters, that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, living after the great Eastward Migration. The number and credit of its adherents has been such that I might have been abashed by their authority, but for the fact that the adhesion seems to have been very generally no more than the mechanical assent which is given provisionally, as it were, to any current tradition, before it comes to be subjected to close examination. At the point to which my endeavors to examine the text of the Poems have led me, when I confront the opinion that he was an Asiatic Greek, born after the Dorian conquest, I can only say to it, "Aroint thee." I could almost as easily believe him an Englishman, or Shakespeare a Frenchman, or Dante an American.

In support of this proposition I have met with but little of serious argument. The elegant but very slight treatise of Wood adopted it, and occupied the field in this country at a period (1775) when the systematic study of the text had not yet begun. The passage in

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Il. iv., 51, requires, I think, no such conclusion. But if it did (though this remedy is not one to be lightly adopted) it ought itself, as I hold, to be rejected without hesitation. I will only here mention a few of the arguments against the opinion which denies to Homer a home in Achaian Greece; only premising that he lived under the voluntary system, sang for his bread, and therefore had to keep himself in constant sympathy with the prevailing and, so to speak, uppermost sympathies of his audience.

1.—It is the Achaian name and race to which the Poems give constant and paramount glory. But after the invasion of the Heraclids the Achaians had sunk to be one of the most insignificant, and, for the time, discredited portions of the Greek people.

2.—Conversely, if Homer had sung at such a period, the Dorians supreme in the Greek Peninsula, and the Ionians rising in Attica, or distinguished and flourishing in Asia Minor, could not have failed to hold a prominent and favorable position in the Poems. Whereas, while the older names of *Argeioi* and *Danaoi* are constantly put forward, the Dorian name, but twice casually mentioned, is altogether insignificant; and the Ionian name, besides being obscure, is coupled with the epithet ἑλκεχίτωνες, "tunic-trailing," or, as we translate it in a more friendly spirit, "with tunics that swept the ground," in the one place where the Ionian soldiery are introduced. This is surely a disparaging designation for troops.

3.—Not less important are the considerations connected with the Aiolian title. In the later Greek tradition we have numerous notices of Aiolians as settled in various parts of Greece. But none of these can be considered as historical in the form they actually bear. When we go back to Homer, whom many have called an Aiolian Greek, we find that he was not even conscious of the existence of *Aiolians*, but only of *Aiolids*. He brings before us a variety of persons and families, holding the highest stations, and playing important parts in the early history of the country, who are descended from or connected with an Aiolos. This Aiolos has every appearance of a mythical Eponymist. But though Homer knows perfectly well the Dorians

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and the Ionians, while the Achaians are his main theme, of an Aiolian tribe he is profoundly ignorant. And this we perfectly understand if (as I contend) he was an Achaian Greek, or a Greek anterior to the Dorian Conquest. If Homer were an Aiolian Greek or an Asiatic Greek at all, Aiolis having been a principal Greek conquest in Asia, and the oldest among them, how could he have been ignorant of the Aiolian name? How could he have effectively denied the existence of that name by giving us Aiolids—scattered members of a particular family, very few in number, very illustrious in position, but no community or tribe? the distinction is a vital one; for as he knows nothing of a tribe in the Aiolian case, so he knows nothing of an Eponymist or family in the Dorian or Achaian cases.

4.—This portion of the argument becomes yet more cogent when we consider that in the Aiolis of the period following the Dorian conquest were included the Plain and Site of Troy. Now if Homer had been an Aiolian Greek, or a Greek of the later Ionic migration, he must have sung among people many of whom were familiar with the topography of the spot. But I hold it to be certain that, while he has given us the local features of the Site and Plain, sufficiently for a large indication, he has handled them loosely and at will in points of detail. He has treated the Plain without any assumption of a minute acquaintance with it, just as one who was sketching, boldly but slightly, a picture for his hearers, and not as one who laid his scene in a place with which they were already personally familiar, and which formed by far the most famous portion of the country they inhabited.

10.—But this strong negative reasoning is less strong than the positive argument: *What* is it—what men, what manners, what age is it that Homer sings of? I aver that they are Achaian men, Achaian manners, an Achaian age. The atmosphere which he breathes is Achaian. It is all redolent of the youth and health of the nation, its hope, its ardor, and its energy. How could the Colonies of Asia Minor have supplied him with his ideas of free yet kingly government? What do we know of any practice of oratory there, such as could

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have inspired his great speeches and debates? He shows us the Achaian character in the heroic form, with its astonishing union of force and even violence, with gentleness and refinement; how did he learn of this but by observation of those among whom, and whose representatives he lived? There is an entireness and an originality in that Achaian life, a medium in which all its figures move, which was afterward vaguely and faintly embodied by poets in the idea of an heroic age, such as hardly could have been, and such as we have not the smallest reason to suppose was, reproduced on a new soil, and in profoundly modified circumstances, after the Migration.

II.—In truth, the traditions about the birthplace of Homer are covered with marks truly mythical. That is, they are just such as men, in the actual course of things, were likely to forge. If he had lived and sung amidst an Achaian civilization, yet that civilization was soon and violently swept away. But during all the time of their banishment from the Peninsula, these poems may well have had an enduring continuous currency among the children of those whose sires in recent generations had so loved to hear them, and whose remoter heroes had, or were thought to have, received from them the gift of immortality. This by a natural progression, as these poems were for the time Asiatic, as relating to them—and most of all the Singer —came to be claimed as Asiatic too. In the verse "Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens," we have set forth as candidates for the honor of having given them birth—cities of which only one (Argos) has a considerable interest in the action of the *Iliad*, but most of which, as the seat of an after civilization and power, had doubtless harbored and enjoyed the works. Such, as it appears to me, is no unnatural explanation of the growth and progress of an opinion which, when tried upon its merits only, must, I think, seem a strange one to those who have at all tried to measure truly the extraordinary nearness of association and close and ardent sympathy between Homer and the men and deeds he celebrates.—*Homeric Synchronisms.*

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GLEIG, GEORGE ROBERT, a British clergyman, historian, and biographer, born in Scotland in 1796; died in 1888. He studied at Glasgow, and entered Balliol College, Oxford, at fifteen. In 1812 he left the University, and received a commission in the army, serving on the Peninsula, and afterward in America, being present at the capture and burning of the city of Washington and at the battle of New Orleans. Of these military operations in America he wrote a narrative, *Campaigns in America* (1821), which is the best account of these events which we have from British sources. After the restoration of peace in Europe he re-entered the University of Oxford, took orders in the Anglican Church, and received several important benefices. In 1844 he was made Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, and in 1846 Chaplain-General of the forces, a position which he resigned in 1875. His writings are very numerous, including several novels and sketches of life and character, and works in history and biography. Among the most important of those of the latter class are *The Campaigns in America*, *The Story of the Battle of Waterloo*, *The Life of Lord Clive*, *The Life of Warren Hastings*, *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, *Traditions of Chelsea College*, *The Family History of England*, and *The Military History of Great Britain*.

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THE CAPTURE, BURNING, AND EVACUATION OF WASHINGTON.

As the distance from Bladensburg to Washington does not exceed four miles, there appeared to be no further obstacle in the way to prevent its immediate capture. An opportunity so favorable was not endangered by any needless delay. While the two brigades which had been engaged at Bladensburg remained upon the field to recover their order, the third, which formed the reserve, and was consequently unbroken, took the lead, and pushed forward at a rapid rate toward Washington.

As it was not the intention of the British government to attempt permanent conquest in this part of America; and as the General was well aware that, with a handful of men he could not pretend to establish himself for any length of time in the enemy's capital, he determined to lay it under contribution, and to return quietly to the shipping. Nor was there anything unworthy of the character of a British officer in their determination. By all the customs of war, whatever public property may chance to be in a captured town becomes confessedly the just spoil of the conqueror; and in thus proposing to accept a certain sum of money in lieu of that property, he was showing mercy rather than severity to the vanquished.

Such being the intention of General Ross, he did not march the troops immediately into the city, but halted them upon a plain, in its vicinity, whilst a flag of truce was sent in with terms. But whatever his proposal might have been, it was not so much as heard; for scarcely had the party bearing the flag entered the street, than they were fired upon from the windows of one of the houses, and the horse of the General himself, who accompanied them, killed. All thoughts of accommodation were instantly laid aside; the troops advanced forthwith into the town, and having first put to the sword all who were found in the house, from which the shots were fired, and reduced it to ashes, they proceeded without a moment's delay to burn and destroy everything in the most distant degree connected with the government.

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In this general devastation were included the Senate-house, the President's palace, an extensive dock-yard and arsenal, barracks for two or three thousand men, several large store-houses filled with naval and military stores, some hundreds of cannon of different descriptions, and nearly 20,000 stand of small arms. There were also two or three public rope-works which shared in the same fate; a fine frigate, pierced for sixty guns, and just ready to be launched; several gun-brigs and armed schooners, with a variety of gun-boats and small craft. The powder magazines were of course set on fire, and exploded with a tremendous crash, throwing down many houses in their vicinity, partly by pieces of the walls striking them, and partly by the concussion of the air; whilst quantities of shot, shell, and hand-grenades, which could not otherwise be rendered useless, were thrown into the river. . . . All this was as it should be; and had the arm of vengeance been extended no farther there would not have been room given for so much as a whisper of disapprobation. But unfortunately it did not stop here. A noble library, several printing offices, and all the public archives were likewise committed to the flames, which though undoubtedly the property of the government, might better have been spared. . . .

I need scarcely observe that the consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and that to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been in the success of their troops that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses or abandoning the city. Nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say; but, according to my informant, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than with the army; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his

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own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites f a party of English soldiers.

When the detachment sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house entered his dining parlor, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the sideboard; plateholders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons were arranged for immediate use. In short, everything was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other ordinary utensils, upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. It may be readily imagined that these preparations were beheld by a party of hungry soldiers with no indifferent eyes. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civil feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would probably have escaped their rival gourmands, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

But as I have just observed, this was a night of dismay to the inhabitants of Washington. They were taken completely by surprise; nor could the arrival of the Flood be more unexpected to the natives of the antediluvian world than the arrival of the British army to them. The first impulse, of course, tempted them to

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fly, and the streets were in consequence crowded with soldiers and senators, men, women, and children; horses, carriages and carts loaded with household furniture all hastening toward a wooden bridge which crosses the Potomac. The confusion thus occasioned was terrible, and the crowd upon the bridge was such as to endanger its safety. But Mr. Madison, having escaped among the first, was no sooner safe on the opposite bank of the river than he gave orders that the bridge should be broken down; which being obeyed, the rest were obliged to return, and to trust to the clemency of the victors.

In this manner was the night passed by both parties, and at day-break the next morning the light brigade moved into the city, while the reserve fell back to a height about half a mile in the rear. Little, however, now remained to be done, because everything marked out for destruction was already consumed. Of the Senate-house, the President's palace, the barracks, the dock-yard, etc., nothing could be seen except heaps of smoking ruins; and even the bridge, a noble structure, upward of a mile in length, was almost wholly demolished. There was, therefore, no further occasion to scatter the troops, and they were accordingly kept together as much as possible on the Capitol Hill. But it was not alone on account of the completion of their destructive labors that this was done. A powerful army of Americans already began to show themselves upon some heights at the distance of two or three miles from the city; and as they sent out detachments of horse even to the very suburbs, for the purpose of watching our motions, it would have been unsafe to permit more straggling than was absolutely necessary. The army which we had overthrown on the day before, though defeated, was far from annihilated; and having by this time recovered from its panic, began to concentrate itself in our front, and presented quite as formidable an appearance as ever. We learned also that it was joined by a considerable force from the back settlements, which had arrived too late to take part in the action, and the report was that both combined amounted to nearly 12,000 men.

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Whether or not it was their intention to attack, I cannot pretend to say, because it was noon before they showed themselves; and soon after, when something like a movement could be discerned, the sky grew suddenly dark, and the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the oldest inhabitants of the place came on. When the hurricane had blown over, the camp of the Americans appeared to be in as great a state of confusion as our own, nor could either party recover themselves sufficiently during the rest of the day to try the fortune of a battle. Of this General Ross did not fail to take advantage. He had already attained all that he could hope, and perhaps more than he originally expected to attain; consequently, to risk another action would only be to spill blood for no purpose. Whatever might be the issue of the contest, he could derive from it no advantage. If he were victorious, it would not destroy the necessity which existed for evacuating Washington; if defeated, his ruin was certain. To avoid fighting was therefore his object; and perhaps he owed its accomplishment to the fortunate occurrence of the storm. Be that, however, as it may, a retreat was resolved upon; and we now only waited for night to put the resolution into practice.

As soon as darkness had come on, the third brigade, which was posted in the rear of our army, began its retreat. Then followed the guns; afterward the second, and last of all the light brigade—exactly reversing the order which had been maintained during the advance. It being a matter of great importance to deceive the enemy, and to prevent pursuit, the rear of the column did not quit its ground upon the Capitol Hill till a late hour. During the day an order had been issued that none of the inhabitants should be seen in the streets after eight o'clock, and as fear renders most men obedient, this order was punctually attended to. All the horses belonging to different officers had likewise been removed to drag the guns, nor was any one allowed to ride, lest a neigh, or even the trampling of hoofs, should excite suspicion. The fires were trimmed, and made to blaze bright; and fuel enough left to keep them so for some hours; and finally, about half-past

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nine o'clock, the troops formed in marching order, and moved off in the most profound silence. Not a word was spoken, nor a single individual permitted to step one inch out of his place; and thus they passed along the streets perfectly unnoticed, and cleared the town without any alarm being given.—*Campaigns in America.*

REFLECTIONS UPON THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The primary cause of our defeat may be traced to the disclosure of our designs to the enemy. How this occurred, I shall not take it upon me to declare. The attack upon New Orleans was professedly a secret expedition; so secret, indeed, that it was not communicated to the inferior officers and soldiers in the armament till immediately previous to our quitting Jamaica. To the Americans, however, it appears to have been known long before; and hence it was that instead of taking them unawares, we found them fully prepared for our reception. But it is past, and cannot be recalled; and therefore to point out errors on the part of my countrymen can serve no good end. That the failure is to be lamented no one will deny, since the conquest of New Orleans would have been the most valuable acquisition that could be made to the British dominion throughout the whole western hemisphere. In possession of that post, we should have kept the entire southern trade of the United States in check, and furnished means of commerce to our own merchants of incalculable value. . . .

Should another war break out between Great Britain and America, there is but one course by which it can be successfully carried on by us. To penetrate up the country amidst pathless forests and boundless deserts, and to aim at permanent conquest, is out of the question. America must be assaulted only on her coasts. Her harbors destroyed, her shipping burned, and her seaport towns laid waste, are the only evils which she has reason to dread; and were a sufficient force embarked with these orders, no American war would be of long continuance.

To the plan which I propose, of making desert the

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whole line of coasts, it may be objected that by so doing we should distress individuals and not the government. But they who offer this objection forget the nature both of the people whose cause they plead, and of the government under which they live. In a democratical government, the voice of the people must at all times prevail. I admit that in absolute monarchies, where war is more properly the pastime of kings than the desire of subjects, non-combatants ought to be dealt with as humanely as possible. Not so, however, in states governed by popular assemblies. By compelling the constituents to experience the real hardships and miseries of warfare, you will soon compel the representatives to a vote of peace. There are few men who would not rather endure a raging fever for three days than a slow and lingering disease for three months. So it is with a democracy at war. Burn their houses, plunder their property, block up their harbors, and destroy their shipping in a few places, and before you have time to proceed to the rest, you will be stopped by entreaties for peace.

Should another war break out between Great Britain and the United States, this is the course to be adopted by the former. Besides this, I humbly conceive that a second attempt should be made upon New Orleans; since the importance of the conquest would authorize any sacrifice for its attainment, and when once gained it could easily be defended. The neck of land on which that city is built extends in the same manner above it as below; and therefore the same advantages which it holds out to its present defenders it would likewise hold out to us. A chain of works thrown across it from the river to the marsh would render it inaccessible from above; while by covering the lakes and the Mississippi with cruisers, all attacks from below would be sufficiently guarded against.—*Campaigns in America.*

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GLOUCESTER, ROBERT OF, an English chronicler and poet, who flourished about 1290, living during the reign of Henry III. and Edward I. He was a monk of Gloucester. His principal work is a rhymed *Chronicle of England*, from the legendary age of Brut down to the close of the reign of Henry III. (1272). He also wrote poems on the *Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket* and the *Life of St. Brandan and other Saints*. His own language is mainly Anglo-Saxon, although the Norman-French was prevalent in England in his time. In the following extracts his language has been considerably modernized, both in spelling and in the words themselves.

ENGLAND AND THE NORMANS.

Thuse come, lo! Engelond into Normannes honde;
And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche,
And speke French as dude atom, and here chyldren dude al so teche;
So that heymen of thys lond, that of her blod come,
Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hem nome;
Vor bote a man couthe French me tolth of hym wel lute;
Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss and to her kunde speche yute.
Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none
That ne noldeth to her kunde speche bot Engelond one.

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Ac wel me wot vor to conne both wel yt ys;
Vor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.
Thus came, lo! England into Normans' hand;
And the Normans could speak them but their own speech,
And spake French as [they] did at home, and their children did also teach;
So that high men of this land, that of their blood come,
Hold all the same speech that they of them took;
For but [except] a man know French men tell of him well little;
But low men hold to English and to their natural speech yet.
I wene there not be man in world countries none
That not holdeth to their natural speech but England alone.
But well I wot for to know both well it is;
For the more that a man knows, the more worth he is.

THE MUSTER FOR THE FIRST CRUSADE, 1095.

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that hecht Urban
That preached of the creyserie, and creysed mony man.
Therefore he send preachers through all Christendom,
And himself a-this-side the mounts and to France comes;
And preached so fast and with so great wisdom,
That about in each lond the cross fast me nome.
In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
This great creyserie began, that long was i-seen.
Of so much folk nyme the cross, ne to the holy lond go,
Me ne see no time before, ne suth nathemo.
For self women ne beleved, that they ne wend thither fast,
Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while the voyage y-last.
So that Robert Carthose thitherward his heart cast,
And, among other good knights, ne thought not be the last,

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He wends here to Englond for the creyserie,
And laid William his brother to wed Normandy,
And borrowed of him thereon an hundred thousand mark,
To wend with to the holy lond, and that was some-deal stark. . . .
The Earl Robert of Flanders mid him wend also,
And Eustice Earl of Boulogne, and mony good knight thereto.
There wend the Duke Geoffrey, and the Earl Baldwin there,
And the ôther Baldwin also, that noble men were,
And kings syth all three of the holy lond.
The Earl Stephen de Blois wend eke, that great power had on hond,
And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to wive.
There wend yet other knights, the best that were alive;
As the Earl of St. Giles, the good Raymond,
And Niel the king's brother of France, and the Earl Beumond.
And Tancred his nephew, and the Bishop also
Of Podys, and Sir Hugh the great Earl thereto;
And folk also without tale of all this west end
Of Englond and of France, thitherward gan wend,
Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Britain,
Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,
Of Province and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
Of Scotlond and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitain.



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GLOVER, RICHARD, an English poet, born in London in 1712; died there, November 25, 1785. He was the son of a London and Hamburg merchant, and followed the vocation of his father; but he devoted much of his time to letters, and was considered one of the best Greek scholars of his day. In 1737 he put forth an epic poem, *Leonidas*, which was very popular in its day. This was followed by a continuation entitled *Athenais*. He wrote two tragedies, *Boadicea* and *Medea*, constructed upon Greek models. He was returned to Parliament in 1760, and gained considerable reputation as a speaker, and by his knowledge of commercial matters. As a poet his memory is preserved not by his epics, but by his ballad of *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*, written in 1739 with a view to excite the English against the Spaniards.

"Glover endeavored," says the London *Quarterly Review*, "to imitate the ancients, but wanted strength to support the severe style which he had chosen. He has, however, many and great merits; this especially, among others, that instead of treading in the sheep-track wherein the writers of modern epics, till his time, *servum pecus*, had gone one after the other, he framed the stories of both his poems to their subject, without reference to any model, or any rule but that of propriety and good sense."

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ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Portobello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all glorious,
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale band was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,

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Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping,
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none:
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrong prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

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"Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves forever mourning,
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—shamed in me."



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GODKIN, EDWIN LAWRENCE, journalist, son of James Godkin, author of *Religious History of Ireland*, was born at Moyne, County Wicklow, Ireland, October 2, 1831. He was educated at a grammar school near Wakefield, England, and at Queen's College, Belfast, from which he graduated in 1851. From 1854 to 1856 he was the Crimean War correspondent of the London *Daily News*. In the fall of 1856 he came to the United States, and the following winter he made a tour of the Southern States, an account of which appeared in letters to the *Daily News*. He studied law and was admitted to the bar and practised for a few years. He was the war correspondent for the London *Daily News*, and for the New York *Times* during the Civil War in the United States. In 1865 he became editor of the *Nation* and in 1866 its proprietor. In 1881 the *Nation* was made the weekly issue of the *Evening Post* and Mr. Godkin became one of the editors and proprietors of the joint publication. He is the author of a *History of Hungary* (1856); a work on *Government* in the American Science Series (1871); *Henry G. Pearson, a Memorial Address* (1894), and *Reflections and Comments* (1895).

"As an editor," says *The Bookman*, "Mr. Godkin, so far from being swayed by the breath of public favor, has, perhaps, too often gone to the

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other extreme, and, by what appears to many to be a kind of perversity, has exulted in it, setting himself in direct opposition to the popular tide. In this way there have been times when his aggressive independence has put in jeopardy a worthy cause, and has not infrequently estranged some of its most conscientious supporters. Yet in the main, as his attitude has become better understood, it has often at last been triumphantly vindicated; and some very marked revolutions in the national mind can be traced unmistakably to the persistent and powerful hammering of Mr. Godkin upon the door of the national conscience.

"His style is ease and simplicity itself. It is crisp and neat; the sentences are short and to the point, oftentimes wholly colloquial; but the ease is not that of a loafer in his shirt-sleeves, but of a gentleman in the easy-chair of his club. His irony is a weapon that he uses with consummate mastery. Its touch is light, yet it can make the apparently imposing cause of an adversary shrivel like a leaf. Anything more intensely exasperating than some of his strokes cannot well be conceived of; and we believe that he is the only journalistic opponent who has ever been able to rouse the veteran Dana to serious wrath."

COMMENCEMENT ADMONITIONS.

It is quite evident that with the multiplication of colleges, which is very rapid, it will, before long, become impossible for the newspapers to furnish the reports of the proceedings in and about commencements which they now lay before their readers with such profuseness. The long letters describing with wearisome minuteness

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what has been described already fifty times will undoubtedly before long be given up. So also, we fancy, will the reports of the "baccalaureate sermons," if these addresses are to retain their value as pieces of parting advice to young men. There is nothing in the newspaper literature, on the whole, less edifying, and sometimes more amusing, than the reporter's *précis* of pulpit discourses, so thoroughly does he deprive them of force and vigor and point, and often of intelligibility. The ordinary sermon addressed on Sunday to the ordinary congregation deals with a great variety of topics, and from many different points of view, and with more or less diversity of method. The baccalaureate sermon, on the other hand, consists, from the necessity of the case, in the main of advice to youths at their entrance on life, and the substance of such discourses can, in the nature of things, undergo no great change from year to year, and must be strikingly similar in all the colleges. Any freshness they may have they must owe to the rhetorical powers of particular preachers, and even these cannot greatly vary in dealing with so familiar a theme. What the old man has to say to the young man, the teacher to the pupil, the father to the son, at the moment when the gates of the great world are flung open to the college graduate, has undergone but little modification in a thousand years, and has become very well known to all collegians long before they take their degree. To make the parting words of warning and encouragement tell on ears that are now eager for other and louder sounds, everything that can be done needs to be done to preserve their freshness and their pathos, and certainly nothing could do as much to deprive them of both one and the other as hashing them up annually in a slovenly report as part of the news of the day.—*Reflections and Comments.*

THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR.

The first which struck one, and it was a most agreeable one, was what I may call the emancipation which conversation and social intercourse with Northerners had undergone. In 1857 the tone of nearly everybody with

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whom I came in contact, however veiled by politeness, was in some degree irritable and defiant. My host and I were never long before the evening fire without my finding that he was impatient to talk about slavery, that he suspected me of disliking it, and yet that he wished to have me understand that he did not care, and that nobody at the South cared two cents what I thought about it, and that it was a little impertinent in me, who knew so little of the negro, to have any opinion about it at all. I was obliged, too, to confess inwardly that there was a good deal of justification for his bad temper. There was I, a curious stranger, roving through his country and eating at his board, and all the while secretly or openly criticising or condemning his relations with his laborers and servants, and in fact, the whole scheme of his domestic life. He looked at everything in politics and society from what might be called the slaveholder's point of view, and suspected me, on the other hand, of disguising reprobation of the South and its institutions in any praise of the North or of France or England which I might utter.

In Virginia of to-day I was conscious of a curious change in the atmosphere, as if the windows of a close room had been suddenly opened. The negro, too, about whom I used to have to be so careful, with whom I used to make it a point of honor not to talk privately or apart from his master when I was staying on a plantation, was wandering about loose, as it were, and nobody seemed to care anything about him any more than about any poor man. I found every Southerner I spoke to as ready to discuss him as to discuss sheep or oxen, to let you have your own views about him just as you had them about sheep or oxen. Moreover, I found instead of the stereotyped orthodox view of his place and capacity which prevailed in 1857, a great variety of opinion about him, mostly depreciatory, it is true, but still varying in degree as well as in kind. In short, as one Southerner expressed it to me on my mentioning the change, "Yes, sir, we have been brought into intellectual and moral relations with the rest of the civilized world." All subjects are now open at the South in conversation.—*Reflections and Comments.*

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GODWIN, MARY (WOLLSTONECRAFT), an English miscellaneous writer, born at Hoxton, April 27, 1759; died in London, September 10, 1797. By her own exertions she fitted herself for teaching. Two years before her mother's death, in 1780, she left home to earn her own living, and for a number of years was successively companion, teacher, and governess. About 1777 she was introduced to Dr. Johnson, and shortly after became his literary adviser, he having previously purchased her *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*, and she now began translating. Among her translations are Salzmann's *Elements of Morality* and Lavater's *Physiognomy*. In 1791 she published her answer to *Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution*, and soon after her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, a work far in advance of the age, a plea for equality of education for men and women, and for national education. In it she argued that true marriage must be based upon intellectual companionship. In 1792 she went to Paris, and remained during the Reign of Terror, witnessing its atrocities, and collecting material for her able book, *Historical and Moral View of the French Revolution*, of which only one volume was published. During her stay in Paris she made the acquaintance of an American, Captain Gilbert Imlay, and a mutual attachment grew out of it.

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Though no marriage ceremony was ever performed, she regarded the relationship as sacred, and he recognized her as his wife, and in 1795 she went to Norway to transact some business for him as his wife and accredited agent. But he subsequently deserted her and she attempted suicide. She returned to London, and in 1796, while supporting herself and child by her literary labors, she met William Godwin, a novelist, and they were married the same year. She died in 1797, a few days after the birth of a daughter, who afterward became the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Her most important published works in addition to those already mentioned are *Original Stories from Real Life* (1791); *Vindication of the Rights of Man* (1793); *Mary, a Fiction* (1796); *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark* (1796); *Posthumous Works*, 4 vols. (1798). She was buried in Old St. Pancras, but her remains were afterward removed to St. Peter's, Bournemouth, by her grandson, Sir Percy Shelley.

THE RIGHTS AND INVOLVED DUTIES OF MANKIND.

In the present state of society it appears necessary to go back to first principles in search of the most simple truths, and to dispute with some prevailing prejudice every inch of ground. To clear my way, I must be allowed to ask some plain questions, and the answers will probably appear as unequivocal as the axioms on which reasoning is built; though, when entangled with various motives of action, they are formally contradicted, either by the words or conduct of men.

In what does man's pre-eminence over the brute creation consist? The answer is as clear as that a half is less than the whole; in Reason.

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What acquirement exalts one being above another? Virtue; we spontaneously reply.

For what purpose were the passions implanted? That man by struggling with them might attain a degree of knowledge denied to the brutes; whispers Experience.

Consequently the perfection of our nature and capability of happiness, must be estimated by the degree of reason, virtue, and knowledge, that distinguish the individual, and direct the laws which bind society; and that from the exercise of reason, knowledge and virtue naturally flow, is equally undeniable, if mankind be viewed collectively.

The rights and duties of man thus simplified, it seems almost impertinent to attempt to illustrate truths that appear so incontrovertible; yet such deeply rooted prejudices have clouded reason, and such spurious qualities have assumed the name of virtues, that it is necessary to pursue the course of reason as it has been perplexed and involved in error, by various adventitious circumstances, comparing the simple axiom with casual deviations.

Men, in general, seem to employ their reason to justify prejudices, which they have imbibed, they cannot trace how, rather than to root them out. The mind must be strong that resolutely forms its own principles; for a kind of intellectual cowardice prevails which makes many men shrink from the task, or only do it by halves. Yet the imperfect conclusions thus drawn, are frequently very plausible, because they are built on partial experience, on just, though narrow, views.

Going back to first principles, vice skulks with all its native deformity, from close investigation; but a set of shallow reasoners are always exclaiming that these arguments prove too much, and that a measure rotten at the core may be expedient. Thus expediency is continually contrasted with simple principles, till truth is lost in a mist of words, virtue, in forms, and knowledge rendered a sounding nothing, by the specious prejudices that assume its name.—*Vindication of the Rights of Woman.*

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UNNATURAL DISTINCTIONS ESTABLISHED IN SOCIETY.

It is a melancholy truth, yet such is the blessed effect of civilization! The most respectable women are the most oppressed; and, unless they have understandings far superior to the common run of understandings, taking in both sexes, they must, from being treated like contemptible beings, become contemptible. How many women thus waste life away the prey of discontent, who might have practised as physicians, regulated a farm, managed a shop, and stood erect, supported by their own industry, instead of hanging their heads surcharged with the dew of sensibility, that consumes the beauty to which it at first gave lustre; . . .

How much more respectable is the woman who earns her own bread by fulfilling any duty, than the most accomplished beauty?—beauty did I say?—so sensible am I of the beauty of moral loveliness, or the harmonious propriety that attunes the passions of a well-regulated mind, that I blush at making the comparison.—*Vindication of the Rights of Woman.*



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GODWIN, PARKE, an American journalist and general writer, born at Paterson, N. J., February 25, 1816. He graduated at Princeton College in 1834; studied law, but did not enter upon legal practice. He married a daughter of William Cullen Bryant, and from 1837 to 1853 was editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post.* Besides writing largely for various periodicals, he in 1856 put forth a collection of some of his papers, under the title of *Political Essays.* In 1865 he again became connected with, and later managing editor of, the *Evening Post.* His works include *A popular View of the Doctrines of Charles Fourier* (1844); *Constructive Democracy* and *Vala, a Mythological Tale* (1851); *Handbook of Universal Biography* (1851); *History of France,* of which only the first volume relating to ancient Gaul has been published (1861); *Out of the Past,* a volume of Essays (1870); *Commemorative Addresses* (1895). He has edited the works of *William Cullen Bryant,* with a biography (6 vols., 1883, 1884).

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT OF 1855.

In the year 1850 it was decreed by conventions of the Whig and Democratic parties, representing three-fifths at least of the people who concern themselves with politics, that the "Compromise Measures" were a final settlement, "in principle and in substance," of the question of slavery. Mr. Webster, who had contributed

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so much talent and reputation to their success, as he drew near to his death, congratulated himself and the country that there was then no part of the territory of the United States in which this subject had not been disposed of by positive law. The President of the nation, even in his first Message, was impelled to speak of those measures as having "given renewed vigor to our institutions, and restored a sense of repose and security to the public mind throughout the Confederacy;" and he promises that this "repose should suffer no shock, if he had the power to avert it, during his administration."

Yet those measures had scarcely been promulged, their great advocate of Massachusetts was hardly cold in his grave, the President himself was but warm in his chair, when the agitation of the slavery question broke forth anew, with a universality and earnestness of feeling never before equalled. Slavery became at once the real and vital question of the day. It vibrated in every heart, and burned on every tongue. Older issues were dropped in the intense excitement it occasioned; the ancient rallying cries, once so potent in marshalling the electoral lieges around the standards of their leaders, grew as charmless as the blasts of fish-horns; and the freshest of political frenzies, the "Know-nothing" excitement, which a year before swept over the land like a torrent, was arrested and broken into foam by the opposing waves of this greater agitation. The hopes of a long era of political quiet, engendered by the reconciling action of Congress and the conventions, were dashed to the ground, and the flames of former feuds—extinguished for a brief time—were kindled once more into a livelier energy and glow.

But there is a peculiarity in the revived commotion which it is impossible not to remark. During the earlier periods of the anti-slavery excitement, it was mainly confined to men of ardent temperaments and extreme opinion — to abolitionists, strictly so-called; but as things are now, it is shared by men of tempered and conservative disposition. The cautious and the wise-heads silvered over with age, and hearts which experience has taught to beat in measured pulses, are joined

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with more enthusiastic spirits in a common cause. It is indeed no exaggeration to describe the feeling at the North as general. If we except the small joint-stock association which draws the udders of the Federal Government, and a score or two of effete politicians, who, like the elder Bourbons, forget nothing and learn nothing, there is not a thinking man among us who is not absorbed in this subject of the domination and spread of slavery.

Whence this change? Why are the halcyon expectations, which gathered about the compromises as a halo, dispersed? Why are minds the least quick to catch the impulses of the times, carried away by the prevailing sentiment. Why are they compelled into coalition with those for whom, a little while ago, they felt no sympathy, and whose plans of policy they disapproved? Is it that the hereditary anti-slavery sentiment of the North has received some new and mysterious access of violence, like a fever which recurs in a more malignant type? Is it that the people of the North have been suddenly seized with some irrational animosity toward their brethren of the South, and rush forward blindly to the perpetration of an unprovoked injustice? Not at all. There is nothing thoughtless or unkind in the present movement. It is a legitimate fruit of circumstances—a natural and normal development of events, which any sagacious student of cause and effect might have predicted, and which indeed was predicted by many in the deepest lull of 1850.

In the first place, there can be no finality in politics except in the establishment of justice and truth. Where society is divided on a principle, and that principle involves, besides its moral issues, vast practical interests, no parliamentary device or legislative expedient can put a stop to the discussion of it; no compromising adjustment can settle it forever. The very attempt to settle it in this way, though it may succeed in quelling an existing vehemence of agitation, will in the end provoke a more vehement reaction. For the mind of man is in its nature vital and irrepressible. You may force it down, but you cannot keep it there; its inherent elasticity will cause it to spring back; and in that

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spring, perhaps, it will tear into shreds the cords by which it was bound. When the compromisers of 1850 therefore undertook to suppress the discussion of slavery, they undertook what was plainly impossible; and much of exacerbation which has since arisen must be referred to a natural revolt against that impracticable enterprise.

But in the second place, there is to be remarked a special cause for the late outbreak of anti-slavery feeling, and particularly for its appearance among those classes which have not heretofore manifested a strong tendency in that direction. It is this: that a gigantic fraud has been committed in the name of slavery, which has aroused a keen sense of wrong, and filled the dullest understandings with apprehensions for the security of our future liberties. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which repealed the Missouri Compromise—sprung like a trap, as it was, upon a Congress not chosen in reference to it; hurried through the forms of legislation, under whip and spur, by a temporary majority; alleging a falsehood in its very terms, and having the seizure of a vast province, secured to freedom by thirty years of plighted faith, as its motive—was the fatal signal which after astounding the nation by its audacity, rallied it to battle.—*Political Essays: 1856.*

THE ORIGIN OF "THANATOPSIS."

While Bryant was striving to keep his business well in hand, and for that purpose to detach his mind completely from literature, the Fates were arranging it otherwise. Some time in June, 1817, his father wrote to him from Boston that Mr. Willard Phillips desired him to contribute something to his new Review. "Prose or poetry," said the father, "will be equally acceptable. I wish, if you have leisure, you would comply, as it might be the means of introducing you to notice in the capital. Those who contribute are generally known to the *literati* in and about Boston." The younger Bryant was not tempted, or was too busy to reply; and so the ambitious father undertook to push the matter in his own way. While his son was yet at Bridgewater, he had discovered the manuscripts of *Thanatopsis*, the *Fragment*, and a few

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other poems, carefully hidden away in a desk. A tradition in the family runs that, when he read the first of these, he carried it to a lady in the neighborhood, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and exclaimed: "Oh! read that; it is Cullen's." Mrs. Howe in her *Reminiscences* relates that, "during Cullen's residence in Bridgewater, Dr. Bryant brought us two manuscript poems—*Thanatopsis* and *The Waterfowl*. We were greatly delighted with them, and so was the father, who enjoyed our commendations of them very much." He was so much delighted with them that he resolved to carry them to Boston, to subject them to the judgment of his friend Phillips, whose new literary enterprise, called *The North American Review*, though but recently established, had already acquired some name.

Dr. Bryant carried his wares to Phillips, because Phillips some years before (1804) had been a country neighbor. As *Thanatopsis* in the first draft was full of erasures and interlineations, he had transcribed it; but the other pieces were left in their original state. Mr. Phillips was not at home when he called, and so he left his package with his name. When it was put into the editor's hands, he read the poems with an absorbed interest, saw at once their superiority to those he had been in the habit of receiving, and he hastened with them to his fellows in Cambridge, to take their opinions. They listened attentively to his reading of them, when Dana, at the close, remarked, with a quiet smile: "Ah! Phillips, you have been imposed upon; no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses."

It is easy to imagine the surprise with which these editors—whose best contributions before had been indifferent translations from Martial or Boileau, or original pieces merely imitative of some reigning English favorite—listened to the sombre but majestic roll, as of the sea, in *Thanatopsis* or to the low, soft music, as of wind through innumerable leaves, in the *Fragment*. Dana, indeed, having just written a review of Washington Allston's *Sylphs of the Season*, in which he speaks of it as "a cause of grief and mortification" that it was the only exception in a wide waste of feebleness and nullity, we cannot wonder at his exclamation. But Phil-

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lips rejoined with some spirit, that he had not been imposed upon: "I know," he said, "the gentleman who wrote the best of them, at least, very well; an old acquaintance of mine—Dr. Bryant—at this moment sitting in the State-House in Boston as Senator from Hampshire County."

"Then," responded Dana, "I must have a look at him;" and putting on his clogs and his cloak, he trudged over to Boston. "Arrived at the Senate," said Mr. Dana in a conversation afterward with the Rev. Robert C. Waterston, "I caused the Doctor to be pointed out to me. I looked at him with profound attention and interest; and while I saw a man of striking presence, the stamp of genius seemed to be wanting. It is a good head," I said to myself, "but I do not see *Thanatopsis* in it;" and he went back a little disappointed.

The two poems were published in September; but prefixed to *Thanatopsis* were four stanzas on the subject of Death which, though accidentally contained in the same bundle, had no connection with it, and were not intended for publication. In the immediate circle of the Reviewers the excellence of both poems was acknowledged, and father and son were solicited to become regular contributors. Mr. Phillips, writing to the son, says: "I recollect the epitome of your present self, and with pleasure renew the acquaintance though your father. Your *Fragment* was exceedingly liked here. Among others, Mr. Channing, the clergyman, spoke very highly of it, and all the best judges say that it and your father's *Thanatopsis* are the very best poetry that has been published in this country." Some months afterward Dr. Bryant wrote to his son: "With respect to *Thanatopsis*, I know not what led Phillips to imagine that I wrote it, unless it was because it was transcribed by me. I left it at his house when he was absent, and did not see him afterward. I have, however, set him right on that subject." But if Phillips was set right others were not, for Edward Channing, nearly a year later still refers to the poem as Dr. Bryant's; and Mr. Dana was under the same impression in 1821, when Mr. Bryant first went to Boston.—*Biography of William Cullen Bryant.*

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GODWIN, WILLIAM, an English novelist, historian, and political writer, born at Wisbeach, March 3, 1756; died in London, April 7, 1836. He was the son of a dissenting clergyman, and was himself for a while a dissenting minister. For some time he carried on business as a bookseller, under the assumed name of "Edward Baldwin," publishing a number of small histories and books for children, some of which were written by himself. In 1796 he married Mary Wollstonecraft.

Godwin's earliest work of any importance was the *Inquiry concerning Political Justice* (1793), in which he urged "an intellectual republic founded upon universal benevolence." His latest work was *Thoughts on Man, His Nature, Productions, and Discoveries.* During his literary life he wrote an immense number of books in almost every department of literature. The most important of his strictly historical works is the *History of the Commonwealth* (4 vols., 1824–28). A posthumous work, *The Genius of Christianity Unvailed*, was published in 1873. His *Autobiography, Memoirs, and Correspondence* was published in 1874. *William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*, by C. Kegan Paul, appeared in 1876. Of Godwin's novels only two, *Caleb Williams* (1794) and *St. Leon* (1799), have decided merit. The former of these has been many times reprinted.

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CALEB WILLIAMS AND FALKLAND.

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr. Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in, in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colorless, his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one had dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed with all practicable expedition to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr. Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began:

"Would to God it were possible for me to retire from

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this scene without uttering another word: I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr. Falkland himself, forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr. Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fulness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successful surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me; it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, and led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence—why did you not continue in confidence? . . .

"I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation, I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr. Falkland showed humanity toward me during this period. He would have pre-

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vented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention: he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil-hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must have ultimately depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety—in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness

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and fervor in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me and imbitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting I have been a murderer—a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favor. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!"

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardor with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavored to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment toward him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on he could no longer resist.

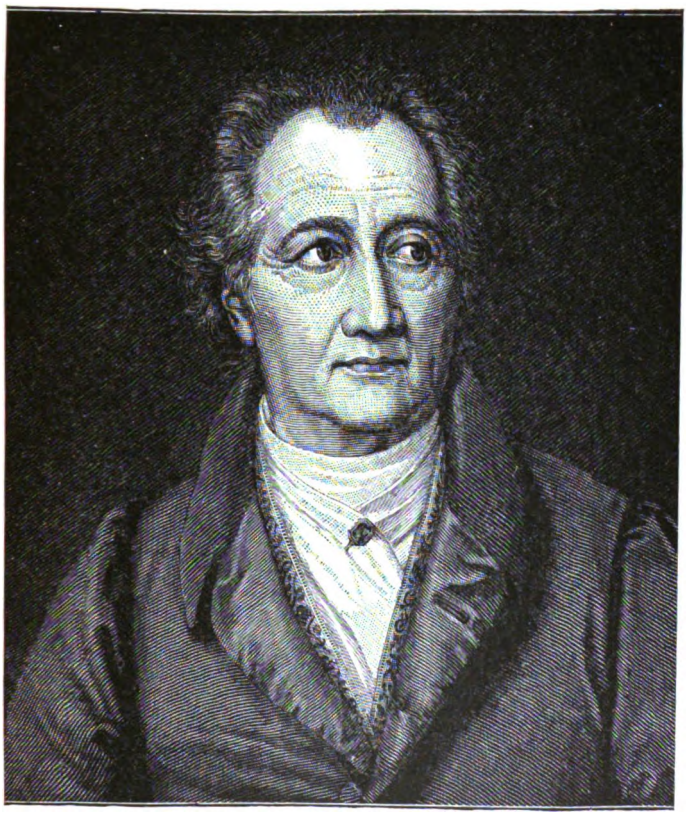
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He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

"Williams," said he, "you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is forever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be forever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now"—turning to the magistrate—"and now do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law."
—*Caleb Williams.*



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GOETHE.

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GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, a famous German poet and dramatist, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749; died at Weimar, March 22, 1832. His father, the son of a prosperous tailor, was raised to the dignity of Imperial Counsellor, and at the age of thirty-eight was married to the seventeen-year-old daughter of Johann Wolfgang Textor, the chief magistrate of the city. Their son, named after his maternal grandfather, was destined to follow in the footsteps of his father, and become in due time an official in the staid city of Frankfort; but he early marked out for himself a quite different career. At sixteen he was sent to the University of Leipsic, and two years later to that of Strasburg to complete his studies in jurisprudence. In 1772 he went to the little town of Wetzlar, then the seat of the Imperial Court of Justice, in order to enter formally into the legal profession.

Before this time he had begun that long series of "attachments," of which he gives some account in his idealized autobiography, *Dichtung und Wahrheit aus Meinem Leben.* Of these attachments nothing need here be said, except in so far as they have a direct relation to some of his writings. They appear to have come to an unromantic conclusion in his fortieth year. He had just broken off a long intimacy with Frau von Stein,

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when he accidentally met Christine Vulpius, a pretty, clever, but uneducated girl of sixteen. She became his nominal servant, and the mother of his son. Nearly twenty years afterward—in 1806—he married her in order to legitimatize their son (born in 1788, died in 1830).

While at Wetzlar, in 1772, Goethe fell in love with Charlotte Buff, who was betrothed to his friend Ketzner. Her heart, as one of Goethe's biographers ambiguously phrases it, "was large enough to hold both of them;" but Goethe suddenly withdrew from the intimacy—which on the part of Charlotte seems to have been one of mere liking and friendship—and she and Ketzner were soon after married. It happened that among the students at Wetzlar was one named Jerusalem, who fell desperately in love with a married woman; and, finding his passion unreciprocated, blew out his brains with a pistol borrowed from Ketzner. Goethe combined his own love-story and that of Jerusalem into the romance *Die Leiden des Jungen Werther*, known in English as *The Sorrows of Werther*, which was published in 1774, and created an immense sensation not only in Germany but throughout Europe. *Werther*, however, was not the first work of Goethe. Besides a couple of dramatic pieces in which he depicted some of his own amatory experiences, he had in 1773 published the romantic drama of *Götz von Berlichingen*, the hero of which was a predatory baron of the sixteenth century, whose wont was to "take from the rich and give to the poor." This piece was in 1799 translated into English by

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Walter Scott, then a young Edinburgh lawyer. The celebrity attained by *Werther* brought Goethe to the notice of Charles Augustus, Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar—a man of literary and artistic proclivities—who in 1775 invited Goethe to spend a few weeks at his Court. The result was that the petty Court at Weimar was thenceforward the residence of Goethe, who became the bosom friend of the Grand-Duke, and virtually Prime-Minister; his official function being mainly that of Director of Amusements, and acting Manager of the Theatre. The current of his life at Weimar was interrupted by a two years' visit to Italy (1786–87), which he describes in his *Italiänische Reise*. Another episode occurred in 1792, when he accompanied the Prussian army in the expedition to France, which was brought to a close by the battle of Valmy—one of Mr. Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles." Of the inglorious campaign Goethe wrote a graphic account.

During the twenty years from 1775 to 1795 Goethe gave much thought to scientific subjects. He wrote much which is still regarded of high value upon Optics, upon the Theory of Colors, upon Comparative Anatomy, and upon the Metamorphoses of Plants. A notable incident in his life was the acquaintanceship which he formed in 1794 with Schiller, an acquaintanceship which grew into a close personal and literary friendship, which was terminated only by the death of Schiller in 1805.

The First Part of *Wilhelm Meister*—"The Apprenticeship"—appeared in 1795. This is known

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to English readers by Carlyle's spirited translation. The Second Part—"The Travels"—was also translated by Carlyle; but this part was so much altered by Goethe that Carlyle's translation very inadequately represents the work as finally given forth by the author. *Wilhelm Meister* was a work of slow growth; we find incidental mention that he was engaged upon it as early as 1780—fifteen years before the publication of the First Part. *Faust*—of which more will be said—was also of slow growth. The minor poems of Goethe were written from time to time during the course of fully sixty years. A large part of these have been fairly translated into English by Edgar A. Bowring. His principal works, with the approximate dates of their first publication, are as follows: *Götz von Berlichingen* (1773); *Die Leiden des Jungen Werther* (1774); *Clavigo* (1774); *Iphigenia auf Tauris* (1779); *Jery und Bätely* (1780); *Torquato Tasso* (1786); *Die Italiänische Reise* (1788); *Egmont* (1788); *Reinecke Fuchs* (1793); *Farbenlehre* (1794); *Wilhelm Meister* (Part I., 1795); *Hermann und Dorothea* (1797); *The Achilleis* (1797); *Faust* (Part I., 1805); *Wilhelm Meister* (Part II., 1808); *Wahlverwandschaften* (1809); *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (1812); *Faust* (Part II., 1831). Numerous volumes of Goethe's Correspondence with men of letters have been published. The most important of these are that with Schlegel and the brothers Humboldt, and that with Schiller, translated by George H. Calvert (1845). The earliest uniform German edition of the *Works* of Goethe appeared in 1827–31, in forty volumes, to which were soon added fif-

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teen volumes of *Posthumous Works*. The best editions are those of Cotta (30 vols. 12mo, or 8 vols. 8vo, 1856–60). Among the numerous translations into English are *Götz von Berlichingen*, by Scott; *Wilhelm Meister*, by Carlyle; *Hermann und Dorothea*, by Ellen Frothingham and Edgar Bowring; *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, by Parke Godwin; and *Faust*, by John Anster and Bayard Taylor.

THE BOY AND THE PUPPETS.

In well-adjusted and well-regulated houses—continued Wilhelm Meister—children have a feeling not unlike what I conceive rats and mice to have; they keep a sharp eye on all crevices and holes where they may come at any forbidden dainty; they enjoy it also with a fearful, stolen satisfaction, which forms no small part of the happiness of childhood. More than any other of the young ones, I was in the habit of looking out attentively to see if I could notice any cupboard left open, or key standing in its lock. The more reverence I bore in my heart for these closed doors, on the outside of which I had to pass by for weeks and months, catching only a furtive glance when our mother now and then opened the consecrated place to take something from it, the quicker was I to make use of any opportunities which the forgetfulness of our housekeeper at times afforded me.

Among all the doors that of the store-room was of course the one which I watched most narrowly. Few of the joyful anticipations in life can equal the feeling which I used to have when my mother happened to call me that I might help her to carry out anything, after which I might pick up a few dried plums, either with her kind permission, or by help of my own dexterity. The accumulated treasures of this chamber took hold of my imagination by their magnitude; the very fragrance exhaled by so multifarious a collection of sweet-smelling spices produced such a craving effect on me that I never failed, when passing near, to linger for a

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little, and regale myself on the unbolted atmosphere. At length, one Sunday morning, my mother, being hurried by the ringing of the church-bells, forgot to take the precious key with her on shutting the door, and went away, leaving all the house in a deep Sabbath stillness. No sooner had I marked this oversight than, gliding softly once or twice to and from the place, I at last approached very gingerly, opened the door, and felt myself, after a single step, in immediate contact with these manifold and long-wished for means of happiness. I glanced over glasses, chests and bags, and drawers and boxes, with a quick and doubtful eye, considering what I ought to choose and take; turned finally to my dear withered plums, provided myself also with a few dried apples, and completed the forage with an orange-chip.

I was quietly retreating with my plunder when some little chests, lying one over another caught my attention—the more so as I noticed a wire, with hooks at the end of it, sticking through the joints of the lid in one of them. Full of eager hopes, I opened this singular package; and judge of my emotions, when I found my glad world of heroes all sleeping within. I meant to pick out the topmost, and having examined them, to pull up those below. But in this attempt the wires got very soon entangled, and I fell into a fright and flutter, more particularly as the cook just then began making some stir in the kitchen, which lay close by; so that I had nothing for it but to squeeze the whole together the best way I could, and to shut the chest, having stolen from it nothing but a little written book which happened to be lying above, and contained the whole drama of Goliath and David, which I had twice seen enacted by these puppets. With this booty I made good my retreat into the garret.

Henceforth all my stolen hours of solitude were devoted to perusing the play, to learning it by heart, and picturing in thought how glorious it would be, could I but get the figures to make them move along with it. In idea, I myself became David and Goliath by turns. In every corner of the courtyard, of the stables, of the garden, under all kinds of circumstances, I labored to

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stamp the whole piece upon my mind; laid hold of all the characters, and learned their speeches by heart, most commonly, however, taking up the parts of the chief personages, and allowing all the rest to move along with them—but as satellites—across my memory. Thus day and night the heroic words of David, wherewith he challenged the braggart giant Goliath of Gath, kept their place in my thoughts. I often muttered them to myself, while no one gave heed to me except my father, who frequently observing some such detached exclamation, would in secret praise the excellent memory of his boy, that had retained so much from only two relations. By this means, growing always bolder, I one evening repeated the entire piece before my mother, whilst I was busied in fashioning some bits of wax into players. She observed it, questioned me hard, and I confessed. —*Wilhelm Meister*: *translation of* CARLYLE.

MIGNON.

In the meantime, Mignon's form and manner of existence was growing more attractive to Wilhelm every day. In her whole system of proceedings there was something very singular. She never walked up or down stairs, but jumped. She would spring along by the railing, and before you were aware, would be sitting quietly above on the landing. Wilhelm had observed, also, that she had a different sort of salutation for each individual. For himself it had of late been with her arms crossed upon her breast. Often for a whole day, she was mute. At times she answered various questions more freely, yet always strangely; so that you could not determine whether it was caused by shrewd sense or ignorance of the language; for she spoke in broken German, interlaced with French and Italian. In Wilhelm's service she was indefatigable, and up before the sun. On the other hand, she vanished early in the evening, went to sleep in a little room upon the bare floor, and could not by any means be induced to take a bed, or even a paillasse. He often found her washing herself. Her clothes too were kept scrupulously clean, though nearly all about her was two or three plies

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thick. Wilhelm was moreover told that she went every morning early to hear mass. He followed her on one occasion, and saw her kneeling down with a rosary in a corner of the church, and praying devoutly. She did not observe him; and he returned home, forming many a conjecture about the appearance, yet unable to arrive at any probable conclusion.—*Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

MIGNON'S SONG.

Knowest thou the land where the citron blows?
'Mid the dark leaves the golden orange glows;
From the blue heavens breathe the zephyrs bland,
Hoveless the myrtles and high laurels stand.
Dost thou not know it?
There, oh there,
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare!

Knowest thou the house? On columns rests the dome,
There glimmers every hall, there glistens every room,
And marble figures stand and look at me:
"What have they done, alas poor child to thee?"
Dost thou not know it?
There, oh there,
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare!

Knowest thou the mountain, with its cloud bridged height?
The mule seeks there through mists its way aright;
In caverns dwell the dragon's ancient brood;
Down sheers the rock, and o'er it pours the flood.
Dost thou not know it?
There, oh there,
There lies our way, oh father, let us fare!
—*Translation of* ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

One morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her; but was informed that she had gone out early. After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the Harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern,

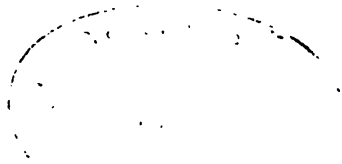
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MIGNON' SONG.

"Knowest thou the land where the citron blows?
Mid the dark leaves the golden orange glows."

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and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in, and sang what we have just given above. The music and general expression of it pleased him extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas, and explain them; he wrote them down, and translated them into German. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar; its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was incomparable.

She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention toward something wonderful—as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line her tones became deeper and gloomier, the "Dost thou not know it?" was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the "There, oh there!" lay a boundless longing; and her "Would with thee fare!" she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade. On finishing her song for the second time she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him—

"Knowest thou the land?"

"It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm; "where didst thou get the little song?"

"Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air; "if thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here."

"Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.—*Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

THE ADVANTAGES OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Thrice happy are they to be esteemed whom their birth of itself exalts above the lower stages of mankind; who do not need to traverse those perplexities—not even to skirt them—in which many worthy men so painfully consume the whole period of life. Far-extending and unerring must their vision be, on that higher station,

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easy each step of their progress in the world. From their very birth they are placed, as it were, in a ship which, in the voyage we have all to make, enables them to profit by the favorable winds, and to ride out the cross ones; while others, bare of help, must wear their strength away in swimming; can derive little profit from the favorable breeze; and in the storm must soon become exhausted, and sink to the bottom. What convenience, what ease of movement, does a fortune we are born to confer upon us. How securely does a traffic flourish, which is founded on solid capital, where the failure of one or of many enterprises does not of necessity reduce us to inaction. Who can better know the worth and worthlessness of earthly things than he that has had within his choice the enjoyment of them from youth upward? and who can earlier guide his mind to the useful, the necessary, the true, than he that may convince himself of so many errors in an age when his strength is yet fresh to begin a new career?"—*Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

Conceive a prince such as I have painted him, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son, he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably forever. He is now poor in goods and favor, and a stranger in the scene which from his youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now he is not more—that he is less—than a private nobleman. He offers himself as the servant of everyone. He is not courteous and condescending; he is needy and degraded. His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him, to present his condi-

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tion in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful, tender son had yet a mother, when his father passed away. He hoped, in the company of his surviving noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed. But his mother too he loses; and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image which a good child loves to form of its parents is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is woman, and her name is "Frailty," like that of all her sex. Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness in life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective and sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation. It is thus we see him enter upon the scene.

Figure to yourselves this youth—this son of princes; conceive him vividly; bring his state before your eyes; and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks. Stand by him in the terror of the night, when the venerable ghost appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge, and the piercing oft-repeated prayer, "Remember me!"

And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man; he grows bitter against smiling villains; swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation:—

> "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case, to represent

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the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to be composed. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shivered.—*Wilhelm Meister; translation of* CARLYLE.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF PLANTS.

Thou art confused, my beloved, at seeing the thousandfold union
Shown in this flowery troop over the garden dispersed.
Many a name dost thou hear assigned; one after another
Falls on thy listening ear with a barbarian sound.
None resembleth another, yet all their forms have a likeness;
Therefore a mystical law is by the chorus proclaimed;
Yes, a sacred enigma! Oh, dearest friend, could I only
Happily teach thee the word which may the mystery solve!

Closely observe how the plant, by little and little progressing
Step by step guided on, changeth to blossom and fruit!
First from the seed it unravels itself, as soon as the silent
Fruit-bearing womb of the earth kindly allows its escape,
And to the charms of the light, the holy, the ever-in-motion
Trusteth the delicate leaves, feebly beginning to shoot.
Simply slumbered the force in the seed; a germ of the future,
Peacefully locked in itself, 'neath the integument lay,
Leaf and root and bud still void of color, and shapeless;
Thus doth the kernel, while dry, cover that motionless life.

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Upward then strives it to swell, in gentle moisture confiding,
And from the night where it dwelt, straightway ascendeth to light.
Yet simple remaineth its figure, when first it appeareth;
And 'tis a token like this points out the child 'neath the plants.
Soon a shoot, succeeding it riseth on high, and reneweth,
Piling up, node upon node, ever the primitive form;
Yet not ever alike; for the following leaf, as thou seest,
Ever produceth itself, fashioned in manifold ways:
Longer, more indented, in points and in parts more divided,
Which all-deformed until now, slept in the organs below.
So at length it attaineth the noble and destined perfection,
Which in many a tribe fills thee with wondering awe.
Many-ribbed and toothed on a surface juicy and swelling,
Free and unending the shoot seemeth in fulness to be.

Yet here nature restraineth, with powerful hands, the formation,
And to a perfected end guideth with softness its growth;
Less abundantly yielding the sap, contracting the vessels,
So that the figure erelong gentle effects doth disclose:
Soon and in silence is checked the growth of the vigorous branches,
And the rib of the stalk fuller becometh in form.
Leafless, however, and quick the tenderer stem then up-springeth,
And a miraculous sight doth the observer enchant:
Ranged in a circle, in numbers that are now small, and then countless,

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Gather the smaller-sized leaves, close by the side of their like ;
Round the axis compressed the sheltering axis unfoldeth,
And, as the perfectest type, brilliant-hued coronals form.
Thus doth Nature bloom in glory still nobler and fuller,
Showing in order arranged, member on member upreared.

Wonderment fresh dost thou feel, as soon as the stem rears the flower,
Over the scaffolding frail of the alternating leaves.
But this glory is only the creation's foreteller :
Yes, the leaf with its hues feeleth the hand all divine,
And on a sudden contracteth itself ; the tenderest figures,
Twofold as yet, hasten on, destined to blend into one.
Lovingly now the beauteous pairs are standing together,
Gathered in countless array, there where the altar is raised.
Hymen hovereth over them, and scents delicious and mighty
Stream forth their fragrance so sweet, all things entwining around,
Presently, parcelled out, unnumbered germs are seen swelling,
Sweetly conceived in the womb where is made perfect the fruit.
Here doth Nature close the ring of her forces eternal ;
Yet doth a new one at once cling to the one gone before,
So that the chain be prolonged forever through all generations,
And that the whole may have life, e'en as enjoyed by each part.

—*Translation of* EDGAR A. BOWRING.

THE BARD AND THE BARON.

I, poor devil, Lord Baron,
Must envy you your coat of arms,
The coach you ride in, coat you've on,
Your copses, ponds, and rack-rent farms,

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Your father's polished ashlar house,
And all his hounds, and hares, and grouse.

Me, poor devil, Lord Baron,
You envy my small shred of wit;
Because it seems, as things have gone,
Old Nature had a hand in it:
She made me light of heart and gay,
With long-necked purse, not brain of clay.

Look you now, dear Lord Baron,
What if we both should cease to fret,
You being his Lordship's eldest son,
And I being mother Nature's brat?
We live in peace, all envy chase,
And heed not which of the two surpasses.
I in the herald's book no place,
You having none about Parnassus.

—*Translation of* CARLYLE.

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon Wealth:
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health,
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful here—
Away it went there!

I set my heart upon sounding Fame;
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!

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When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry :
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon War.
Hurrah !
We gained some battles with éclat :
Hurrah !
We troubled the foe with sword and flame
(And some of our friends fared quite the same.)
I lost a leg for Fame.

I set my heart upon Woman next :
Hurrah !
For her sweet sake was oft perplext ;
But, ah !
The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and out,
The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon Travels grand :
Hurrah !
And spurned our plain old Fatherland ;
But, ah !
Nought seemed to be just the thing it should—
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food !
My tastes misunderstood !

Now I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see :
Hurrah !
And the whole wide world belongs to me :
Hurrah !
The feast begins to run low, no doubt ;
But at the old cask we will have one good bout :
Come, drink the lees all out !

—*Translation of* JOHN S. DWIGHT.

THE PARIAH.

I.—The Pariah Woman's Prayer.

Dreaded Brama, Lord of Might !
All proceed from thee alone ;

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Thou art he who judgeth right;
  Dost thou none but Brahmins own?
Do but Rajahs come from thee?
  None but those of high estate?
  Did'st thou not the Ape create?
Aye, and even such as we?

We are not of noble kind,
  For with woe our lot is rife;
And what others deadly find
  Is our only source of food,
Let this be enough for men,
  Let them, if they will, despise us:
  But thou, Brama, thou shouldst prize us
All are equal in thy ken.

Now that, Lord, this prayer is said,
  As thy child acknowledge me;
Or let one be born instead,
  Who may link me on to thee!
Did'st thou not a Bayadere
  As a goddess heavenward raise?
  And we too, to swell thy praise,
Such a miracle would hear.

II.—The Pariah Woman's Thanks.

Mighty Brama, now I'll bless thee!
  'Tis from thee that worlds proceed.
As my ruler I confess thee,
  For all thou takest heed.

All thy thousand ears thou keepest
  Open to each child of earth;
We, 'mongst mortals sunk the deepest,
  Have from thee received new birth.

Bear in mind the woman's story,
  Who through grief, divine became;
Now I'll wait to view his glory,
  Who omnipotence can claim.

—*Translation of* EDGAR A. BOWRING.

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PROMETHEUS TO ZEUS.

Cover thy spacious heavens, Zeus,
With clouds of mist,
And like the boy who lops
The thistles' heads,
Disport with oaks and mountain peaks;
Yet thou must leave
My hearth still standing;
My cottage, too, which was not raised by thee;
Leave me my hearth,
Whose kindly glow
By thee is envied.

I know nought poorer
Under the sun than ye gods!
You nourish painfully,
With sacrifices,
And votive prayers,
Your majesty;
Ye would e'en starve
If children and beggars
Were not such trusting fools.
While yet a child,
And ignorant of life,
I turned my wandering gaze
Up toward the sun, as if with him
There were an ear to hear my wailings;
A heart, like mine,
To feel compassion for distress.

Who helped me
Against the Titans' insolence?
Who rescued me from certain death—
From slavery?
Didst thou not do all this thyself,
My sacred, glowing heart?
And glow'dst young and good,
Deceived with grateful thanks
To yonder slumbering one?

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I honor thee! and why?
Hast thou ever lightened the sorrows
Of the heavy-laden?
Hast thou ever dried up the tears
Of the anguish-stricken?
Was I not fashioned to be a man
By omnipotent Time,
And by eternal Fate—
Masters of me and thee?
Didst thou not ever fancy
That life I should learn to hate,
And fly to deserts,
Because not all
My blossoming dreams grew ripe?

Here sit I forming mortals
After my image;
A race resembling me,
To suffer, to weep,
To enjoy, to be glad,
And thee to scorn,
As I!

—*Translation of* EDGAR A. BOWRING.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

Give me, oh give me back the days
When I—I too—was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh, happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays—
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever-flowing;
Then as I wandered free,
In every field for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing.
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown—
In every bud a mystery,
Magic in everything unknown;

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The fields, the grove, the air, were haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted!
Yes! give me back the days of youth—
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance!—
Give me, oh give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind:—
Give me my youth again!

—*Prelude of Faust; translation of* ANSTER

EPILOGUE TO SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL."*

"To this city joy reveal it!
Peace as its first signal peal it!"

And so it proved! The nation felt, erelong,
That peaceful signal, and, with blessings fraught
A new-born joy appeared: in gladsome song
To hail the youthful princely pair we sought;
While in a living, ever-swelling throng
Mingled the crowds from every region brought;
And on the stage, in festal pomp arrayed,
"The Homage of the Arts" we saw displayed.

When lo! a fearful midnight sound I hear,
That with a dull and fearful echo rings,
And can it be that of our friend so dear
It tells, to whom each wish so fondly clings?
Shall death o'ercome a life that all revere?
How such a loss to all confusion brings!
How such a parting we must ever rue!
The world is weeping—shall not we weep too?

He was our own! How social, yet how great
Seemed in the light of day his noble mind!
How was his nature, pleasing yet sedate,
Now for glad converse joyously inclined,

* Composed in 1815, ten years after the death of Schiller, upon the occasion of the representation on the stage of the *Song of the Bell.*

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Then swiftly changing, spirit-fraught elate,
  Life's plan with deep-felt meaning it designed,
Fruitful alike in counsel and in deed :
This have we proved—this tasted, in our need.

He was our own ? O may that thought so blest
  O'ercome the voice of wailing and of woe !
He might have sought the Lasting—safe at rest
  In harbor, when the tempest ceased to blow.
Meanwhile his mighty spirit onward pressed
  Where Goodness, Beauty, Truth, forever grow ;
And in his rear, in shadowy outline, lay
The vulgar—which we all, alas, obey.

Now doth he deck the garden-turret fair
  Where the stars' language first illumed his soul,
As secretly, yet clearly, through the air
  On the eterne, the living sense it stole ;
And to his own, and our great profit, there
  Exchangeth he the seasons as they roll :
Thus doth he nobly vanquish, with renown,
The twilight and the night that weigh us down.

Brighter now glowed his cheek, and still more bright
  With that unchanging, ever-youthful glow—
That courage which o'ercomes in hard-fought fight,
  Sooner or later, every earthly foe ;
That faith which soaring to the realms of light,
  Now boldly presseth on, now bendeth low,
So that the Good may work, wax, thrive amain—
So that the Day the noble may attain.

Yet though so skilled—of such transcendent worth—
  This boarded scaffold doth he not despise ;
The fate that on its axis turns the earth
  Now day to night, here shows he to our eyes,
Raising, through many a work of glorious birth,
  Art and the artist's fame up toward the skies.
He fills with blossoms of the noblest strife—
With Life itself—this effigy of Life.

His giant step, as ye full surely know,
  Measured the circle of the Will and Deed.

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Each country's changing thoughts and mortals too;
The darksome book with clearness could be read;
Yet how he—breathless 'midst his friends so true—
Despaired in sorrow, scarce from pain was freed.
All this have we, in sadly happy years—
For he was ours—bewailed with feeling tears.

When from the agonizing weight of grief
He raised his eyes upon the world again,
We showed him how his thoughts might find relief
From the uncertain Present's heavy chain;
Gave his fresh-kindled mind a respite brief,
With kindly skill beguiling every pain;
And e'en at eve, when setting was his sun,
From his wan cheek, a gentle smile we won.

Full early had he read the stern decree;
Sorrow and death to him, alas, were known;
Ofttimes recovering, now departed he:
Dread tidings, that our hearts had feared to own!
Yet his transfigured being now can see
Itself, e'en here on earth, transfigured grown.
What his own age reproved, and deemed a crime,
Hath been ennobled now by Death and Time.

And many a soul that with him strove in fight,
And his great merit grudged to recognize,
Now feels the impress of his wondrous might,
And in his magic fetters gladly lies.
E'en to the highest hath he winged his flight,
In close communion linked with all we prize.
Extol him then! What mortals, while they live,
But half receive, posterity shall give.

Thus is he left us, who so long ago—
Ten years, alas, already—turned from earth;
We all, to our great joy, his precepts know:
O may the world confess their priceless worth!
In swelling tide toward every region flow
The thoughts that were his own peculiar birth.
He gleams like some departing meteor bright,
Combining, with his own, eternal light.

—*Translation of* EDGAR A. BOWRING.

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THE ERL-KING.

Who rideth so late through the night-storm wild?
The father it is, with his darling child;
He holdeth the boy firmly clasped in his arm.
He holds him securely he keeps him warm.

"Wherefore, my son, thy face dost thou hide?"—
"Look, father, the Erl-King is at our side:
The Erl-King there, with his crown and his train!"—
"My son, it is but a meteor vain."

"*Oh, come, dear infant! oh come thou with me!*
Full many a glad game I'll play with thee;
Lovely flowers in my land their blooms unfold,
My mother shall deck thee in garb of gold."

"My father, my father, dost thou not hear
The words that the Erl-King breathes in mine ear?"
"Be calm, dear child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;
'Tis the wind that sighs through the withering leaves."

"*Wilt go, dear infant, wilt go with me there?*
My daughters shall tend thee with loving care;
My daughters by night their festival keep,
They'll dance thee, rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, dost thou not see
How the Erl-King brings his daughters to me?"—
"Darling, my darling, I see it aright:
'Tis the old gray willows that cheat thy sight."

"*I love thee, I love thee, thou beauteous boy:*
If thou'rt not willing, I must force employ."—
"Father, my father, he gripeth me fast;
The Erl-King hath sorely hurt me at last."

The father gallops on, with terror wild,
He holds in his arm the quivering child.
When into the courtyard his steed has sped,
The child in his arms lies quiet and dead.

—*Translation of* ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

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Faust is confessedly the greatest of the works of Goethe. German critics give it a place among the four great poems of the world, the *Iliad*, the *Divina Commedia*, and *Paradise Lost* being the other three; and there are not wanting those who assign the first place to *Faust*. To the first part, as published in 1805—the year of Schiller's death—the following dedicatory stanzas were prefixed:

THE DEDICATION TO "FAUST."

Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me?
Still bend to mists and vapors, as ye seem?
Nearer ye come!—I yield me as ye found me
In youth your worshipper: and as the stream
Of air that folds you in its magic wreaths
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms and loved ones ye are with you bringing
And dearest images of happier days;
First-love and friendship in your path up-springing,
Like old tradition's half-remembered lays;
And long-slept sorrow waked, whose dirge-like singing
Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze;
And names the heart-mourned, many a stern doom
Ere their year's Summer, summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first—my Spring-time friends have gone;
And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger crowds, my listeners since are beating,
Since to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing,
For the far Spirit-World o'erpowers me now.

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My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
  Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough;
And my changed heart throbs warm, no more denying
  Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow:
The Near afar off seems, the Distant nigh,
The Now a dream, the Past reality.

—*Translation of* FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The drama of *Faust* opens with a "Prologue in Heaven," which in a manner foreshadows the design of the entire work; though it gives slight indications of what its action is to be. The *dramatis personæ* of the prologue are: The Lord, the Archangels Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael; and Mephistopheles, the mocking spirit—the Satan of the Book of Job.

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

Raphael.

The Sun-orb sings in emulation
'Mid brother-spheres his ancient round:
His path predestined through creation
He ends with a lip of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say.
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

Gabriel.

And swift and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful night's intense profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled.

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Michael.

And rival storms abroad are singing,
From river to land, from land to sea,
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way:
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy day.

The Three.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in creation's hour.

Mephistopheles.

Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,
Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest
Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned!
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter
If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted;
How men torment themselves is all I've noted;
The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.
Life somewhat better might content him
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast lent him:
He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.
Would he still lay among the grass he grows in!
Each bit of dung he seeks, to lay his nose in.

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The Lord.

Hast thou then nothing more to mention?
Com'st ever, thus, with ill intention?
Find'st nothing right on earth eternally?

Mephistopheles.

No, Lord! I find things there still bad as they can be
Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;
I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

The Lord.

Know'st thou Faust?

Mephistopheles.

The Doctor Faust?

The Lord.

My servant he!

Mephistopheles.

Forsooth! He serves you after strange devices:
No earthly food or drink the fool suffices:
His spirit's ferment far aspireth;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars of Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,
And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

The Lord.

Though still confused his service unto Me,
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while he buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

Mephistopheles.

What will you bet? There's still a chance to gain him,
If unto me full leave you give
Gently upon *my* road to lead him!

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The Lord.

As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition.
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.

Mephistopheles.

My thanks! I find the dead no acquisition,
And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks whose ruddy blood is leaping,
And when a corpse approaches, close my house:
It goes with me, as with the cat the mouse.

The Lord.

Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;
To trap him let thy snares be planted,
And him with thee be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou are forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.

Mephistopheles.

Agreed! but 'tis a short probation.
About my bet I feel no trepidation.
If I fulfil my expectation,
You'll let me triumph with a swelling breast:
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
As did a certain Snake—my near relation.

The Lord.

Therein thou'rt free according to thy merits;
The like of thee have never moved My hate.
Of all the bold denying Spirits,
The waggish knave least trouble doth create.
Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave;
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, excites, and must create, as Devil.

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Be ye God's sons in love and duty,
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wave inconstant gleams,
Fit in its place with thoughts that stand forever!

(*Heaven closes: the Archangels separate.*)

Mephistopheles, solus.

I like at times to hear The Ancient's word,
And have a care to be most civil:
It's really kind of such a noble Lord
So humanely to gossip with a Devil.

—*Translation of* BAYARD TAYLOR.

Faust may perhaps be best characterized as a "Drama of Human Life and Individual Development." Goethe himself, at the age of fourscore, thus gives his own estimate of the poem:

GOETHE UPON "FAUST."

The commendation which the work has received far and near, may perhaps be owing to this quality—that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and made happy by all that which it desires. The author is at present far removed from such conditions: the world, likewise, has to some extent other struggles to undergo: nevertheless the state of men, in joy and sorrow remains very much the same; and the latest-born will still find cause to acquaint himself with what has been enjoyed and suffered before him, in order to adapt himself to that which awaits him.

The Second Part of the involved drama of *Faust* closes with a grand chorus of absolved penitents, among whom are one "formerly Margaret," and

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"Doctor Marianus," whom critics suppose to be none other than the glorified spirit of Faust.

THE REDEEMED PENITENTS.

Margaret.

Incline, O Maiden
With Mercy laden
In light unending
Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
My loved, my lover,
His trials over
In yonder world, returns to me in this.

Blessed Boys [approaching and hovering near].

With mighty limbs he towers
Already above us;
He for this love of ours,
Will richlier love us.
Early were we removed,
Ere life could reach us,
Yet he hath learned and proved,
And he will teach us.

Margaret.

The spirit-choir around him seeing,
New to himself, he scarce divines
His heritage: a new-born being.
When like the Holy Ghost he shines.
Behold how he each band hath cloven,
The earthly life had round him thrown,
And through his garb, of ether woven,
The early force of youth is shown!
Vouchsafe me that I instruct him!
Still dazzles him the Day's new glare.

Mater Gloriosa.

Rise thou to higher spheres! Conduct him,
Who, feeling thee, shall follow there!

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Doctor Marianus.

Penitents, look up, elate,
Where she beams salvation;
Gratefully to blessed fate
Grow in re-creation!
Be our souls as they have been,
Dedicate to thee!
Virgin Holy, Mother, Queen,
Goddess, gracious be.

Chorus Mysticus.

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event;
The Indescribable,
Here it is done:
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on.

—*Translation of* BAYARD TAYLOR.



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GOGOL, YANOVSKY NICOLAI VASILYEVITCH, a Russian dramatist and novelist, born in the Government of Pultowa, March 31 (N. S.), 1809; died at Moscow, March 4 (N. S.), 1852. His father, who held a farm in the Government of Pultowa, was fond of reading and of theatrical entertainments, and was a marvellous story-teller. Gogol's grandfather, who remembered the Cossack wars, and knew all the legends and wonder-tales of the district, also told stories in a way that fascinated the boy, who would sit all day listening to them, "while the shudders ran down his back, and his hair stood on end."

After some preliminary study at Pultowa he entered the gymnasium of Niéjinsk in 1821. He disliked study, but had a passion for reading; and his reading awoke in him the desire to write. He first undertook a journal, which he named the *Star*, and in which he wrote all the articles. A satire entitled *Something about Niéjinsk; or, no Law for Fools*, was his next effort in authorship. He also wrote a comedy which was represented by the students of the gymnasium. He graduated in 1828. His father had been dead three years, and he went to St. Petersburg in search of employment under Government. After long waiting he obtained an insignificant clerkship. In 1829 he published an idyl which he had written in the

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gymnasium. It brought him nothing but ridicule. He burned all the copies he could get hold of, and then set himself seriously to work at his *Evenings on a Farm*, now and then publishing one of the tales composing that work, under the pseudonym of *Rudui Panko* (*Sandy, the Little Nobleman*). These admirable pictures of Russian life appeared in 1831, and Gogol found himself in the front rank of authors.

In 1831 Gogol was appointed teacher of Russian in the Patriotic Institute, but taught history and geography instead, saying that no one could teach another to write well. He was appointed Professor of History at St. Petersburg, but, except on one or two occasions, was a dull and tedious lecturer, and in 1835 he resigned the position. The success of *Evenings on a Farm* encouraged him to write a successful comedy, *The Revisor* (*The Inspector-General*). In 1836 he went abroad, and lived much in Rome. *Dead Souls*, written in 1837, was published in 1842. This, his greatest work, takes its title from the fact that in the days of serfdom the wealth of Russian proprietors, instead of being estimated by the extent of their territory, was estimated by the number of serfs in their possession. The serfs were called souls, and every proprietor was taxed according to the number of souls.

Gogol's last work, *Correspondence with my Friends*, published in 1846, gave great offence to many of his admirers in Russia. They were in direct opposition to his former liberal views. He had always been subject to melancholy, and his health was completely broken. In 1848 he re-

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turned to Moscow, where he died the victim of a nervous disorder. His last days were troubled with strange hallucinations, and shortly before his death he burned the conclusion of *Dead Souls.*

WATCHING AND PARTING.

The mother alone slept not. She bent over the pillow of her dear sons, as they lay side by side, she smoothed with a comb their carelessly tangled young curls, and moistened them with her tears. She gazed at them with her whole being, with every sense; she was wholly merged in the gaze, and yet she could not gaze enough. She had nourished them at her own breast, she had tended them and brought them up, and now to see them only for an instant! "My sons, my darling sons! what will become of you? what awaits you?" she said, and tears stood in the wrinkles which disfigured her formerly beautiful face.

In truth she was to be pitied, as was every woman of that long-past period. She lived only for a moment in love, only during the first ardor of passion, only during the first flush of youth; and then her grim betrayer deserted her for the sword, for his comrades and his carouses. She saw her husband two or three days in a year, and then, for several years, heard nothing of him. And when she did see him, when they did live together, what life was hers? She endured insult, even blows; she saw caresses bestowed only in pity; she was a strange object in that community of unmarried cavaliers, upon which wandering Zaporozhe cast a coloring of its own. Her pleasureless youth flitted by, and her splendidly beautiful cheeks and bosom withered away unkissed, and became covered with premature wrinkles. All her love, all her feeling, everything that is tender and passionate in a woman was converted in her into maternal love. She hovered around her children with anxiety, passion, tears, like the gull of the steppes. They were taking her sons, her darling sons from her—taking them from her so that she should never see them again! Who knows? Perhaps a Tartar will cut off their heads

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in the very first skirmish, and she will never know where their deserted bodies lie, torn by birds of prey; and yet for each drop of their blood she would have given all of hers. Sobbing she gazed into their eyes, even when all-powerful sleep began to close them, and thought, "Perhaps Bulba, when he wakes, will put off their departure for a little day or two. Perhaps it occurred to him to go so soon because he had been drinking."

The moon from the height of heaven had long since illumined the whole courtyard filled with sleepers, the thick clump of willows, and the tall steppe-grass which hid the palisade surrounding the court. She still sat at her dear sons' pillow, never removing her eyes from them for a moment, or thinking of sleep. Already the horses, divining the approach of dawn, had all ceased eating, and lain down upon the grass; the topmost leaves of the willows began to rustle softly, and little by little the rippling rustle descended to their bases. She sat there until daylight, unwearied, and wished in her heart that the night might prolong itself indefinitely. From the steppes came the ringing neigh of the horses, and red tongues shone brightly in the sky. Bulba suddenly awoke, and sprang to his feet. He remembered quite well what he had ordered the night before. "Now, people, you've slept enough! 'tis time! 'tis time! Water the horses! And where is the old woman!" (he generally called his wife so). "Be quick, old woman, get us something to eat: the way is long."

The poor old woman, deprived of her last hope, slipped sadly into the cottage. While she, with tears, prepared what was needed for breakfast, Bulba distributed his orders, went to the stable, and selected his best trappings for his children with his own hand.

The collegians were suddenly transformed. Red morocco boots with silver heels took the place of their dirty old ones; trousers wide as the Black Sea, with thousands of folds and plaits, were supported by golden girdles; from the girdle hung a long, slender thong, with tassels, and other tinkling things, for pipes. The jacket of fiery red cloth was confined by a flowered belt; engraved Turkish pistols were thrust through the belt; their swords clanged at their heels. Their

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faces, already a little sunburnt, seemed to have grown handsomer and whiter; the little black mustaches now cast a more distinct shadow on this pallor and their strong, healthy, youthful complexions. They were very handsome in their black sheepskin caps, with gold crowns. When their poor mother saw them, she could not utter a word, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Now, sons, all is ready; no delay!" said Bulba at last. Now we must all sit down together in accordance with our Christian custom before a journey." All sat down, not excepting the servants, who had been standing respectfully at the door.

"Now, mother, bless your children," said Bulba. "Pray God that they may fight bravely, always defend their knightly honor, always defend the faith of Christ; and if not, that they may die, so that their breath may not be longer in the world."

"Come to your mother, children; a mother's prayer saves on land and sea."

The mother, weak as mothers are, embraced them, drew out two small images, and placed them, sobbing, on their necks. "May God's mother—keep you! Little sons, forget not your mother—send some little word of yourselves"—she could say no more.

"Now, children, let us go," said Bulba.

At the door stood the horses ready saddled. Bulba sprang upon his "Devil," which jumped madly back, feeling on his back a load of twelve poods, for Taras was extremely stout and heavy.

When the mother saw that her sons were also mounted on their horses, she flung herself toward the younger, whose features expressed somewhat more gentleness than those of the others. She grasped his stirrup, clung to his saddle, and, with despair in her eyes, would not loose him from her hands. Two stout Cossacks seized her carefully, and carried her into the cottage. But before they had passed through the gate, with the speed of a wild goat, quite disproportionate to her years, she rushed to the gate, with irresistible strength stopped a horse, and embraced one of her sons with mad, unconscious violence. Then they led her away again.

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The young Cossacks rode on sadly, and repressed their tears out of fear of their father, who, on his side, was somewhat moved, although he strove not to show it. The day was gay, the green shone brightly, the birds twittered rather discordantly. They glanced back as they rode. Their farm seemed to have sunk into the earth. All that was visible above the surface were the two chimneys of their modest cottage, and the crests of the trees up whose trunks they had been used to climb like squirrels; before them still stretched the field by which they could recall the whole story of their lives, from the years when they rolled in its dewy grass, up to the years when they awaited in it a black-browed Cossack maiden, who ran timidly across it with her quick young feet. There is the pole above the well, with the telega wheel fastened on top, rising solitary against the sky; already the level which they have traversed appears a hill in the distance, and all has disappeared. Farewell, childhood, games, all, all, farewell!—*Taras Bulba. Translation of* ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

MANILOFF AND HIS WIFE.

God alone, perhaps, can say what Maniloff's character was. There is a class of people known by the name of *people who are neither one thing nor another*. Possibly Maniloff should be counted among them. He was a well-favored man in personal appearance; his features were not lacking in agreeability, but this agreeability seemed rather too much permeated with sugar; there was something about his manners and ways which sought favor and acquaintanceship. He smiled seductively, was of light complexion, and had blue eyes. You could not help saying, the first moment you spoke with him, "What a good and agreeable man!" The next moment you would say nothing; and at the third you would say, "The deuce knows what this fellow is like!" and you would go as far away from him as possible; and if you did not retreat, you would feel bored to death. From him you expect no quick or arrogant word, such as you may hear from almost any one if you touch upon a subject which offends him. Everybody

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has his hobby. One man's hobby turns to greyhounds; another thinks that he is a great lover of music, and is wonderfully sensitive to all its deep places; a third is a master of the art of dining daintily; a fourth can play a part higher than one assigned him if only by a couple of inches; a fifth, of more restricted desires, sleeps, and dreams how he may get a walk with a staff-adjutant, and show off before his friends, his acquaintances, and even those whom he does not know; a sixth is gifted with a hand which is beset with a supernatural desire to turn down the corner of some ace of diamonds or a deuce; while the hand of a seventh slips along to produce order somewhere, to get as near as possible to the persons of the post-station superintendent or of the postilion. In a word, every one has his peculiarity, but Maniloff had none. At home he said very little, and was mostly occupied in thought and meditation; but the subject of his thoughts was probably known to God alone. It is impossible to say that he busied himself with the management of his estate: he never even went into the fields, and affairs seemed to manage themselves. When the steward said, "It would be well, sir, to do so and so," "Yes; it would not be bad," was his customary reply, as he puffed away at his pipe, which had become a habit with him when he served in the army, where he was considered the most discreet, most delicate, and the most accomplished of officers. "Yes, it really would not be bad," he repeated.

When a muzhik came to him, and said, as he scratched the back of his head, "Master, let me leave my work, allow me to earn something."—"Go," he said, as he smoked his pipe; and it never even entered his head that the muzhik had gone off on a drunken carouse. Sometimes, as he gazed from the veranda at the yard and the pond, he said that it would be well if an underground passage could be made of a sudden from the house, or if a stone bridge were to be built across the pond with booths on each side, in which dealers might sit and sell the various small wares required by the peasants. At such times his eyes became particularly sweet, and his face assumed a most satisfied expression. However, all these projects were confined to words alone.

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There was forever something lacking in the house. In one room there was no furniture at all, though directly after his marriage he had said, "My love, we must see about putting some furniture into this room to-morrow, if only for a time."

His wife—— however, they were perfectly satisfied with each other. In spite of the fact that they had been married more than eight years, each was constantly offering the other a bit of apple, or a sugar-plum, or a nut, and saying, in a touchingly tender voice, expressive of the most perfect affection, "Open your little mouth, my soul, and I will put this tidbit in."

In a word, they were what is called happy. But it may be observed that there are many other occupations in a house besides kisses and surprises, and many different questions might be put. Why, for instance, did matters go on so stupidly and senselessly in the kitchen? Why was the store-room so empty? Why have a thief for a housekeeper? Why were the servants dirty and intoxicated? Why did all the house-servants sleep so unmercifully, and spend all the rest of the time in playing pranks? But all these are trivial subjects, for Madame Manilora was well educated; and a good education is received in boarding-schools, as is well known; and in boarding-schools, as is well known, three principal subjects constitute the foundation of human virtue—the French tongue, which is indispensable to family happiness; the piano-forte, to afford pleasant moments to a husband; and lastly the sphere of domestic management—the knitting of purses and other surprises. Moreover, there are various perfections and changes in methods, especially at the present time: all this depends chiefly on the cleverness and qualities of the heads of the schools. In other boarding-schools it is so arranged that the piano-forte comes first, the French language next, and the domestic part last. And sometimes it is so arranged that the housekeeping department—that is to say, the knitting of surprises—is first, then French, then the piano. Methods vary.—*Dead Souls: Translation of* ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

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GOLDONI, CARLO, illustrious Italian dramatist, born at Venice, February 25, 1707; died at Paris, January 6, 1793. He created the modern Italian comedy character, somewhat after the style of Molière, superseding the old conventional comedy which was played by Harlequin, Pantaloon, etc. As a child of eight he sketched a play, giving evidence of a natural dramatic instinct. While a boy he ran away and joined a company of strolling Venetian players. He was liberally educated, studied law and graduated at Padua in 1731. He practised his profession at Venice for a short time, but always took more interest in the drama than law. He read the works of the Greek and Latin poets, and says in his *Mémoirs:* "I have told myself that I should like to imitate them in their style, their plots, their precision, but I would not be satisfied unless I succeeded in giving more interest to my works, happier issues to my plots, better-drawn characters and more genuine comedy." His first attempts at dramatic writing were tragedies, *Amalasunta* (1732) and *Belisario* (1734), which were failures. He then decided to create a comedy characteristic of Italy, delineating the realities of social life in as natural a manner as possible. His first effort in this line was *Momolo Cortesan* (Momolo the Courtier), written in Venetian dialect and

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based on his own experience. He renounced the profession of advocate, and, having married a Genoese lady, he gave his attention exclusively to dramatic writing. He promised to write sixteen comedies in one year, and kept his word.

In 1761 he received an advantageous offer to go to Paris, and before leaving Venice he composed *Una Della Ultime Sere di Carnevale* (One of the Last Nights of Carnival), an allegorical comedy, in which he bade farewell to his countrymen. At the conclusion of the play the house resounded with applause and shouts of good wishes. Goldoni, at this expression of public appreciation, wept like a child. At Paris he wrote plays for the Italian actors and taught Italian to the royal princesses. For the wedding of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette he wrote in French one of his best comedies, *Le Bourru Bienfaisant*, which proved a great success. When he retired from Paris, the King granted him a pension of twelve hundred francs, of which the Revolution deprived him, but which was restored just one day before his death, by the Convention, at the request of André Chénier. Besides the plays already mentioned, Goldoni wrote *Le Trentadue Disgrazie d'Arlecchino*, *La Notte Critica*, *La Bancarotta*, *La Donna di Garbo*, *La Bottega di Caffe*, *La Pamela*, *L'Impostore*, *Le Baruffe Chiozzote*, *I Rusteghi*, *Todero Brontolon*, *Gli Innamorati*, *Il Ventaglio*, *Il Bugiardo*, *La Casa Nova*, *Il Burbero Benefico*, *La Locandiera*, *Zelinda e Lindora*, *Il Vecchio Bizarro*, *L'Adulatore*, and others, to the number of some one hundred and twenty. His *Mémoirs*, published in 1787, were pronounced

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by Gibbon "More comic than the best comedies of their author."

"Goldoni," says Blackwood, speaking of his *Mémoirs*, "was not an actor but a dramatist, but his life was spent in the theatre—and his autobiography is full of the freaks of the profession and the humor of its representatives. An Italian—nay, a Venetian, the most light and gayety-loving type of the modern Italian, and a genuine representative of the eighteenth century, his book is crowded throughout with lively figures and constant movement, with adventure and airy passion, keen and short-lived, with scrapes of every kind, and lucky escapes and clever inventions." And writing on a broader subject, the overthrow of the old *commedia d'arte*, which Goldoni found in full possession of the Italian stage, William Dean Howells says: "How wisely Goldoni temporized with it while preparing its ruin, and how far he won over its friends by borrowing its own attractions, let any one who will know read that delightful autobiography of the friendly, amusing, earnest old playright, and those delicious comedies in which constantly recur the standard masks of the *commedia d'arte*." As to the plays themselves, Prescott expressed the opinion, in the *North American Review*, that they ought "not to be received as faithfully reflecting the national character, which they would make singularly deficient both in virtue and the principle of honor."

HIS MEMOIRS.

My life is not an interesting one. But in time to come it may happen that in a corner of an old library a col-

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lection of my works may be found, and some curious reader may perhaps then desire to know who was this singular man who set before him the project of reforming the theatre of his country, and who placed on the stage one hundred and fifty comedies in verse and prose, full of character and plot, and in his lifetime saw eighteen editions of these plays issued from the press. No doubt it will be said: This man must have been rich: Why did he leave his country? Ah! it is well that posterity should know that in France alone Goldoni found rest, tranquillity, and well-being.

This is the compendium of my life, from my birth to the beginning of that which is called in Italy the reform of the Italian theatre. Here it will be seen how dramatic genius, which was always my ruling passion, was manifested in me, how developed; the attempts vainly made to disgust me with it, and the sacrifices I have made to this imperious idol which had drawn me after its car. This forms the first part of my memoirs. The second part comprehends the history of all my productions, the circumstances which suggested their plots and construction, the rivalries awakened by my successes, the cabals which I have scorned, the criticisms which I have respected, the satires which I have endured in silence, and the intrigues of the actors which I have overcome. Here it will be seen that human nature is the same everywhere, that jealousy is everywhere to be met with, and that everywhere a man of peaceable disposition and composed mind will succeed in gaining the affection of the public, and in wearing out the treachery of his enemies.—*From the Memoirs.*

THE BEGINNING OF HIS LITERARY CAREER.

When Lent began I went on Ash Wednesday to hear Father Cataneo, an Augustine monk, and found his sermon admirable. When I came out of church, finding that I remembered word for word the three heads of his discourse, I succeeded in rendering in fourteen lines his argument, his treatment of it, and his moral, and thought I had made of them a very passable sonnet. I took it the same day to Signor Treo, a gentleman of Udine, who was very learned in belles-lettres,

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and had the finest taste in poetry, and he, too, found the sonnet passable. He suggested some corrections, and encouraged me to continue. I kept always exactly to my practice, did the same every day, and found at Easter that I had compiled thirty-six excellent sermons into thirty-six sonnets, some good, some indifferent. I took the precaution to send them to press as soon as I had sufficient material for a volume ; and in the octave of Easter published my little book, dedicating it to the deputies of the city. I received many acknowledgments from the preacher, gratitude from the first magistrates, in fact, great applause generally. The novelty pleased the public, and the rapidity of the work surprised them still more.—*From the Memoirs.*

HIS INTERVIEW WITH ROUSSEAU.

Entering the room, I saw the renowned author of *Emile* occupied in copying music. Although I had been warned what to expect, I could not refrain from a shiver of indignation. He received me with a frank and friendly manner, rose to meet me, and holding out the sheet in his hand, said, "Look at that!—no one can copy music like me. But come to the fire and warm yourself," he added. The fire had need of more wood, and Madame Rousseau herself brought it. I rose to make room, and offered her a chair. "No, no, don't disturb yourself," said her husband; "my wife has other things to do, occupations of her own." I confess that my heart ached. To see such a man made into a copyist, and his wife the servant, was such a painful sight that I could not conceal my distress and surprise, though I said nothing. "How!" he said, "you pity me because of my present occupation! Would it be better in your opinion to write books for people who cannot read, and give occasion for the articles of malignant journalists? You are wrong. I love music passionately, and copy only the best, by which I earn my living and please my fancy at the same time. You have come to Paris for no better purpose than to work for the Italian players. They are lazy fellows: They care nothing for your work,—*eh via!* go away, go back to your home.—*From the Memoirs.*

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GOLDSCHMIDT, MEYER AARON, a Danish novelist, born in Seeland in 1819; died in 1887. He was one of the three connecting links between Danish romanticism and the literature of the nineteenth century. His contemporaries were Parmio Carl Plough, whose work was mostly in the field of journalism, and Jens Christian Hostrup, who produced, between 1843 and 1855, a series of exquisite comedies, abounding in delicate touch and caustic wit. Goldschmidt's novels are written in the purest Danish, and there is a refined idealism in his sentiment, which renders them attractive to the highest class of readers. His principal works are *The Homeless Man* (five volumes, 1853–57) and *The Raven* (1866).

Edmund Gosse thus writes of him in the *Athenæum:* "Goldschmidt was a little, prim person, neatly shaved, with small 'mutton-chop' whiskers, and dressed always in black. There never lived a man of letters who was more solicitous to disguise his profession in his appearance. He had been a contemporary of the romantic poets with long, wild hair, and had trampled upon their vanity with his satire. He was careful to look as much as possible like a respectable tradesman. To thousands of English people his face must have been vaguely familiar, for his visits to London were incessant, and he knew the town like a

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Londoner. He was a very delightful companion, a rapid talker, full of experience, and none the less charming because of his periodical fits of mystery. He was absorbed, however, in a kind of new religion—a system of theism on a fresh basis of belief—which I cannot pretend to have comprehended."

"The aim," he himself writes, "of my essay on Nemesis is to prove, through history and the science of language, that all our ideas, the religious ones especially, have grown up like a plant from the simplest roots, and that the power of life, that has made and makes them grow, is the breath of God (the Egyptian Num). The divine breath, that pervades the Universe and rules all things, was the Egyptian Nemt, the Greek Nemesis. Before finishing my work, I consulted Dr. Birch, and Dr. Louth at Munich. In short, my Life is written solely to show the power of Nemesis on that living quality of Existence, that developed me to see and to feel Nemesis, the divine Breath. In order to be condemned as heresy or atheism, my theistic notions need only to be laid before the theological world."

KAREN AND THE PROFESSOR.

The man who owned the farm was called Træskopeer, "Pattenpeter," because he used to wear long boots whose lower parts were pattens when he was a poor boy peddling wool. He prospered, and got the daughter on the farm where he used to board. He got the farm too; and then the nickname was dropped and he was called "John Gray," from the name of the farm; but his real name was "Peer Jakobsen." He had several

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children, of whom the one next to the youngest, Karen, was now fourteen; and she seemed to be growing up a very pretty girl, and when in summer time learned people were calling, asking the farmer where the chapel was, she often was sent down there with them.

Once a gentleman came accompanied by several persons; they called him "Professor," and seemed to think highly of him. He preached a kind of sermon to them, Karen thought, but, he not being their own pastor, she did not listen attentively until suddenly his clear blue eyes met hers, and he went on looking into her eyes, as if he was speaking to her only. She was so scared that she wanted to hide behind the stones; but she could not help looking again, trying to understand what he said. Still it was all mixed up to her. When he had finished, he went over to her; and passing his hand caressingly over her head he said: "Can you now take us round to Bækgaard, my good little girl?" Never before had she felt such a soft hand; she felt it all over; and he said "dear little girl" as if he knew her and really meant it. She could have gone through fire for him, not to say anything of showing him the way to Bækgaard, a few hundred yards beyond the road. The only thing that puzzled her was, that he himself could not find Bækgaard, though he knew all about it.

They crossed the road, the heath, and a hill that slopes down toward the river bed, which just then was almost dry, then passed over it and stood opposite to Bækgaard, a very modest place. A little behind the house a long dyke is running from northeast to southwest, and beyond this the natural hills are forming a curve. The farmer came out, and the professor asked him about the name of that long dyke.

"We call it Knapsdiget," answered the farmer.

"Do you never call it Koksnapsdiget?" asked the professor.

"Not that I know of," answered the farmer.

The professor explained to his company that some scholars had discovered that the dyke here was called "Koksnapsdiget," and they explained it as a corrupt pronunciation of "Kongslagsdiget," and built on this the hypothesis that the battle between King Svend and

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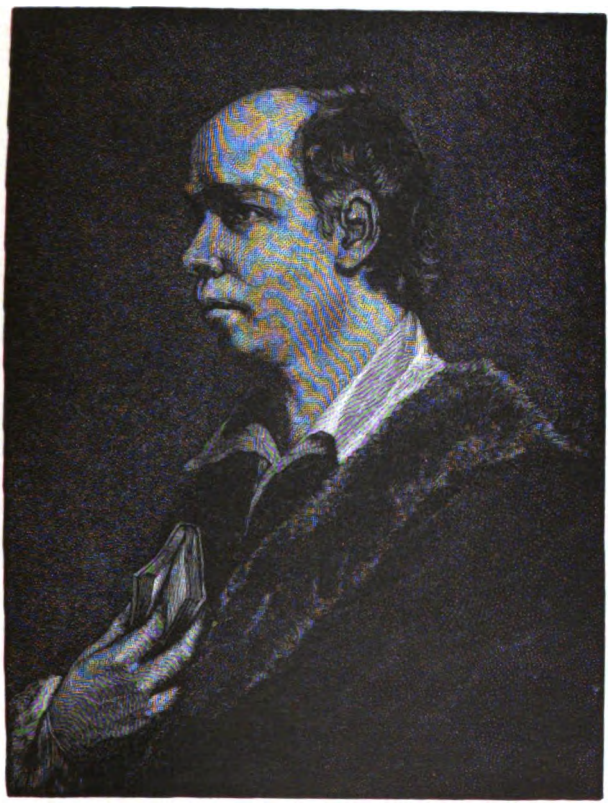
King Valdemar had chiefly been fought here. He now added a great deal that Karen did not understand at all; but she understood, to her great wonder, this much, that the tract had looked quite different years ago; there had been a forest here, another there; knights had rushed against each other, and in one place some peasants in gray homespun had been taken for iron-clad men; that Svend was a base tyrant who had been defeated, and that a great magnificent king in golden armor had carried the day.

When everything was told, and the visitors were leaving, the professor once more passed his hand with that strange power over her head, and said: "Do you know, little Karen, that you live on the farm of that peasant who killed King Svend?"

No, she did not know that, but she knew it now, and she came home confounded by thoughts she could not master. This was the most wonderful, and the only wonderful, event in Karen's youth. She was just then preparing for confirmation; and the pastor noticed that Karen at once grew bright and quick, but it did not appear in such a striking way that he should pay great attention to it, still less so that he should make any investigations on that account.—*From Den Vægelsindede paa Graahede; translated for Scandinavia.*

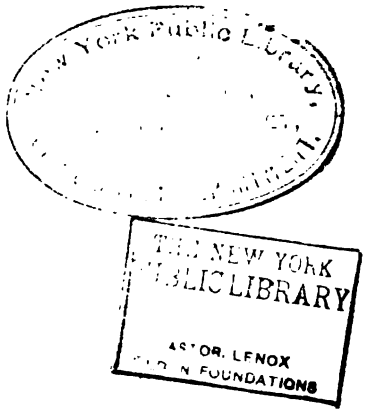


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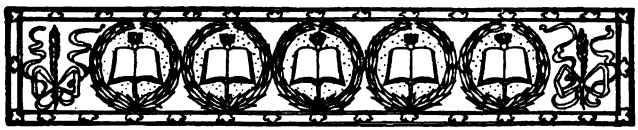


OLIVER GOLDSMITH

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GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, a British novelist and poet, born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728; died in London, April 4, 1774. His father was a poor clergyman of the Established Church, but some of his relatives were in good circumstances and contributed funds to send him to Dublin University as a *sizar*, or "poor scholar." He entered in 1744, and took his degree five years after. He went home, ostensibly to study for the Church. In two years he presented himself as a candidate for ordination, but was rejected. He tried tutorship, and several other things, with no result. An uncle gave him £50 to go to London, where he proposed to study law. He got as far as Dublin, where he lost all his money at the gaming-table, and went back to his friends for a while. Toward the end of 1752 they sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. He ran through his money, and fled to the Continent. He attended lectures on medicine at Leyden, and afterward went to Paris, whence he started for a pedestrian tour on the Continent. It is certain that he made an extended tour, with little or no means of support except his fiddle. Among the places which he visited was Padua, where he claimed to have received his degree as Doctor of Medicine. His "Story of the Philosophical Vagabond," in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, is held to be more or less autobiographical.

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Early in 1756 Goldsmith, now about eight-and-twenty, made his way back to London, ragged and penniless. During the next two or three years we catch glimpses of him as assistant to an apothecary; as a "corrector of the press" for Richardson, the novelist; as usher in a school; and finally as a "hack-writer" for the *Monthly Review*. Once we find him an unsuccessful applicant at the College of Surgeons for the position of hospital-mate. Somehow he managed to keep his head above water, for in 1759 he published a small volume entitled *An Inquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. This attracted some notice, and made the author known among literati and publishers. He wrote for several newspapers, among them the *Public Ledger*, to which he furnished a series of *Chinese Letters*, which were soon republished under the title of *The Citizen of the World*. Goldsmith was now able to escape from his humble garret. He made the acquaintance of men of the highest rank in literary circles, notable among whom were Garrick, Burke, and Johnson. He now earned a fair income by literary work; but he always managed to spend more than he earned.

About the middle of 1761 he found himself considerably in arrears to his widowed landlady, who gave him the choice between three courses: to pay his bill, to go to prison, or to marry her. Goldsmith applied to Dr. Johnson to extricate him from this predicament; and put in his hand a bundle of manuscript. The Doctor took the manuscript, sold it to a bookseller, and handed

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the money to Goldsmith, thus saving him from going to prison or marrying the Widow Fleming. That manuscript, which was not published until six years after, was *The Vicar of Wakefield.* During the last dozen years of his life Goldsmith performed an immense amount of literary labor. Among these works—mainly compilations—are a *History of England*, a *History of Greece*, a *History of Rome*, the *History of Animated Nature*, *Life of Beau Nash*, a *Short English Grammar*, and a *Survey of Experimental Philosophy.* He also wrote several very clever comedies, among which is *She Stoops to Conquer.* His fame in literature, however, rests mainly upon the novel *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and the two poems, *The Traveller* (1765) and *The Deserted Village* (1770).

Goldsmith seems to have been half the pet and half the butt of the famous literary club of which Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick were members. One night Goldsmith was tardy in his appearance at the club and the others amused themselves by composing epitaphs upon him as "The Late Dr. Goldsmith." These were read to him when he made his appearance. Upon returning to his lodging he set about writing his good-natured response, *Retaliation:*

THE DISHES AT THE BANQUET.

Of old when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish.
Our Dean shall be venison just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

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Our Will shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavor,
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savor;
Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;
That Hickey's a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! Let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunder encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

—*Retaliation.*

EPITAPH FOR EDMUND BURKE.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And though of convincing while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient;*
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

—*Retaliation.*

EPITAPH FOR DAVID GARRICK.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;

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Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce—he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish, grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave;
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

—*Retaliation.*

EPITAPH FOR SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland.
Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manner our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,

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When they judged without skill he was still hard of
hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and
stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled. . . .

—*Retaliation.*

The poem here closes abruptly in the middle of a line. For while it was in process of composition Goldsmith was seized with a fever which proved fatal. Many a wiser and perhaps better man has been less missed and less mourned than was Oliver Goldsmith. A cenotaph was erected to him in Westminster Abbey, for which Johnson composed a Latin epitaph, which, translated into English, runs thus:

JOHNSON'S EPITAPH UPON GOLDSMITH.

He left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn; of all the passions (whether smiles were to be moved or tears) a powerful yet gentle master; in genius sublime, vivid, versatile; in style elevated, clear, elegant. The love of companions, the fidelity of friends, and the veneration of readers, have by this monument honored his memory.

AN ENGLISH ELECTION.

The English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the Parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our [Chinese] Feast of the Lanterns in magnificence and splendor; it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me. Had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet

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would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys which upon this occasion die for the good of their country. To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the English assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out the public charity assemble and eat upon it; nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor until they had previously satisfied their own.

But in the election of magistrates the people seem to exceed all bounds. The merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantity of his beef and brandy. And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a good deal when he gets it for nothing. But what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good humor. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions I have seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was the general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbor without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This, then, furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get

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drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.—*The Citizen of the World.*

ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAISE.

Good people all, with one accord
  Lament for Madame Blaise,
Who never wanted a good word—
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
  And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
  Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
  With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
  Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
  And hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
  But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
  By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
  When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
  Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
  Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
  For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
  She had not died to-day.

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LADY BLARNEY AND THE HON. MISS SKEGGS.

Michaelmas Eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortification had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lambs'-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who is a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling a story was not quite so well. They were very long—and very dull, and about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's-buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next; questions-and-commands followed that; and last of all they sat down to hunt-the-slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town—Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs.

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Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement. The two ladies had been at our house to see us; and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses."

At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told that the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again.

Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation:

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this—it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as a fact, that the next day

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my Lord Duke cried out three times, to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan! bring me my garters!'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out, "*Fudge!*" —an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion."

"*Fudge!*"

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?"

"*Fudge!*"

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about with me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the lowest stuff in nature: not a bit of high life among them."

"*Fudge!*"

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there. But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"

"*Fudge!*"

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach; and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read and write, and behave in company. As for the chits about town, there's no bearing them about one."

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"*Fudge!*"

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in a day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"

"*Fudge!*"

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year make fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all of which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own the truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our own daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family.

"I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting our children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education: at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast up accounts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross-and-change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, work upon cat-gut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards."

"*Fudge!*"

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few moments in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs conde-

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scended to observe that the young ladies, from what opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments.

"But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam; there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.—*The Vicar of Wakefield.*

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still,
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amid the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

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Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam.
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find,
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother, kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
Those rocks by custom turn to beds of down,
From Art more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, Commerce, Honor, Liberty, Content,
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where Wealth and Freedom reign, Contentment fails,
And Honor sinks where Commerce long prevails.
Hence every State, to one loved blessing prone,
Confirms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
Till, carried to excess, in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain. . . .
Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though tyrants reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave Reason, Faith, and Conscience all our own.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath their spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,

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Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that loved to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmur fluctuates in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy blush of life is fled. . . .

Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart has learned to prize—

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More bent to raise the wicked than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's joy exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. . . .
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retired.
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,

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And news much older than their ale went round;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:—
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain, transitory splendor! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. . . .

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Betwixt a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore,
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied:—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds,
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth:
His seat, where solitary spoils are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendor, feebly waits its fall. . . .

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decrees
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy

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Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done.
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessels spread the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move—a melancholy band;
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And Piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet poetry—thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame!
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so!
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!
Farewell! and oh, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side—
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow—
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
And slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away,
While self-dependent power can Time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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GONCOURT, EDMOND LOUIS HUOT DE and JULES ALFRED HUOT DE, brothers and joint authors of numerous historical works. They were born in France, Edmond at Nancy, May 26, 1822, and Jules in Paris, December 17, 1830; the latter died in Paris, June 20, 1870. Among the joint productions of the brothers are *En 18—* (1851); *Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Revolution et sous la Directoire* (1854–55); *La Peinture à l'Exposition Universelle de* (1855); *Une Voiture de Masques* (1856), republished in 1876 as *Créatures de ce Temps; Portraits Intimes du XVIII^me Siècle* (1856 and 1858); *Histoire de Marie Antoinette* (1858); *Les Maîtresses de Louis XV.* (1860); *Les Hommes de Lettres* (1861), republished under the title of *Charles Demailly* (1861); *La Femme au XVIII^me Siècle* (1862); *Rénée Mauperin* (1864); *Idées et Sensations* (1866); *Manette Salomon* (1867); *L'Art de XVIII^me Siècle* (1874). Among the works of E. Goncourt are *L'Œuvre de Prudhon* (1877) and *Les Frères Zemganno*, a novel (1879). After the death of his brother, Edmond Goncourt published *L'Œuvre de Watteau* (1876); *La Fille Eliza* (1878); *La Maison d'un Artiste* (1881); *Chérie* (1884); *Madame Saint-Huberti* (1885); *Mademoiselle Clairon* (1890). Alfred Haserick's translation of *Armande*, an account by the brothers Goncourt of the adventures of the beautiful actress, was published in 1894.

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"Having traversed several schools," said Reclus in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1878, "and having learned something of each, they in their turn have become masters, and have acquired a style peculiar to themselves. It is a style of a secondary sort. In order to rank among the first, they require more strongly accentuated qualities and defects than they possess. Such as it is, their art is delicate rather than powerful, and perhaps the reader must be himself an artist to be able fully to appreciate it."

TRAINING A GYMNAST.

Stephanida Roudak had felt for her first-born son neither tenderness nor love. Neither did she feel any happier when he was near her. She had fulfilled a mother's duty toward him, but she had done nothing more. All the fierce, wild, motherly love which had been pent up in the bosom of the Bohemian was lavished upon Nello, who had come into the world twelve years after his brother. And she not only embraced and caressed him, but she pressed him to her breast with frantic love, and almost stifled him with kisses.

Gianni, who had a loving nature beneath a cold exterior, suffered from this unequal distribution of affection, but it did not awaken any feelings of jealousy toward his younger brother. He thought that his mother's preference was a very natural one, he felt that he was not beautiful, and that there was nothing in his personal appearance to flatter the pride of his mother. His youth had been somewhat sad, he said but little, and his mother had not been in a state of mind to encourage any gayety around her. Besides, he was awkward in the expression of his filial love toward her. His little brother, on the contrary, was graceful and beautiful, and had little charming, coaxing ways which caused him to be looked at with envy by other mothers, and even strangers stopped to caress him. Nello's little face was like sunshine, and he was always droll,

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always singing, or proposing little amusing games to make one laugh; those adorable infantile nothings, which are full of noise, and action, and jolly racket. He was one of those children who are a joy to everybody, and his laughing, rosy mouth and black eyes often made the troupe forget their small receipts and scanty suppers. The child was spoiled and petted by them all, although they sometimes scolded him; but noisy and talkative as he was, he would remain quiet a long time beside the taciturn Gianni, as if he liked his silence.

Nello's gymnastic education began when he was between four and five years old. At first he was only taught to develop his body, to extend his arms, to strengthen his legs, to expand his muscles, and the nerves of his childish members. But before his figure had become set, or his bones had lost their flexibility, the exercises to which Nello had to submit were made a little more difficult every day, and in a few months he had attained to great success. They accustomed the little gymnast to take one of his feet in his hand, and to lift it as high as his head, and a little later to sit down and get up, still holding it. . . .

Thus, little by little, without haste or hurry, but encouraging him with bonbons, and flattering words, and compliments which pleased his vanity, the youthful gymnast who was scarcely weaned, was taught to obtain perfect control of his body. They always placed him against a wall at first to support his arms, and they taught him to walk on his hands, to strengthen his fingers, and to accustom his spinal column to the strain which was put upon it.

At the age of seven years, Nello could perform very well the *saut de carpe*, the feat in which a little boy extended flat upon his back, springs to his feet without using his hands. Then he studied those exercises which are performed by resting the hands upon the ground: the *saut en avant*, in which the child places his hands before him and turns his body over on his feet, which are again replaced by his hands. Then the *saut du singe*, in which the child makes the same movement backward: then the *saut de l'Arabe*, a motion sideways,

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which resembled the turning of a wheel. In all these exercises Gianni's protecting hand was always around his little brother, steadying, holding, and sustaining him, ready to catch him if he seemed likely to fall; and later, when Nello had acquired more confidence, he was attached by a cord to Gianni's belt which was loosened by degrees as his work became more perfect.

The son of the Bohemian was not of a stern disposition, and he had, like his father and his brother, a singular aptitude for gymnastics. When scarcely eight years old, he could leap to a height which surpassed all his little companions, although they were all much older than he was. Old Bescape, who was looking on one day, seeing Nello leap, said to Stephanida: "Wife, do you see that?" and then he showed her the child's heels, and said, "Ah, well, some day this little one will jump like a monkey."—*The Zemganno Brothers.*



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GOOD, JOHN MASON, an English surgeon and miscellaneous writer, born at Epping, Essex, May 25, 1764; died January 2, 1827. He settled in London in 1793, and acquired a high professional reputation. He was a prolific author in several departments of literature, writing not only upon professional subjects, but biographies, essays, and poems. His *Study of Medicine* (1822) still holds its place as a standard authority. His most popular work, *The Book of Nature* (1826), was originally given in 1810 as a course of lectures of the Surrey Institute. He was well versed in many ancient and modern languages, which he learned with unusual ease. He translated the *Book of Job* and the *Song of Songs* from the Hebrew, and Lucretius's *Nature of Things* from the Latin; and, in conjunction with Gregory and Bosworth prepared a *General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature* (13 vols., 1813).

Lord Jeffrey, commenting on his translation of Lucretius, said in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1807: "Upon the whole this book is very dull, and as a translation, very flat and unpoetical; yet it is evidently the work of a man of no ordinary vigor or intelligence; it contains a very correct edition of Lucretius, with more information on the subject of his poem than can be gathered from all his other commentators put together."

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JOHN MASON GOOD

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
  Need we to prove a God is here ;
The Daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,
  Tells of His hands in lines as clear.

For who but He that arched the skies,
  And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
  Could raise the Daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
  Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
  That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
  O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
  In every step the stamp of God?



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GOODALE, ELAINE (EASTMAN) and DORA READ, sisters and joint authors of some very fair poems. They were born at Sky Farm, Mount Washington, Berkshire County, Mass., the former in 1863, and the latter in 1866. Elaine became a teacher of the Indians in the Hampton Institute in 1883, and in 1886 government teacher at White River Camp, Dakota. In 1878 they published a volume of poems entitled *Apple Blossoms*. They have since published two other volumes of poetry, *All Round the Year* and *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers*. A volume of prose by Elaine Goodale, entitled *The Journal of a Farmer's Daughter*, was published in 1881.

James Payn, the English novelist and journalist, confessed, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, that in reading the poems of the Goodale children in 1880, "so far from being prepossessed in favor of them by reason of their tender years, I have had to surmount a prejudice. I had made up my mind not to like the verses of these child-poets. But their unlooked-for merit has extorted my admiration. What strikes me as very remarkable about these poems is, that they are not echoes; the subjects are not merely imagined, but have presented themselves to the outward eyes of the writers. The two young people sing of nature; the seasons; the flowers; the clouds and the sunshine; and the

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birthdays of their parents and their friends. The poems have the air of natural effusion, and possess, in many cases, a melody that has been well described as 'the true bird-note.' It behooves those who have the guardianship of these little songsters to keep them from the bird-fanciers, to see that they are not lionized, or too much noticed. It would be a pity indeed if Elaine and Dora were to grow up Bluestockings."

ASHES OF ROSES.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

INDIAN PIPE.

Death in the wood—
Death, and a scent of decay:
Death and a horror that creeps with the blood,
And stiffens the limbs to clay;
For the rains are heavy and slow,
And the leaves are shrunken and wan,
And the winds are sobbing weary and low,
And the life of the year is gone.

Death in the wood—
Death in its fold over fold,
Death—that I shuddered and sank where I stood,
At the touch of a hand so cold—
At the touch of a hand so cold,
And the sight of a clay-white face,

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For I saw the corse of the friend I loved,
And a hush fell over the place.

Death in the wood—
Death, and a scent of decay,
Death, and a horror but half understood,
Where blank as the dead I lay ;
What curse hung over the earth,
What woe to the tribes of men,
That we felt as a death what was made for a birth—
And a birth sinking deathward again !

Death in the wood—
In the death-pale lips apart,
Death in a whiteness that curdled the blood,
Now black to the very heart :
The wonder by her was found
Who stands supreme in power ;
To show that life by the spirit comes,
She gave us a soulless flower.

WHAT IS LIFE.

The trees are barren, cold and brown,
The snow is white on vale and hill,
The gentian, aster, too, are gone,
Is there no blossom with us still?

Oh, look upon the hazel bough !
The flowers there are bright as gold,
Though all is cold and wintry now,
Their little petals still unfold.

The apples red have fallen down,
And silent is the joyous rill ;
The robin and the thrush have flown—
Is there no bird to glad us still ?

Hark ! don't you hear a gladsome song,
A merry chirp from tiny throat ?—
The snow-bird all the winter long
Will cheer us with his happy note.

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A STORM AT NIGHT.

Gray, broken clouds along the showery skies
  Lie dim behind the broad horizon line;
The night-wind through the outer darkness flies;
  Amid the green the fitful fireflies shine.

The lightning tears the heavens with sudden shock—
  Each separate leaf stands clear against the light—
The thunder crashes down from rock to rock
  Across the broken silence of the night.

The earth leaps up beneath the buried glare,
  One second all its midnight grace reveals—
Then drops the darkness on the stifling air
  That lifts and opens to the thunder-peals.

And through the moment's throbbing hush between
  The flash of lightning and the wild refrain,
You hear, amid the maple's shifting green,
  The drip and patter of the summer rain.

Now the long echoings mutter far away,
  Like some great organ, strong in gracious might—
A voice which Nature's forces must obey,
  A grand compelling power along the night.

Lower and lower sinks the mighty tone,
  Faint are the lines of fire along the sky;
The night is left in darkness and alone;
  The storm has died—and darkness too shall die!

The robins chirp within the rocking-nest,
  The eastern skies are flushing far away;
The phantom moon hangs waning in the west,
  The birds are singing at the break of day.

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GOODRICH, SAMUEL GRISWOLD, an American miscellaneous writer, born at Ridgefield, Conn., August 19, 1793; died in New York, May 9, 1860. He became a publisher, and from 1828 to 1842 edited *The Token*, an illustrated annual, to which he contributed some articles. In 1841 he established *Merry's Museum* and *Parley's Magazine*, which he edited until 1854. He was United States Consul at Paris (1848–52), and published there, in French, *Les Etats Unis, Aperçu Statistique, Historique, Géographique, Industriel et Social.* Mr. Goodrich was the author or editor of nearly two hundred volumes. Among them are *Peter Parley's Winter Evening Tales* (1829); *Stories for Long Nights* (1834); *Sketches from a Student's Window* (1836); *Sow Well and Reap Well* (1838); *The Outcast, and Other Poems* (1841); *Persevere and Prosper* (1843); *Wit Bought: or, the Adventures of Robert Merry* (1844); *Tales of Sea and Land* (1850); *Poems* (1851); *Recollections of a Lifetime: or, Men and Things I have Seen* (1857), and *Illustrated Natural History of the Animal Kingdom* (1859).

His son, FRANK BOOTT GOODRICH, born in Boston in 1826, is the author of several works, among which are *Tri-colored Sketches of Paris* (1854); *The Court of Napoleon: or, Society under the First Empire* (1857); *Man upon the Sea* (1858), and *Women of Beauty and Heroism* (1859).

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AN OLD-TIME FARM-HOUSE.

The home of this, our neighbor B—, was situated on the road leading to Salem, there being a wide space in front occupied by the wood-pile, which in these days was not only a matter of great importance, but of formidable bulk. The size of the wood-pile was indeed in some sort an index to the rank and condition of the proprietor. The house itself was a low edifice, forty feet long, and of two stories in front; the rear being what was called a *breakback*, that is, sloping down to a height of ten feet; this low part furnishing a shelter for garden tools and various household instruments. The whole was constructed of wood; the outside being of the dun complexion assumed by unpainted wood, exposed to the weather for twenty or thirty years, save only that the roof was tinged of a reddish-brown by a fine moss that found sustenance in the chestnut shingles.

To the left was the garden, which in the productive season was a wilderness of onions, squashes, cucumbers, beets, parsnips, and currants, with the never-failing tanzy for bitters, horse-radish for seasoning, and fennel for keeping old women awake in church-time. A sprig of fennel was in fact the theological smelling-bottle of the tender sex, and not unfrequently of the men, who, from long sitting in the sanctuary—after a week of labor in the field, found themselves too strongly tempted to visit the forbidden land of Nod—would sometimes borrow a sprig of fennel, and exorcise the fiend that threatened their spiritual welfare.

The interior of the house presented a parlor with plain, whitewashed walls, a home-made carpet upon the floor, calico curtains at the window, and a mirror three feet by two against the side, with a mahogany frame; to these must be added eight chairs and a cherry table, of the manufacture of Deacon Hawley. The keeping or sitting room, had also a carpet, a dozen rush-bottom chairs, a table, etc. The kitchen was large—fully twenty feet square—with a fireplace six feet wide and four feet deep. On one side it looked out upon the

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garden, the squashes and cucumbers climbing up and forming festoons over the door; on the other a view was presented of the orchard, embracing first a circle of peaches, pears, and plums, and beyond, a wide-spread clover-field, embowered with apple-trees. Just by, was the well, with its tall sweep, the old oaken bucket dangling from the pole. The kitchen was in fact the most comfortable room in the house; cool in summer, and perfumed with the breath of the garden and the orchard: in winter with its roaring blaze of hickory, it was a cosey resort, defying the bitterest blasts of the season. Here the whole family assembled at meals, save only when the presence of company made it proper to serve tea in the parlor.

The chambers were all without carpets, and the furniture was generally of a simple character. The beds, however, were of ample size and well filled with geese-feathers, these being deemed essential for comfortable people. I must say, by the way, that every decent family had its flock of geese, of course, which was picked thrice a year, despite the noisy remonstrances of both goose and gander. The sheets of the beds, though of home-made linen, were as white as the driven snow. . . .

The farm I need not describe in detail; but the orchard must not be overlooked. This consisted of three acres, covered, as I have said, with apple-trees, yielding abundantly, as well for the cider-mill as for the table, including the indispensable winter apple-sauce, according to their kinds. At springtime it is the paradise of the bees and the birds; the former filling the air with their gentle murmurs, and the latter celebrating their nuptials with all the frolic and fun of an universal jubilee. How often have I ventured into Uncle Josey's ample orchard at this joyous season, and stood entranced among the robins, blackbirds, woodpeckers, bluebirds, jays and orioles—all seeming to me like playmates, racing, chasing, singing, rollicking, in the exuberance of their joy, or perchance slyly pursuing their courtships, or even more slyly building their nests, and rearing their young.—*Recollections of a Lifetime.*

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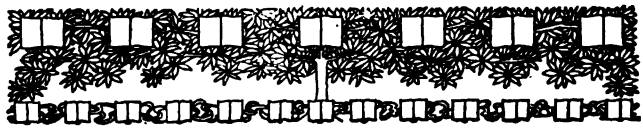
SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH

BOSTON AS A CENTRE OF CULTURE.

In 1824 Boston was notoriously the literary metropolis of the Union—the admitted "Athens of America." Edward Everett had given permanency to the *North American Review;* and though he had just left the editorial chair, his spirit dwelt in it, and his fame lingered around it. Richard H. Dana, Edward T. Channing, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, and others, were among the rising lights of the literary horizon. The newspaper press presented the witty and caustic *Galaxy*, edited by Buckingham; the dignified and scholarly *Daily Advertiser*, conducted by Nathan Hale; the frank, sensible, manly *Centinel*, under the editorial patriarch, Benjamin Russell. Channing was in the pulpit, and Webster at the bar. Society was strongly impressed with literary tastes; genius was respected and cherished; a man in those days, who had achieved literary fame, was at least equal to a president of a bank or a treasurer of a manufacturing company. The pulpit shone bright and far with the light of scholarship radiated from the names of Beecher, Greenwood, Pierpont, Lowell, Palfrey, Doane, Stone, Frothingham, Gannett. The bar also reflected the glory of letters through H. G. Otis, Charles Jackson, William Prescott, Benjamin Gorham, Willard Phillips, James T. Austin, among the older members; and Charles G. Loring, Charles P. Curtis, Richard Fletcher, Theophilus Parsons, Franklin Dexter, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Edward G. Loring, Benjamin R. Curtis, among the younger. The day had not yet come when it was glory enough for a college professor to marry a hundred thousand dollars, or when it was the chief end of a lawyer to become the attorney of an insurance company. Corporations without souls had not yet become the masters and moulders of the soul of society.

Books with a Boston imprint had a prestige equal to a certificate of good paper, good print, good binding, and good matter. Since the period I speak of, Prescott, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whipple, Holmes, Lowell, Hillard, have joined the Boston constellation of letters.—*Recollections of a Lifetime.*

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GORE, CATHERINE GRACE FRANCES (MOODY), an English novelist, born at East Retford, Notts, in 1799; died at Lyndhurst, Hampshire, January 29, 1861. She was the daughter of a wine-merchant. In 1823 she married Captain Gore. Her first novel was *Theresa Marchmont*, published in 1823. It was followed by *The Bond* (1824); *Lettre de Cachet* and *The Reign of Terror* (1827); *Women as They Are* (1830), and *Mothers and Daughters* (1831). These novels were favorably received, and Mrs. Gore continued to write, frequently publishing two novels a year. She also wrote a comedy, *School for Coquettes* (1831). Among her many works, in addition to those mentioned, are *Mrs. Armytage* (1836); *Mary Raymond* and *The Adventures of a Peeress* (1838); *Cecil: The Adventures of a Coxcomb* (1841); *The Dean's Daughter; The Hamiltons; The Ambassador's Wife; Mammon; Peers and Parvenus; Preferment; The Banker's Wife; Self; The Soldier of Lyons*, and *The Tuileries*. Her latest work was *The Two Aristocracies* (1857).

A PRUDENT WORLDLY WOMAN.

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman—a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her debut—the "best match" to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing

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at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself, that the comparative proved a superlative—even a high-sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty toward herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest "good sort of man" extant throughout the three kingdoms; and the whole routine of her after-life was regulated by the same code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world; but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society; nor, from her youth upward had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties.

She knew with arithmetical accuracy the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighborhood—the complement of laundry-maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality; nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday-school, as she sailed majestically along the aisle toward her tall, stately, pharisaical, squirearchical pew. True to the execution of her tasks—and her whole life was but one laborious task; true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue; proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers, because Sir Robert's rent-roll could afford the services of a first-rate steward and butler and house-keeper, and thus insure a well-ordered household; and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice-pudding and spelling-book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles. All went well at Beech Park; for Lady Lilfield was the "excellent wife" of "a good sort of man!"—*Women as They Are.*

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GOSSE, EDMUND WILLIAM, an English poet and critic, born in London, September 21, 1849. In 1867 he was appointed an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum, and in 1875 translator to the Board of Trade. In 1872 and 1874 he visited Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and in 1877 Holland, for the purpose of studying the literature of those countries. He is the author of *Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets* (1870); *On Viol and Flute* (1873); *King Erik*, a tragedy (1876); *The Unknown Lover* (1878); *New Poems* (1879); *Studies in Northern Literature* (1879); *Life of Gray* (1882); *From Shakespeare to Pope; Seventeenth Century Studies*, critical essays on Literature; *Firdausi in Exile, and Other Poems*, and *Raleigh*, in the "English Men of Letters" series (1886); *A Life of Congreve* (1888); *History of Eighteenth Century Literature* (1889); *Gossip in a Library* (1891); *The Secret of Narcisse*, romance (1892); *Questions at Issue*, essays (1893); *The Jacobean Poets* (1894); *In Russet and Silver*, poems (1894). He also contributed numerous essays to "Ward's English Poets" (1880–81).

CHARACTER OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In character Andersen was one of the most blameless of human creatures. A certain irritability of manner that almost amounted to petulance in his earlier days, and which doubtless arose from the sufferings of his childhood, became mellowed, as years went on, into

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something like the sensitive and pathetic sweetness of a dumb animal. There was an appeal in his physical appearance that claimed for him immunity from the rough ways of the world, a childlike trustfulness, a tremulous and confiding affectionateness that threw itself directly upon the sympathy of those around.

His personality was somewhat ungainly: a tall body, with arms of very unusual length, and features that recalled, at the first instant, the usual blunt type of the blue-eyed, yellow-haired Danish peasant. But it was impossible to hold this impression after a moment's observation. The eyes, somewhat deeply set under arching eyebrows, were full of mysterious and changing expression, and a kind of exaltation which never left the face entirely, though fading at times into reverie, gave a singular charm to a countenance that had no pretension to outward beauty. The innocence and delicacy, like the pure, frank look of a girl-child, that beamed from Andersen's face, gave it an unique character hardly to be expressed in words. Notwithstanding his native shrewdness, he seemed to have gone through the world not only undefiled by, but actually ignorant of its shadow-side.

The one least pleasing feature of his character was his singular self-absorption. It was impossible to be many minutes in his company without his referring in the naïvest way to his own greatness. The Queen of Timbuctoo had sent him this; the Pacha of Many Tails had given him such an Order; such a little boy in the street had said, "There goes the great Hans Andersen!" These reminiscences were incessant, and it was all the same to him whether a little boy or a great queen noticed him, so long as he was favorably noticed. If, however, the notice was unfavorable, he was inconsolable for the time being, and again in this case it mattered nothing from what source the censure came. The Norwegian poet Welhaven used to relate that he was once in a Copenhagen coffee-house with Andersen, when the latter, glancing at one of the lowest and most ribald publications of the hour, became suddenly excessively agitated. With trembling hands he pointed out to Welhaven a passage in which some miserable penny-a-liner

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had printed a coarse jest with an allusion to Andersen's appearance. "Is it possible," Welhaven asked, "that you, with a European reputation, care what such a man says of you in such a place?" "Yes," replied Andersen, with tears in his eyes, "I do—a little!"

This intense craving for perpetual laudation, no matter from whom, was an idiosyncrasy in Andersen's character not to be confounded with mere vulgar vanity. It sometimes assumed really magnificent proportions, as when he once said to a friend of mine, an old friend of his own, in deprecation of some fulsome praise from abroad. "It is true that I am the greatest man of letters now living, yet the praise should not be to me, but to God who has made me so." It was a strange and morbid characteristic, to be traced, no doubt, to the distressing hardships of his boyhood. It was harmless and guileless, but it was none the less fatiguing, and it was so strongly developed that no biographical sketch of him can be considered fair that does not allude to it. During his lifetime, it would have been inhuman to vex his pure spirit by dwelling on a weakness that was entirely beyond his own control; but it is only just to his own countrymen, who have been so harshly blamed for their want of sympathy with him, to mention the fact which made Andersen's constant companionship a thing almost intolerable. In a small community like that of Copenhagen, a little personal peculiarity of this kind is not so easily overlooked as in a wider circle.—*Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe.*

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Last night I woke and found between us drawn—
  Between us, where no mortal fear may creep—
  The vision of Death dividing us in sleep:
And suddenly I thought, Ere light shall down
  Some day, the substance, not the shadow, of Death
Shall cleave us like a sword. The vision passed,
But all its new-born horror held me fast,
  And till day broke I listened for your breath.
Some day to wake, and find that colored skies,

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And pipings in the woods, and petals wet,
Are things for aching memory to forget;
And that your living hands and mouth and eyes
Are part of all the world's old histories!—
Dear God! a little longer, ah, not yet!—
—Firdausi in Exile.

A PLEA.

The Preacher who hath fought a goodly fight,
And toiled for his great Master all day long,
Grows faint and harassed after even song,
And harshly chides the eager proselyte;
The sage who strode along the even height
Of narrow Justice severing wrong from wrong,
Stumbles and sinks below the common throng,
In pits of prejudice forlorn of light.
But thou, within whose veins a cooler blood
Runs reasonably quiet, brand not thou
With name of hypocrite each sunken brow;
To every son of man on earth who would
The Graces have not given it to be good,
And virtuous fruit may break the laden bough.
—Firdausi in Exile.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

He lives within the hollow wood,
From one clear dell he seldom ranges;
His daily toil in solitude
Revolves, but never changes.

A still old man, with grizzled beard,
Gray eye, bent shape, and smoke-tanned features,
His quiet footstep is not feared
By shyest woodland creatures.

I love to watch the pale blue spire
His scented labor builds above it;
I track the woodland by his fire,
And, seen afar, I love it.

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It seems among the serious trees
  The emblem of a living pleasure,
It animates the silences
  As with a tuneful measure.

And dream not that such humdrum ways
  Fold naught of nature's charm around him;
The mystery of soundless days
  Hath sought for him and found him.

He hides within his simple brain
  An instinct innocent and holy,
The music of a wood-bird's strain—
  Not blithe, nor melancholy.

He knows the moods of forest things,
  He holds in his own speechless fashion,
For helpless forms of fur and wings,
  A mild paternal passion.

Within his horny hand he holds
  The warm brood of the ruddy squirrel;
Their bushy mother storms and scolds,
  But knows no sense of peril.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese,
  His homeward trudge the rabbits follow
He finds, in angles of the trees,
  The cup-nest of the swallow.

And through this sympathy perchance,
  The beating heart of life he reaches
Far more than we who idly dance
  An hour beneath the beeches.

Our science and our empty pride,
  Our busy dream of introspection,
To God seem vain and poor beside
  This dumb, sincere reflection.

Yet he will die unsought, unknown,
  A nameless head-stone stand above him,
And the vast woodland, vague and lone,
  Be all that's left to love him.—*On Viol and Flute.*

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THE GOLDEN ISLES.

Sad would the salt waves be,
And cold the singing sea,
And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven-stringed lyre,
If things were what they seem,
If life had no fair dream,
No mirage made to tip the dull sea-line with fire.

Then Sleep would have no light,
And Death no voice or sight,
Their Sister Sorrow, too, would be as blind as they,
And in this world of doubt
Our souls would roam about,
And find no song to sing and no word good to say.

Or else, in cloud and gloom
The soul would read her doom,
And sing a rune obscure above a murky sea,
Dark phrases that would wrong
The crystal point of song,
For limpid as a pearl the poet's thought should be. . . .

But on the shores of time,
Harkening the breakers' chime
Falling by day and night along our human sand,
The poet sits and sees,
Borne on the morning breeze,
The phantom islands float a furlong from the land.

The reverend forms they bear
Of islands famed and fair,
On whose keen rocks, of old, heroic fleets have struck,
Whose marble dells have seen
In garments pale and green
The nymphs and gods go by to bring the shepherds luck.

White are their crags, and blue
Ravines divide them through,
And like a violet shell their cliffs recede from sight;
Between their fretted capes
Fresh isles in lovely shapes
Die in the horizon pale, and lapse in liquid light. . . .

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There mines of Parian be
Hid from the sun's clear eyes,
And waiting still the lamp, the hammer, and the axe:
And he who, pensive sees
These nobler Cyclades,
Forgets the ills of life, and nothing earthly lacks.

But many an one, in vain,
Puts out across the main,
And thinks to leap on land and tread that magic shore;
He comes, for all his toil,
No nearer to their soil.
The isles are floating on, a furlong still before.

The poet sits and smiles,
He knows the golden isles,
He never hopes to win their cliffs, their marble mines,
Reefs where their green sea raves,
The coldness of their caves,
The felspars full of light, their rosy corallines.

All these he oft has sought,
Led by his travelling thought,
Their glorious distance hides no inward charm from him;
He would not have their day
To common light decay,
He loves their mystery best and bids their shapes be dim.

Content to know them there,
Hung in the shining air,
He trims no foolish sail to win the hopeless coast,
His vision is enough,
To feed his soul with love,
And he who grasps too much may even himself be lost.

He knows that, if he waits,
One day the well-worn gates
Of life will ope and send him westward o'er the wave;
Then will he reach ere night
The isles of his delight,
But they must float until they anchor in the grave.

—*On Viol and Flute.*

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GOSSE, PHILIP HENRY, an English naturalist, born at Worcester, April 6, 1810; died at Torquay, August 23, 1888. When seventeen years old he went to Newfoundland, and employed his leisure in collecting insects, and making colored drawings of them. After eight years in Newfoundland, he spent three years in Canada, studying zoölogy and entomology. Thence he went to Alabama. In 1839 he returned to England, and the following year published *The Canadian Naturalist.* A sojourn of eighteen months in Jamaica led to his producing *The Birds of Jamaica* and *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.* Among his other works are *A Naturalist's Ramble on the Devonshire Coast; Tenby: a Seaside Holiday* (1856); *Omphalos, an Attempt to untie the Gordian Knot* (1857); *Evenings with the Microscope* (1859); *Actinologia Britannica, a History of the British Sea Anemones and Corals* (1860); *The Romance of Natural History,* two series (1860–62); *Land and Sea, Marine Geology* (1865); *Sacred Streams: Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible; Wonders of the Great Deep,* and *The Prehensile Armature of the Papilionidæ* (1885).

A MYSTERIOUS SOUND.

In the forests of Lower Canada and the New England States I have often heard in Spring a mysterious sound, of which to this day I know not the author.

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Soon after night sets in, a metallic sound is heard from the most sombre forest swamps, where the spruce and the hemlock give a peculiar density to the woods known as the "black growth." The sound comes up clear and regular, like the measured tinkle of a cow-bell, or the action of a file upon a saw. It goes on, with intervals of interruption, throughout the hours of darkness. People attribute it to a bird, which they call the "Whetsaw;" but nobody pretends to have seen it, so that this can only be considered conjecture, though a highly probable one.

The monotony and pertinacity of this note had a strange charm for me, increased doubtless by the mystery that hung over it. Night after night it would be heard in the same spot, invariably the most sombre and gloomy recesses of the black-timbered woods. I occasionally watched for it, resorting to the woods before sunset, and waiting till darkness; but, strange to say, it refused to perform under such conditions. The shy and recluse bird—if bird it is—was doubtless aware of the intrusion, and on its guard. Once I heard it under peculiarly wild circumstances. I was riding late at night, and just at midnight came to a very lonely part of the road, where the black forest rose on each side. Everything was profoundly still, and the measured tramp of my horse's feet on the frozen road was felt as a relief to the deep and oppressive silence; when suddenly, from the sombre woods, rose the clear metallic tinkle of the whetsaw. The sound, all unexpected as it was, was very striking, and though it was bitterly cold, I drew up for some time to listen to it. In the darkness and silence of the hour, that regularly measured sound, proceeding too from so gloomy a spot, had an effect on my mind solemn and unearthly, yet not unmingled with pleasure.—*The Romance of Natural History.*

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GOSSON, STEPHEN, an English dramatist and clergyman, born in 1555; died February 13, 1624. He was admitted as Scholar of Christ Church College when sixteen or thereabouts. In 1576 he went to London, engaged in literary work, and wrote several plays, among them *Catlin's Conspiracies*, *Captain Mario*, a comedy, and *Praise at Parting*, a "moral." He also wrote poetry, and is mentioned by Francis Meres, in his *Wits Treasury*, with Sidney and Spenser, Fraunce and Barnefield, as one of the best of contemporary pastoral poets. He was an actor as well as a writer of plays, but "perceiving such a Gordian knot of disorder in every playhouse as would never be loosed without extremitie," he "thought it better with Alexander to draw ye sword that should knappe it asunder at one stroke than to seeke overnicely or gingerly to undoe it." He therefore forsook the stage in 1579, and published *The School of Abuse*, which he set forth as "containing a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwelth." The *School* was dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, and is supposed to have inspired that author's *Apologie for Poetrie*. Gosson then became a tutor in the country, studied divinity, in 1591 was appointed by the Queen Rector of Great Wigborough, and in 1600 Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, London, where he ministered until his death. *The School of Abuse*

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called forth numerous replies which were answered by Gosson in *Playes Confuted, in five actions; A short Apologie of the School of Abuse, The Anatomie of Abuse*, etc. *The Ephemerides of Phialo* (1579) "is directed against sucarere and courtisans." His warfare was against not the written but the acted drama. In the *Playes Confuted* he says: "Whatsoever such plays as conteine good matter, are set out in print, may be read with profite, but cannot be played without a manifest breach of God's commandment. . . . Action, pronuntiation, apparel, agility, musicke, severally considered are the good blessings of God, nothing hurtful of their owne nature, yet being bound up together in a bundle to set out the pompe, the plaies the inventions of the Divell, it is abominable in the sight of God, and not to be suffered among Christians."

EXHORTATION TO ACTIVITY.

If it be the dutie of every man in a commonwealth, one way or other to bestirre his stumpes, I cannot but blame those lither contemplators very much, which sit concluding of Sillogisms in a corner, which in a close study in the University coope themselves up fortie yeres togither studying all thinges, and professe nothing. The Bell is known by his sounde, the Byrde by her voyce, the Lyon by his rore, the Tree by the fruite, a man by his workes. To continue so long without mooving, to read so much without teaching, what differeth it from a dumbe picture, or a deade body? No man is borne to seeke private profite: parte for his countrie, parte for his friendes, parte for himselfe. The foole that comes into a fayre Garden, likes the beautie of flowers, and stickes them in his Cap: the Phisition considereth their nature, and puttes them in the potte: in the one they wither without profite; in the other they serve to the health of the bodie. He that readeth goode writers,

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and pickes out their flowers for his owne nose, is lyke a foole; he that preferreth their vertue before their sweet smel is a good Phisition. When Anacharsis traveled over all Greece, to seeke out wise men, hee founde none in Athens, though, no doubt there were many good scholers there. But comming to Chenas a blind village, in comparison of Athens a Paltockes Inne, he found one Miso, well governing his house, looking to his grounde, instructing his children, teaching his family, making of marriages among his acquayntance, exhorting his neighbours to love, and friendeship and preaching in life, whom, the Philosopher, for his scarcitie of woordes, plenty of workes, accompted the onelye wise man that ever he saw. I speak not this to preferr Botley before Oxeford, a cottage of clownes before a colledge of Muses; Pan's pipe, before Apollo's harp. But to showe you that poore Miso can reade you such a lecture of Philosophie as Aristotle never dreamed on. You must not thrust your heades in a tubbe, and say, Benè vixit qui benè latuit: He hath lived well, that hath loitred well: standing streames geather filth; flowing rivers are ever sweet. Come forth with your sickles, the Harvest is greate, the laborers few, pul up the sluces, let out your springes, give us drink of your water, light of your torches, and season us a little with the Salt of your knowledge. Let Phœnix and Achilles, Demosthenes and Phocion, Pericles and Cimon, Laelius and Scipio, Nigidius and Cicero, the word and the sword be knit together. Set your talents a worke, lay not up your tresure for taking rust, teach earely and late, in time and out of time, sing with the swan to the last houre. Folowe the dauncing Chaplens of Gradinus Mass, which chaunt the praises of their god with voyces, and treade out the time with their feete. Play the good captaines, exhort your souldiers with your tonges to fight, and bring the first ladder to the wall yourselves. Sound like Bels and shine like Lanternes. Thunder in words and glister in works, so shall you please God, profite your country, honor your prince, discharge your duetie, give up a good account of your stewardship, and leave no sinne untouched, no abuse unrebuked, no fault unpunished.—*The School of Abuse.*

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GOTTSCHALL, RUDOLPH VON, German dramatist, poet, novelist, and general writer, born at Breslau, Prussia, September 30, 1823. His poems display a rich imagination and he has been a fertile writer of both comedy and tragedy. In 1842 a second edition of *Lieder der Gegenwart* (Songs of the Present Time) appeared. *Madonna and Magdalene* (1843); *Die Gottinn* (The Goddess, 1852), and a drama called *Lambertine de Mericourt* (1851) added greatly to their author's fame. He also wrote other plays and some novels, as *The Heritage of Blood* (1882), *The Paper Princess* (1883), etc.

What is known in Germany as *die waldbusse*—"the forest fine"—is the penalty imposed for gathering wood in the forests without authority. It is the subject of one of Gottschall's popular poems.

THE FOREST FINE.

There stands the Cottage-Girl so poor,
Her thoughts the charge upon :—
"Oh, guilty is the wind alone
Which tore the branches down.

"The forest ward is all your own,
And all its trees so high ;
As far as eye can range they stand ;
Their glory fills the sky.

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"The young birch-wood down in the vale,
Its branches white and trim;
They glimmer as the moonbeams do
When the moon is down and dim.

"This tent of oaks, so grand and old,
Their arms outstretching far;
A world of song is cradled here,
The thousand-voiced choir.

"But ours alone are the sweet gales;
The violets on the ground;
Glad songs of birds, which from the breasts
Of thickets deep resound.

"I took but what the tempest's breath
For beggars scattered wide—
A charity from tree and shrub,
Their overgrowths provide."

The keeper looked her in the face,
So sweet, so angel-pure;
Then, following duty, slowly wrote
Her name as "Trespass-Doer."

"Forbidden gatherings have you there
From out the forest-ward;
And, did I not wink at the offence,
It would with you go hard.

"And, though these eyes of mine do wink,
Forbidden gatherings yet
They gather up, which suddenly
My heart on fire have set.

"Go, go, poor maid, unfearing home,
Free pardon I impart;
Here from the book I take your name,
And write it in my heart!"

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GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG, an American poet, born at Lancaster, Mass., in 1789; died at Newburyport, September 5, 1865. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, who removed with his family to Newburyport in 1800. Her first volume of poems was published in 1832, another in 1836, and another in 1841. She also published a collection of prose sketches, *Gathered Leaves* (1846); *The Diosma*, poems original and selected (1850); *The Youth's Coronal* (1851); *The Mother's Dream and other Poems* (1853), and *Hymns and Poems for Children* (1854). Her works are written in a simple and pleasing style.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;—
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There's none can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big round earth.
The children of men arise and pass,
Out of the world like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

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The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak.
And as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said:
"A modest Acorn—never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its simple cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth:
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And, oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"—
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

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HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

IT SNOWS.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,

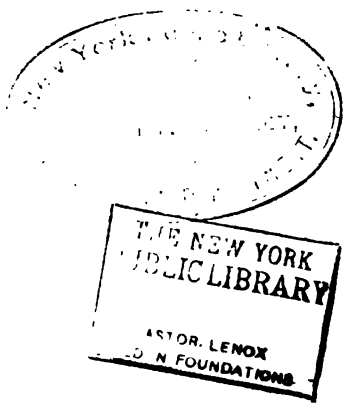
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IT SNOWS.

"It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly!"

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Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall,
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.

But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud;
It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls,
At length a mighty wing unfurls;
And then, away! but where none knows,
Or ever will.—It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then, out will come the golden sun;
And we shall see, upon the run
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus, with life, it ever goes;
'Tis shade and shine!—it snows! it snows!

THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

"Come, grandfather, show how you carried your gun,
To the field, where American freedom was won,
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men;
And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,
When the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirred in the veteran's breast
The embers of fires that had long been at rest.
The blood of his youth rushed anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his weary campaigns;

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His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of fourscore.

"I carried my musket, as one that must be
But loosed from the hold of the dead or the free!
And fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,
In the hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame freely I felt
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt!

"I sprinkled my blood upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum I trod.
From the fort on the Hudson, our guns I depressed,
The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest.
I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes, and White Plains,
And offered for freedom to empty my veins!

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st where I've
been,
Why my brow is so furrowed, my locks white and thin—
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties, and sparkle like thine;
Or why so unstable this tremulous knee,
Who bore 'sixty years since,' such perils for thee?

"What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to start?
Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart.
It has not much longer to glow with the joy
I feel thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
A man, thou'lt recall what, a babe, thou art told."

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GOWER, JOHN, an English poet, born about 1325; died in the priory of St. Mary Overies, Southwark, in 1408. He was a gentleman of good estate, studied law, and is said to have reached the dignity of Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He was a friend of Chaucer, who styles him "the moral Gower," and dedicated to him his *Troilus and Cressida*. Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, represents Venus as styling Chaucer "my disciple and my poete." Besides several minor poems, Gower is known to have written the *Speculum Amantis*, a treatise on married life, in French verse, which is supposed to have perished; the *Vox Clamantis*, describing in Latin elegiacs the insurrection of the Commons under Richard II., which exists only in manuscript; and the *Confessio Amantis*, a poem in English, said to have been written at the suggestion of King Richard II. This poem, finished about 1393, was first printed by Caxton in 1483. A new edition, with a Life of Gower and a Glossary, by Dr. Reinhold Pauli (3 vols., 8vo), appeared in London in 1857. The *Confessio Amantis* contains some thirty thousand lines, and as a whole is rather tedious; but it is relieved by several episodes drawn from various sources, notably from the collection of stories known as the *Gesta Romanorum*. Among these is the "Two Caskets."

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THE STORY OF THE TWO CASKETS.*

In a cronique this I rede :
Aboute a king, as moste nede
Ther was of knyghtes and squiers
Great route, and eke of officers :
Some of long time him had hadden served,
And thoughten that they have deserved
Advancement, and gon withoute :
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but awhile agon
And they advanced were anon.
These old men, upon this thing,
So as they durst agein the king,
Among hemself compleignen ofte :
But there is nothing said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste :
The king it wiste, and als so faste,
As he which was of high prudénce :
He shope therfore an evidence
Of hem that pleignen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defalte it was ;
And all within his owne entent,
That none ma wiste what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich, that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe :
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom slih ;
Whan he therto his time sih,
All prively, that none it wiste,
His owne hondes that one chiste

* The following is a Glossary of the principal words which are either obsolete, or are used in an obsolete signification :
Afyn, at last. *Chese*, chose. *Everychon*, everyone. *Erliche*, early. *Fette*, fetched. *Forthy*, therefore. *Goth*, go. *Hem*, them. *Hemself*, themselves. *Her*, their. *Lese*, lose. *Lich*, like. *Meynd*, mingled. *Mull*, rubbish. *Perie*, jewels. *Reguerdon*, recompense. *Sih*, saw. *Seie*, seen. *Seith*, sayeth to. *That*, that which. *Tho*, those, or them. *Wite*, blame. *Yerd*, a rod.

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Of fin gold, and of fin perie,
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full ;
That other cofre of straw and mull
With stones meynd he fild also :
Thus be they full bothé two.
So that erliche upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and faire spred :
And then he let the cofres fette
Upon the bord, and did hem sette,
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche agein him grutched so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle ;
And seide to him in this wise :
There shall no man his hap despise :
I wot well ye have longe served,
And God wot what ye have deserved ;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothe shall be proved now ;
To stoppe with your evil word,
Lo ! here two cofres on the board ;
Chese which you list of bothe two ;
And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happe therupon
Ye shall be riche men for ever :
Now, chese, and take which you is lever,
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
Ther is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement ;
For, but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your owne chance,
Al only in defalte of grace ;
So shall be shewed in this place

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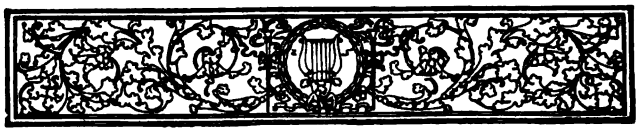
Upon you all well afyn,
That no defalte shall be myn.
They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois:
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside, and hem avise,
And at laste they accorde
(Whereof her tale to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall speke for hem alle:
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese,
Ben all avised for to chese.
Tho toke this knyght a yerd on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone
He leith his yerde upon one,
And seith the king how thike same
They chese in reguerdom by name,
And preith him that they might it have.
The king, which wolde his honor save,
When he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,
And took hem thereupon the keie;
But for he wolde it were seie
What good they have as they suppose,
He bade anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones
Thus be they served all at ones.
This king than, in the same stede
Anon that other cofre undede,
Wher as they sihen gret richesse,
Wel more than they couthen gesse,
Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthy myself I wol aquite,
And bereth ye your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused:
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king beseche.

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THE STORY OF FABRICIUS.

In a Croniq I fynde thus
How that Caius Fabricius
Wich whilome was consul of Rome
By whome the lawes yede and come,
Whan the Sampnitees to him brouht
A somme of golde, and hym by sought
To done hem fauoure in the lawe,
Towarde the golde he gan hym drawe:
Whereof, in alle mennes loke,
A parte into his honde he tooke,
He put hit for to smelle and taste,
And to his ihe and to his ere,
Bot he ne fonde no comfort there:
And thanne he began it to despise,
And told unto hem in this wise:
"I not what is with golde to thryve,
Whan none of alle my wittes fyve
Fynt savour ne delite ther inne;
So is it bot a nyce sinne
Of golde to ben so coveitous.
Bot he is riche an glorious
Wich hath in his subieccion
The men which in possession
Ben riche of golde and by this skille,
For he may alday whan he wille,
Or be him leef or be him loth,
Justice don vppon hem both."
Lo thus he seide, and with that worde
He threw to fore hem on the borde
The golde out of his honde anon,
And seide hem that he wolde none
So that he kepte his liberte,
To do justice and equite
Without lucre of such richesse.

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GRAHAME, JAMES, a Scottish poet, born at Glasgow, April 22, 1765; died there, September 14, 1811. He was educated at Edinburgh, studied law, and practised his profession until 1809, when he went to England and took orders in the Anglican Church, with favorable prospects. But in two years ill-health compelled him to give up his curacy and return to Scotland. His poems all have a religious cast, and were mainly written while he was engaged in legal practice. He wrote *Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*, a tragedy (1801); *The Sabbath* and *Sabbath Walks* (1804–5); *Birds of Scotland* (1806); *British Georgics* (1809), and *Poems on the Abolition of the Slave Trade* (1810).

Few poets have been more highly commended by eminent authorities than this genial, whole-souled Scotchman. Said his contemporary, John Wilson—"Christopher North":

> "Thou didst despise
> To win the ear of this degenerate age
> By gorgeous epithets, all idly heaped
> On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,
> By tinkling measures and unchasten'd lays,
> Warbled to pleasure and her siren-train,
> Profaning the best name of poesy."

And James Montgomery, another fellow-poet, in his *Lectures on Literature*, said: "His taste was singular, and his manner correspondent. The

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general tenor of his style is homely, and frequently so prosaic that its peculiar graces appear in their full lustre from the contrast of meanness that surrounds them. His readers may be few; but whoever does read him will probably be oftener surprised into admiration than in the perusal of any one of his contemporaries. The most lively, the most lovely sketches of natural scenery, of minute imagery and of exquisite incident, unexpectedly developed, occur in his compositions, with ever-varying yet ever-assimilating features."

A PRESENT DEITY.

O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a present Deity in all.
It is his presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream,
To think that He who hears the heavenly choirs
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He who rolls yon solar sphere
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear His awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel His care for all that lives—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there
Would please my sight, and tell of Thee!
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault by day, by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole,
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shows forth his handiwork!"

—*The Sabbath.*

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SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze,
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gentle down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares his heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.

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Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
—*The Sabbath.*

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart! pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks:
How peaceful every sound!—the ringdove's plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
The grasshopper's oft pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circles gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scapes,

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Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent-sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass;
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep; the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range—
It was not wide—no dog would bay at him;
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rustic cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on the way!
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
That copse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appear,
Flowers faintly tinged and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, from the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leafed thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs

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With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch,
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.
  The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.
  But now let me explore the deep-sunk dell.
No footprint, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.

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Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night winds sweep the gathering drift away;
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

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GRAINGER, JAMES, a Scottish poet and physician, was born, probably at Dunse in Berwickshire, at a date variously given as 1721 to 1724; and died at Saint Christopher, West Indies, December 16, 1766. At an early age he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Edinburgh; and later obtained the appointment of surgeon to Pulteney's regiment of foot. He served in that capacity during the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, and also in Germany. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he sold his commission, and began to practise as a physician in London, but with no great success. In 1758 he was appointed physician in Saint Christopher, where he resided till his death. Grainger's best poem is his *Ode on Solitude* (1755), which was highly praised by Dr. Johnson. He wrote also a didactic poem of no great merit, called *The Sugar Cane* (1764); a translation of the Elegies of Tibullus (1759), which was savagely reviewed by Smollet; the ballad of *Bryan and Pereene*, published in *Percy's Reliques;* a medical treatise entitled *Historia Febris Anomalæ Bataviae, Annorum 1746–48* (1753), and an *Essay on the more common West Indian diseases* (1764).

"In person," writes Gordon Goodwin, "he was tall and of a lathy make, plain-featured, and deeply marked with the small-pox. Despite a broad provincial accent his conversation was very pleasing."

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ODE TO SOLITUDE.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.
  Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated Empiric, puffed Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face—
Ignorant of the time and place—
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buckskins, steeped in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.
  Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue, void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing, artless Modesty.
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.
  You, with the tragic muse retired,

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The wise Euripides inspired ;
You taught the sadly pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare ;
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of woe ;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vancluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid ;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien ;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay ;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn :
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young !
When all Nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your caverned den,
And wander o'er the works of men ;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,

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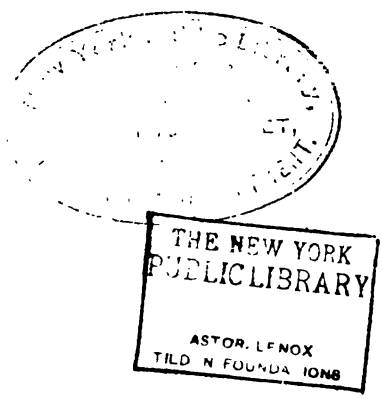
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfall behind.
You sink to rest,
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighboring poplar's height,
Wakes you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.
With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bauble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before Thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosms Thine.

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SARAH GRAND.

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GRAND, SARAH FRANCES ELIZABETH (CLARKE), a novelist, is a native of Ireland, but of English parents. She was educated at Twickenham and Kensington; was married at sixteen to an army-officer; and accompanied her husband to Ceylon, Singapore, China, Japan, and Egypt. Her novel *Ideala* was published at her own expense in 1888. *Singularly Deluded*, written much earlier, was published by Mr. Blackwood in 1892. *The Heavenly Twins*, after many rejections, was published by Heinemann in 1893, and was an immediate success. *Our Manifold Nature*, a collection of short stories, appeared in 1894. She is also a prolific magazine writer.

"In *The Heavenly Twins*," writes a reviewer in the London *Athenæum*, "there are at least two stories, that of the heavenly twins, which gives the book its title, and that of Evadne, the wife who was no wife. The twins, Angelica and Diavolo, young barbarians utterly devoid of all respect, conventionality, or decency, are among the most delightful and amusing children in fiction. The conception of two such little monsters, and the frank description of the superfluity of their naughtiness without encroachment on the domains of the improbable, would alone have been remarkable; but to have made them at the same time

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lovable, and to have related their unconventional escapades with the delicacy and good taste of Sarah Grand, shows something more than mere cleverness. In the story of Evadne, which is really quite unconnected with the other except from the accident that Evadne happened to know the twins, the author has surmounted a great difficulty with success. Evadne's story is briefly this: She is a thoughtful and clever girl of strong will who marries a man thinking him to be all that is good and noble. On her wedding-day she discovers that his character has been that of a 'man of pleasure,' and she only consents to stay with him on the condition that they shall not live in the relations of husband and wife, in spite of all protests from her parents and her friends, and though it is represented to her that she might be the means of elevating him; and she never swerves from her determination. The difficulty lies not in making the reader intellectually approve of her position—the natural tendency would be theoretically to justify such a character, but to regard her as almost repulsively cold and heartless, especially as the husband loyally abides by the arrangement and is represented as rather gentlemanly and pleasant than otherwise—but in so vividly describing the state of her mind and the womanliness of her nature that the only feeling of the reader is sympathy and pity for her; and this Sarah Grand has done. She has created a true and delicate woman, not a strong-minded female made up of cold abstractions, whom one instinctively thinks of as wearing pince-nez and short hair."

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BURSTING BUDS OF GENIUS.

One wet day they chose to paint in Evadne's room because they could not go out. She found pictures, and got everything ready for them good-naturedly, and then they set themselves down at a little table opposite each other ; but the weather affected their spirits, and made them both fractious. They wanted the same picture to begin with, and only settled the question by demolishing it in their attempts to snatch it from each other. Then there was only one left between them, but happily they remembered that artists sometimes work at the same picture, and it further occurred to them that it would be an original method—or "funny," as they phrased it—for one of them to work at it wrong-side up. So Angelica daubed the sky blue on her side of the table, and Diavolo flung green on the fields from his. They had large genial mouths at that time, indefinite noses, threatening to turn up a little, and bright dark eyes, quick glancing, but with no particular expression in them—no symptom either of love or hate, nothing but living interest. It was pretty to see Diavolo's fair head touching Angelica's dark one across the little table ; but when it came too close Angelica would dunt it sharply out of the way with her own, which was apparently the harder of the two, and Diavolo would put up his hand and rub the spot absently. He was too thoroughly accustomed to such sisterly attentions to be altogether conscious of them.

The weather darkened down.

"I wish I could see," he grumbled.

"Get out of your own light," said Angelica.

"How can I get out of my own light when there isn't any light to get out of ?"

Angelica put her paint-brush in her mouth, and looked up at the window thoughtfully.

"Let's make it into a song," she said.

"Let's," said Diavolo, intent upon making blue and yellow into green.

"No light have we, and that we do resent,
And, learning this, the weather will relent,
Repent! Relent! Ah-men,"

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Angelica sang. Diavolo paused with his brush half way to his mouth, and nodded intelligently.

"Now!" said Angelica, and they repeated the parody together, Angelica making a perfect second to Diavolo's exquisite treble.

Evadne looked up from her work surprised. Her own voice was contralto, but it would have taken her a week to learn to sing a second from the notes, and she had never dreamt of making one.

"I didn't know you could sing," she said.

"Oh, yes, we can sing," Angelica answered cheerfully. "We've a decided talent for music."

"Angelica can make a song in a moment," said Diavolo. "Let me paint your nose green, Evadne."

"You can paint mine if you like," said Angelica.

"No, I sha'n't. I shall paint my own."

"No, you paint mine, and I'll paint yours," Angelica suggested.

"Well, both together, then," Diavolo answered.

"Honest Injin," Angelica agreed, and they set to work.

Evadne sat with her embroidery in her lap and watched them. Their faces would have to be washed in any case, and they might as well be washed for an acre as for an inch of paint. She never nagged with, "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," about everything, if their offences could be summed up, and wiped out in some such way all at once.

"We'll sing you an anthem some day," Angelica presently promised.

"Why not now?" said Evadne.

"The spirit does not move us," Diavolo answered.

"But you may forget," said Evadne.

"We never forget our promises," Angelica protested as proudly as was possible with a green nose.

Nor did they, curiously enough. They made a point of keeping their word, but in their own way, and this one was kept in due course. The time they chose was when a certain Grand Duke was staying in the house. They had quite captivated him, and he expressed a wish to hear them sing.

"Shall we?" said Diavolo.

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"We will," said Angelica. "Not because he's a prince, but because we promised Evadne an anthem, and we might as well do it now," she added with true British independence.

The prince chuckled.

"What shall it be?" said Diavolo, settling himself at the piano. He always played the accompaniments.

"*Papa*, I think," said Angelica.

"What is '*Papa*'?" Lady Adeline asked anxiously.

"Very nice, or you wouldn't have married him," answered Angelica. "Go on, Diavolo. If you sing flat, I'll slap you."

"If you're impertinent, miss, I'll put you out," Diavolo retorted.

"Go on," said Evadne sharply, fearing a fight.

But to everybody's intense relief the prince laughed, and then the twins' distinguished manners appeared in a new and agreeable light.

"*Papa—Papa—Papa—*" they sang—"*Papa—says—that we—that w—— that we are little devils! and so we are—we are—we are and ever shall be—world without end.*"

"*I am a chip*," Diavolo trilled exquisitely; "*I am a chip.*"

"*Thou art a chip—Thou art a chip*," Angelica responded.

"*We are both chips*," they concluded harmoniously—"*chips of the old—old block! And as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end! Amen!*"

"You sang that last phrase flat, you—*pulp!*" cried Angelica.

"I can't both sing and play," Diavolo protested.

"You'll say you can't eat and breathe next," she retorted, giving his hair a tug.

"What do you do that for?" he demanded.

"Just to waken you up," she answered.

"Are they always like this?" the prince asked, much edified.

"This is nothing," groaned Mr. Hamilton-Wells.

"Nothing if it is not genius," the prince suggested gracefully.

"The ineffectual genius of the nineteenth century, I fancy, which betrays itself by strange incongruities and

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contrasts of a violent kind, but is otherwise unproductive," Mrs. Orton Beg whispered incautiously.

Lady Adeline looked up: "I could not help hearing," she said.

"Oh, Adeline, I am sorry!" Mrs. Orton Beg exclaimed.

"*I* thank you," said Lady Adeline, sighing. "Courtly phrases are pleasant plums, even to latter-day palates which are losing all taste for such dainties; but they are not nourishing. I would rather know my children to be merely naughty, and spend my time in trying to make them good, than falsely flatter myself that there is anything great in them, and indulge them on that plea, until I had thoroughly confirmed them in faults which I ought to have been rigorously repressing.—*The Heavenly Twins.*



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GRANT, ANNE (MACVICAR), a Scottish poet. born in Glasgow, February 21, 1755; died in Edinburgh, November 7, 1838. She is commonly styled "Mrs. Grant of Laggan," to distinguish her from "Mrs. Grant of Carron," the author of the song *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*. Her father was an officer in a Highland regiment, and early in his daughter's childhood was stationed at Claverack, N. Y., where he was joined by his family. The child learned to speak Dutch, was taught to read by her mother, and to write by a sergeant in her father's company. In 1762 Mrs. Schuyler became interested in her, and took the child into her household, where she remained for several years. Her father resigned his position in the army, and settled in Vermont, but broken health led him to return to Scotland when his daughter was about thirteen years old. In 1779 she married the Rev. James Grant, and removed to the parish of Laggan, in Inverness-shire. In order to be of assistance to her husband, she applied herself to the study of Gaelic, in which she could soon converse fluently. In 1801 she was left a widow with eight children, and with insufficient means for their maintenance. To aid in the support of her children she collected and published a number of poems which she had written without thought of publication. The

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volume *The Highlander and other Poems* appeared in 1803, and met with a success that encouraged Mrs. Grant to continue literary work. She also undertook the education of several young girls of good family. In 1806 she published *Letters from the Mountains*, and the *Memoirs of an American Lady*, Mrs. Margarita Schuyler, in 1808. *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders* appeared in 1810. *Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen*, a volume of verses, in 1814, and *Popular Warnings for the Sons and Daughters of Industry*, in 1815. She afterward made numerous translations from the Gaelic, for one of which she received, in 1824, the gold medal of the Highland Society. A sketch of her life, begun by her when she was seventy years old, was completed and published, together with a collection of her letters, by her son, in 1844. In 1827 she was awarded a pension by the British Government. The *Memoirs of an American Lady* is an entertaining picture of life in the New World. The author's warm admiration of royalty led her in her final chapters to indulge in sad forebodings for the future of the country which freed itself from the rule of kings.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
  For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
  Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
  The deer that range the mountain free,

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The graceful doe, the stately hart,
  Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
  Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor,
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
  Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valor's crest and beauty's power
Oft hast thou decked, a favorite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
  Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
  Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
  Of peace and freedom seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
  And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
  Alas, when distant, far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
  Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

THE HIGHLAND POOR.

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest—where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honor's charms,

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Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes—fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confessed,
Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
And chased the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banished joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The "still small voice" of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary woe one languid smile:
Yet what they can they do—the scanty store,
So often opened for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when the evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the Spring.
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain;
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.
Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they divide a part,
Humbly they own that all they have is given,
A boon precarious, from indulgent Heaven:
And the next blighted crop or frosty spring,
Themselves to equal indigence may bring!

—*The Highlander.*

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APPARITIONS.

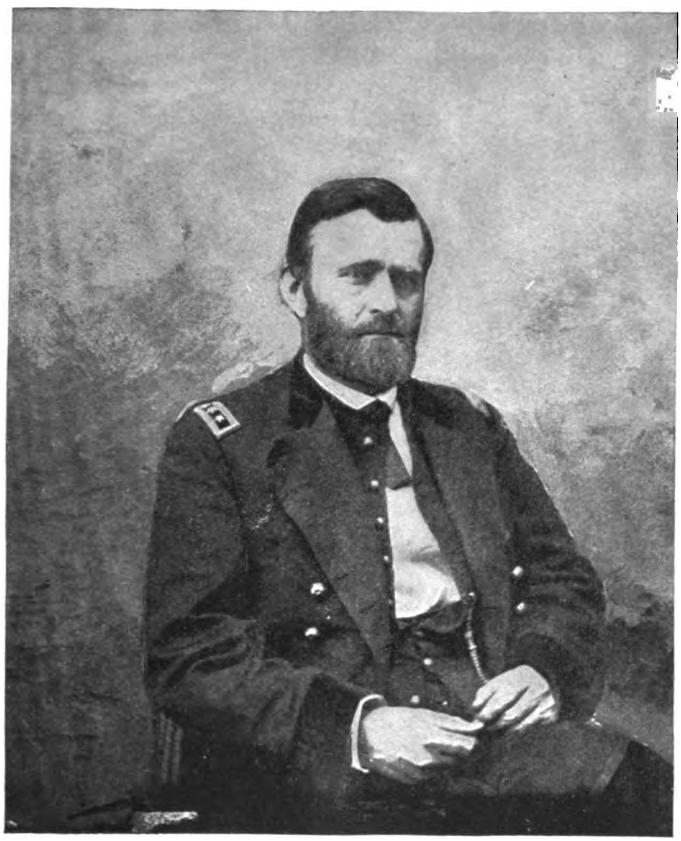
It was in the first place, laid down as a principle, that when evil spirits were permitted to assume any visible form to disturb or dismay any individual, such permission was in consequence of some sin committed, or some duty neglected by the person so visited: sometimes want of submission, but oftenest of all want of faith, as they style it: that is, want of confidence in the divine protection and aid, which the Highlanders account a dreadful sin. Undue confidence—what they call emphatically tempting Providence—is another sin punishable with this species of dereliction. They believe, for instance, that a spirit is never seen by more than one person at a time: that these shadowy visitors are permitted to roam in the darkness, to awake terror, or to announce fate to those who do not sufficiently respect the order that obtains in this particular, either to stay in at night, or take some other person along with them for a protection. If they are commanded by any one whom they are bound to obey, to go out at night, they are less liable to these visitations. At all times, if they mark the approach of the apparition, and adjure it in the name of the Trinity to retire, it can do them no hurt. But then, these spectres sometimes approach so suddenly, that they are seized with breathless terror, which prevents articulation. Or the spirit appearing in some familiar form, is mistaken for a living person till it is too late to recede.

In the stillness of noon, or in a solitary place, at the instant one is speaking of them, the dead are sometimes seen in the day-time, passing transiently, or standing before one. But this is merely a momentary glimpse that continues only while the eye can be kept fixed on the vision, which disappears the moment the eyelid falls.—*Superstitions of the Highlanders.*

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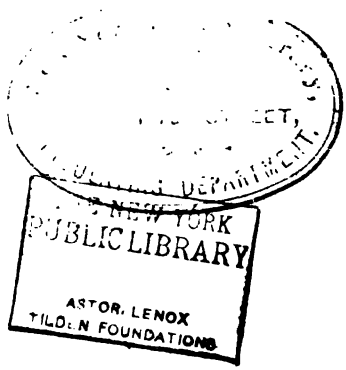
GRANT, ULYSSES SIMPSON, eighteenth President of the United States, born at Point Pleasant, O., April 27, 1822; died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N. Y., July 23, 1885. He graduated at West Point in 1843, was appointed a second lieutenant, and served during the Mexican War under Generals Taylor and Scott. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, and was made captain the next year. In 1854 he resigned his commission in the army, and was engaged in farming and other pursuits until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he offered his services to the Government. Of his military career it is unnecessary to speak here. It closed with the surrender of the Confederate army under General Lee, April 9, 1865, which virtually put an end to the war. In 1868 he was elected President of the United States, and was re-elected in 1872. In March, 1877, soon after the expiration of his second Presidential term, he set out upon an extensive tour around the world which lasted until the spring of 1880. He subsequently entered upon a kind of banking business in New York, which resulted disastrously, in consequence of the rascality of a partner who had the sole management of the business. The property of General Grant was entirely swept away by this failure, which was the immediate occasion of the writing of his only

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ULYSSES S. GRANT.

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book, the *Personal Memoirs*, which came down only to the conclusion of the Civil War. While engaged in writing this work an ulceration of the throat developed into a malignant cancer, which caused his death, after long and terrible suffering. The *Personal Memoirs* is unquestionably the most successful book, in a pecuniary sense, ever published; and proved a valuable legacy to his heirs, who within two years after its publication received not less than $500,000 by way of copyright.

ORIGIN OF THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

Although frequently urged by friends to write my memoirs, I had determined never to do so, nor to write anything for publication. At the age of nearly sixty-two I received an injury from a fall, which confined me closely to the house, while it did not apparently affect my general health. This made study a pleasant pastime. Shortly after, the rascality of a business partner developed itself by the announcement of a failure. This was followed soon after by universal depression of all securities, which seemed to threaten the extinction of a good part of the income still retained, and for which I am indebted to the kindly act of friends. At this juncture the editor of the *Century Magazine* asked me to write a few articles for him. I consented for the money it gave me; for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money. The work I found congenial, and I determined to continue it. . . .

The first volume, as well as a portion of the second, was written before I had reason to suppose I was in a critical condition of health. Later I was reduced almost to the point of death, and it became impossible for me to attend to anything for weeks. I have, however, somewhat regained my strength, and am able to devote as many hours a day as a person should devote to such work. I would have more hope of satisfying the expectation of the public if I could have allowed

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myself more time. I have used my best efforts, with the aid of my eldest son, F. D. Grant, assisted by his brothers, to verify from the records every statement of fact given. The comments are my own, and show how I saw the matters treated of, whether others saw them in the same light or not.—*Personal Memoirs, Introduction, July, 1885.*

IN CIVIL LIFE.

My family, all this while, was at the East. It consisted now [1854] of a wife and two children. I saw no chance of supporting them on the Pacific coast out of my pay as an army officer. I concluded, therefore, to resign, and in March applied for a leave of absence until the end of July following, tendering my resignation to take effect at the end of that time. I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the full expectation of making it my future home.

In the late summer of 1854 I joined my family to find in it a son whom I had never seen, born while I was on the Isthmus of Panama. I was now to commence, at the age of thirty-two, a new struggle for our support. My wife had a farm near St. Louis, to which we went, but I had no means to stock it. A house had to be built also. I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way. If nothing else could be done, I would load a cord of wood on a wagon, and take it to the city for sale. I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely, and for a long time, from this disease, while a boy in Ohio. It lasted now over a year, and while it did not keep me in the house, it did greatly interfere with the amount of work I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops, and farming utensils at auction, and gave up farming.

In the winter I established a partnership with a cousin of Mrs. Grant, in the real estate agency business. I spent that winter at St. Louis myself, but did not take my family into town until spring. Our business might have become prosperous if I had been able to wait for

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it to grow. As it was, there was no more than one person could attend to, and not enough to support two families. While a citizen of St. Louis, and engaged in the real estate agency business, I was a candidate for the office of county engineer—an office of respectability and emolument which would have been very acceptable to me at the time. The incumbent was appointed by the County Court, which consisted of five members. My opponent had the advantage of birth over me (he was a citizen by adoption) and carried off the prize. I now withdrew from the copartnership, and in May, 1860, removed to Galena, Illinois, and took a clerkship in my father's store.—*Personal Memoirs, Chap. XVI.*

THE CRISIS AT FORT DONELSON.

I saw everything favorable for us along the line of our left and centre. When I came to the right appearances were different. The enemy had come out in full force to cut his way out and make his escape. McClernand's division had to bear the brunt of the attack from this combined force. His men had stood gallantly until the ammunition in their cartridge-boxes gave out. When they found themselves without ammunition they could not stand up against troops who seemed to have plenty of it. The division broke, and a portion of it fled; but most of the men, as they were not pursued, only fell back out of range of the fire of the enemy. It must have been about this time that Thayer pushed his brigade in between the enemy and those of our troops that were without ammunition. At all events, the enemy fell back within his intrenchments, and was there when I got on the field.

I saw the men standing in knots, talking in the most excited manner. No officer seemed to be giving any directions. The soldiers had their muskets, but no ammunition, while there were tons of it close at hand. I heard some of the men say that the enemy had come out with knapsacks and haversacks filled with rations. They seemed to think this indicated a determination on his part to stay out and fight just as long as the provisions held out. I turned to Colonel J. D. Webster, of

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my staff, who was with me, and said: "Some of our men are pretty badly demoralized; but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back: the one who attacks first now will be victorious, and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me." I determined to make the assault at once on our left. It was clear to my mind that the enemy had started out with his entire force except a few pickets, and if our attack could be made on the left before the enemy could re-distribute his force along the line, we would find but little opposition except from the intervening abatis.

I directed Colonel Webster to ride with me and call out to the men as we passed: "Fill your cartridge-boxes quick, and get into line; the enemy is trying to escape, and he must not be permitted to do so." This acted like a charm. The men only wanted some one to give them a command. We rode rapidly to Smith's quarters, when I explained the situation to him, and directed him to charge the enemy's works in his front with his whole division, saying at the same time that he would find nothing but a very thin line to contend with. The general was off in an incredibly short time, going in advance himself to keep his men from firing while they were working their way through the abatis intervening between them and the enemy. The outer line of rifle-pits was passed, and the night of the 15th General Smith, with much of his division, bivouacked within the lines of the enemy. There was now no doubt but that the Confederates must surrender or be captured the next day.—*Personal Memoirs, Chap. XXII.*

CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

During the night of the 6th rain fell in torrents, and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my head-quarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep without this additional cause.

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Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house under the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or arm amputated, as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

The advance on the morning of the 7th developed the enemy in the camps occupied by our troops before the battle began, more than a mile back from the most advanced portion of the Confederates on the day before. It is known now that they had not yet learned of the arrival of Buell's command. Possibly they fell back so far to get the shelter of our tents during the rain, and also to get away from the shells that were dropped upon them by the gun-boats every fifteen minutes during the night. . . .

In a very short time the battle became general all along the line. This day everything was favorable to the Union side. We had now become the attacking party. The enemy was driven back all day, as we had been the day before, until finally he beat a precipitate retreat. The last point held by him was near the road leading from the Landing to Corinth, on the left of Sherman and right of McClernand. About three o'clock, being near that point, and seeing that the enemy was giving way everywhere else, I gathered up a couple of regiments, or parts of regiments, from troops near by, formed them in line of battle, and marched them forward—going in front myself to prevent premature or long-range firing. At this point there was a clearing between us and the enemy favorable for charging, although exposed. I knew the enemy were ready to break, and only wanted a little encouragement from us to go quickly, and join their friends who had started earlier. After marching to within musket-range I stopped and let the troops pass. The command *Charge!* was given, and was executed with loud cheers and with a run; when the last of the enemy broke.—*Personal Memoirs, Chap. XXIV.*

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THE INVESTMENT OF VICKSBURG.

I now determined upon a regular siege—to "out-camp" the enemy, as it were, and to incur no more losses. The experience of April 22 convinced officers and men that this was the best, and they went to work on the defences and approaches with a will. With the navy holding the river, the investment of Vicksburg was complete. As long as we could hold our position the enemy was limited in supplies of food, men, and munitions of war, to what they had on hand. These could not last always. . . .

The enemy's line of defence followed the crest of the ridge from the river north of the city eastward, then southerly around to the Jackson road, full three miles back of the city; thence in a southwesterly direction to the river. Deep ravines lay in front of these defences. As there is a succession of gullies, cut out by rains along the side of the ridge, the line was necessarily very irregular. To follow each of these spurs with intrenchments, so as to command the slopes on either side, would have lengthened their line very much. Generally, therefore, or in many places, their line would run from near the head of one gully nearly straight to the head of another, and an outer work, triangular in shape, generally open in the rear, was thrown up on the point; with a few men in this outer work they commanded the approaches to the main line completely. The work to be done to make our position as strong against the enemy as his was against us, was very great. The problem was also complicated by our wanting our line as near that of the enemy as possible. We had but four engineer officers with us. To provide assistants on such a long line, I directed that all officers who had graduated at West Point, where they had necessarily to study military engineering, should in addition to their other duties assist in the work. . . .

We had no siege-guns except six 32-pounders, and there were none at the West to draw from. Admiral Porter, however, supplied us with a battery of navy-guns of large calibre, and with these, and the field-

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artillery used in the campaign, the siege began. The first thing to do was to get the artillery in batteries where they could occupy commanding positions; then establish the camps, under cover from the fire of the enemy, but as near as possible, and then construct rifle-pits and covered ways to connect the entire command by the shortest route. The enemy did not harass us much while we were constructing our batteries. Probably their artillery-ammunition was short; and their infantry was kept down by our sharpshooters, who were always on the alert and ready to fire at a head wherever it showed itself above the rebel works.

In no place were our lines more than six hundred yards from the enemy. It was necessary, therefore, to cover our men by something more than the ordinary parapet. To give additional protection, sand-bags, bullet-proof, were placed along the tops of the parapets far enough apart to make loop-holes for musketry; on top of these logs were put. By these means the men were enabled to walk about erect, when off duty, without fear of annoyance from sharpshooters. The enemy used in their defence explosive musket-balls, no doubt thinking that, bursting over our men in the trenches, they would do some execution; but I do not remember a single case where a man was injured by a piece of one of these shells. When they were hit, and the ball exploded, the wound was terrible. In these cases a solid ball would have hit as well. Their use is barbarous, because they produce increased suffering without any corresponding advantage to those using them.

The enemy could not resort to our method to protect their men, because we had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition to draw upon, and used it freely. Splinters from the timber would have made havoc among the men behind. There were no mortars with the besiegers except what the navy had in front of the city; but wooden ones were made by taking logs of the toughest wood that could be found, boring them out for 6-pound or 12-pound shells, and binding them with strong iron bands. These answered as Coehorns, and shells were successfully thrown from them into the trenches of the enemy.

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The labor of building the batteries and intrenchments was largely done by the pioneers, assisted by negroes who came within our lines, and who were paid for their work, but details from the troops had often to be made. The work was pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and when an advanced position was secured and covered from the fire of the enemy, the batteries were advanced. By the 30th of June there were 220 guns in position—mostly light field-pieces—besides a battery of heavy guns belonging to, manned, and commanded by the navy. We were now as strong for defence against the garrison of Vicksburg as they were against us. But I knew that Johnston was in our rear, and was receiving constant reinforcements from the East. He had at this time a larger force than I had at any time prior to the battle of Champion's Hill (May 16).—*Personal Memoirs, Chap. XXXVII.*

GRANT AND SHERIDAN.

Immediately on General Sheridan's arrival at City Point I prepared his instructions for the move which I had decided upon. The movement was to commence upon the 29th of March. After reading the instructions I had given him, Sheridan walked out of my tent, and I followed to have some conversation with him by himself—not in the presence of anybody else, even of a member of my staff. In preparing his instructions I contemplated just what took place; that is to say, capturing Five Forks, driving the enemy from Petersburg and Richmond, and terminating the contest before separating from the enemy. But the Nation had already become restless and discouraged at the prolongation of the war, and many believed that it would never terminate except by compromise. Knowing that unless my plan proved an entire success it would be interpreted as a disastrous defeat, I provided in these instructions that in a certain event he was to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac and his base of supplies, and, living upon the country, proceed south by way of the Danville Railroad, or near it, get in the rear of Johnston—who was guarding the road—and co-operate with Sherman in destroying Johnston; then with these combined forces to

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help to carry out the instructions which Sherman had already received, to act in co-operation with the armies around Petersburg and Richmond.

I saw that after Sheridan had read his instructions he seemed somewhat disappointed at the idea, possibly of having to cut loose again from the Army of the Potomac, and place himself between the two main armies of the enemy. I said to him: "General, this portion of your instructions I have put in merely as a blind;" and gave him the reason for doing so, heretofore described. I told him that, as a matter of fact, I intended to close the war, right here, with this movement; and that he should go no farther. His face at one brightened up, and slapping his hand on his leg he said: "I am glad to hear it, and we can do it."—*Personal Memoirs, Chap. LXIV.*

THE MEETING BETWEEN GRANT AND LEE.

When I left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword—as I usually was when on horseback on the field—and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview. . . . General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value—very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one which would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling suit—the uniform of a private, with the straps of a lieutenant-general—I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of

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course I remembered him perfectly; but from the difference between our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference between our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting.

After the conversation had run on in this way for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter. Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his arm ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the terms. . . .

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms.

No conversation—not one word—passed between General Lee and myself either about private property, side-arms, or kindred subjects. When he read over that part of the terms about side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army. . . . The much-talked-of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back—this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side-arms was not mentioned by

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either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms, precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses. . . . Lee and I separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own line; and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.—*Personal Memoirs, Chap. LXVIII.*

SOME RESULTS OF THE WAR.

The war has made us a nation of great power and intelligence. We have but little to do to preserve peace, happiness, and prosperity at home, and the respect of other nations. Our experience ought to teach us the necessity of the first; our power secures the latter.

I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be a great harmony between the Federal and the Confederate. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to "Let us have peace." The expressions of these kindly feelings were not restricted to a section of the country, nor to a division of the people.

I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given because I was the object of it. But the war between the States was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer than life before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was—no matter whether deservedly or not—a representative of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope the good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end.—*Personal Memoirs, Conclusion.*

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GRATTAN, HENRY, an Irish orator and statesman, born in Dublin, July 3, 1746; died in London, June 4, 1820. His father was for many years recorder of the City of Dublin, and from 1761 to 1766 its representative in the Irish Parliament; his mother was a daughter of Thomas Marlay, Chief-Justice for Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College and Dublin University. While at school those moral characteristics which distinguished his later life made themselves manifest. He renounced the Tory principles of his father, who was a Protestant, and who disinherited him for his perversity. The young man studied law and was admitted to the Middle Temple in London in 1767. In 1772 he was called to the Irish bar, but never obtained a large practice. He devoted much of his attention to politics and the study of oratory. While in London he spent most of his time in the gallery of the House of Commons or at the bar of the Lords. He was a great admirer of Lord Chatham, of whose eloquence he gives a graphic description in one of his letters. In 1775 he was chosen to represent the borough of Charlemont in the Irish Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his zeal and eloquence on behalf of the opposition or Whig party.

In 1778 he moved an address to the Crown to

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the effect that the condition of Ireland was no longer endurable, and although the motion was supported by only a small minority, the discussion bore fruit in the same year by the concession of free export of all produce except woollens and by the modification of the penal laws to the extent of allowing Catholics to hold leases for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The following year the Test Act was repealed. In 1780, for the purpose of further stimulating the growing national sentiment, he moved his famous resolutions that "The King, with the consent of the Parliament of Ireland, is alone competent to enact laws to bind Ireland," and that "Great Britain and Ireland are indissolubly united, but only under a common sovereign." Grattan was satisfied with the tone of the discussion, and did not press for a division on the question. In testimony of his public services to Ireland the Parliament granted him the sum of £50,000, and would have made the amount £100,000 had the beneficiary desired, but he consented to accept the smaller sum only that he might relinquish his legal practice and give his attention to national politics. In 1782 he procured the restoration of the independence of the Irish Parliament by repeal of the Poynings law, and supported a bill to permit Catholics to inherit and hold property on the same terms as other British subjects, and drew up a resolution for the relaxation of the penal laws against Catholics. The Irish convention having adopted these resolutions, Grattan moved for a declaration of independence. This was lost, but when, later, he got

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up to move a declaration of rights, he was so wrought up with enthusiasm over the question, and so confident of the success of the cause, that he anticipated the result in the opening words of his great speech beginning, "I am now about to address a free people." One month later the British Parliament unanimously passed a resolution pledging the repeal of the grievances complained of.

In 1785 he successfully opposed Mr. Ord's resolutions removing certain trade restrictions, because they contained a clause re-enacting England's navigation laws. In 1793 parliamentary suffrage was conceded to Catholics. The hope of further concessions was suddenly dispelled when on the verge of certainty by the recall of Lord Lieutenant Fitzwilliams, and the brooding discontent increased until it culminated in the rebellion of 1798. Previous to this Grattan had retired from Parliament. In 1800 he returned to Parliament for the purpose of opposing legislative union. The measure was passed notwithstanding, and Grattan, after wounding Mr. Cory, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a duel, retired to private life. In 1805 he entered the Imperial Parliament. He voted with the Government on the Irish insurrection bill of 1807, showing his regard for the general welfare of the Empire, notwithstanding the great political disappointment of his life.

When, in 1813, Parliament having rejected the Catholic relief bill, the Catholic Board refused to further intrust him with their cause, he continued their championship of his own accord, and after

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1815 never spoke on any other subject in Parliament. In 1819 his motion was defeated by the small majority of two, and the following year, notwithstanding his ill health, he undertook a journey to London to bring the matter again before Parliament, and died a few days after his arrival. He received a public burial in Westminster Abbey, where his remains lie beside those of Pitt and Fox.

Grattan's speeches show great labor and careful preparation, with many traces of art—art transfused and breathing with enthusiasm; and, though wanting in ease and simplicity, they are devoid of affectation or artificiality. His style is characterized by an excessive use of epigram, which supplies the place of wit and often of direct argument. His published works include *Speeches, etc.* (1811); *Speeches in the Irish and in the Imperial Parliament* and *Miscellaneous Works* (1822).

"Grattan," says Croly, in his comparison of great contemporary orators, "Grattan cannot be judged of in England. It was in his own country, when he gathered her rights and hopes like the wanderers of the air, and gave them shelter under his branches that this monarch of the wilderness rose and spread in his full magnificence. On the questions which issued in giving a Constitution to Ireland, Grattan exhibited powers as lofty as his cause. His feeling, his reason, his imagination, were condensed into one resistless splendor; he smote with intense light; the adversary might as well have stood before a thunderbolt, *Serus in cœlum.*"

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APPEAL IN THE HOUSE.

Do not tolerate a power—the power of the British Parliament over this land—which has no foundation in utility, or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God. Do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind. Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your looms, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people. Do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollens or an import of sugar, and permit the power that has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity. Do not suffer the arrogance of England to have a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland. Do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the High Court of Parliament; neither imagine that by any formation of apology you can palliate such conduct to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your graves, for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create and can never restore.—*From Speech of April 19, 1780.*

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see that the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the Declaration is planted. And though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet but survive him. I shall move you, that the King's most excellent majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only powers competent to make laws to bind Ireland.—*From Speech Before the House, 1780.*

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DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

May the kingly power that forms one estate in our Constitution continue forever; but let it be as it professes to be, and as by the principles and laws of these countries it should be, one estate only, and not a power constituting one estate, creating another, and influencing a third.

May the parliamentary Constitution prosper; but let it be an operative, independent, and integral part of the Constitution—advising, confining, and sometimes directing the kingly power.

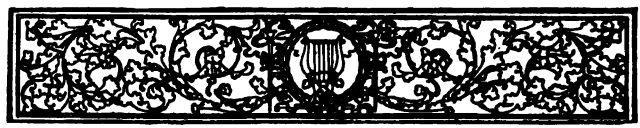
May the House of Commons flourish; but let the people be the sole author of its existence, as they should be the great object of its care.

May the connection with Great Britain continue, but let the result of that connection be the perfect freedom, in the fullest and fairest sense, of all descriptions of men, without distinction of religion.

To this purpose we spoke; speaking this to no purpose, withdrew. It now remains to add this supplication: However it may please the Almighty to dispose of princes or of Parliaments, may the liberties of the people be immortal.—*From Address to the People, 1797.*



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GRAY, DAVID, a Scottish poet, born at Kirkintilloch, January 29, 1838; died there, December 31, 1861. He was the son of a hand-loom weaver, but, being intended for the Church, he studied at the University of Glasgow, where he supported himself by teaching. Numerous verses which he wrote for the *Glasgow Chronicle* gave promise of unusual power, and at the age of twenty-two he went to London to pursue a literary career. He found friends who gave him aid—pecuniary and other. But he was already stricken by consumption, and died before the publication of the volume *The Luggie and Other Poems*, a part of which was already in print when he passed away. Four years after his death a monument to him was erected at Kirkintilloch, bearing the following inscription by Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward known as Lord Houghton: "This monument of affection, admiration, and regret, is erected to David Gray, the poet of Merkland, by friends far and near, desirous that the grave should be remembered amid the scenes of his rare genius, and early death, and by the Luggie, now numbered with the streams illustrious in Scottish song." Among the poems of David Gray are a series of beautiful sonnets entitled "Under the Shadow."

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A WINTER SCENE ON THE LUGGIE.

How beautiful! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains darkened by huge glens
(Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir branch
Is plumed and tasselled, till each heather stalk
Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
Through all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone
Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
House diligent; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine never more confessed;
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the Beautiful.
Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight.

—*The Luggie.*

SPRING.

Now, while the long-delaying ash assumes
  The delicate April green, and, loud and clear,
Through the cool yellow twilight glooms,
  The thrush's song enchants the captive's ear;
Now while a shower is pleasant in the falling,
  Stirring the still perfume that wakes around;
Now that doves mourn, and from the distance calling,
  The cuckoo answers with a sovereign sound—
Come with thy native heart, O true and tried!
  But leave all books: for what with converse high,
Flavored with Attic wit, the time shall glide
  On smoothly, as a river floweth by,
Or as on stately pinion, through the gray
  Evening, the culver cuts his liquid way.

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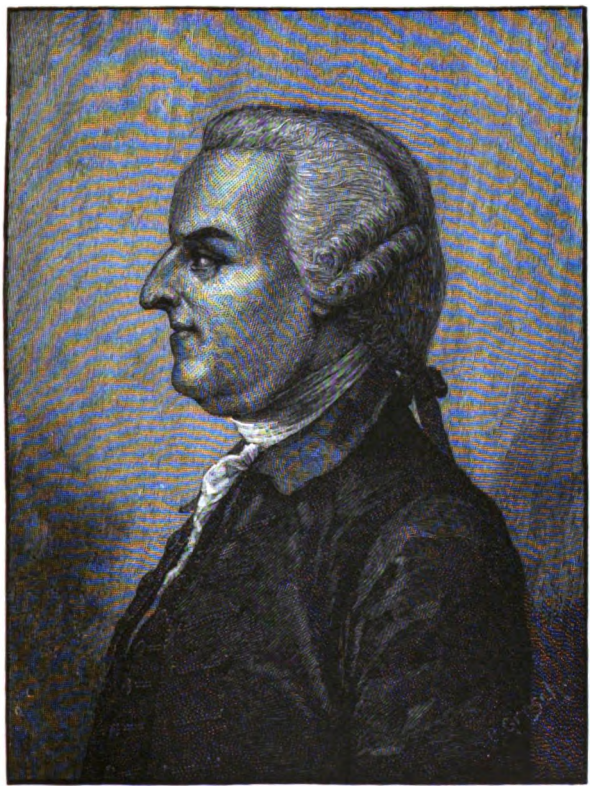
WINTRY WEATHER.

O Winter! wilt thou never, never go?
  O Summer! but I weary for thy coming,
Longing once more to see the Luggie flow,
  And frugal bees laboriously humming.
Now the east wind diseases the infirm,
  And I must crouch in corners from rough weather;
Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm
  When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,
And the large sun dips red behind the hills.
  I from my window can behold this pleasure;
And the eternal moon, what time she fills
  Her orb with argent, treading a soft measure,
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,
  Through the white spaces of infinitude.

FAIR THINGS AT THEIR DEATH THE FAIREST.

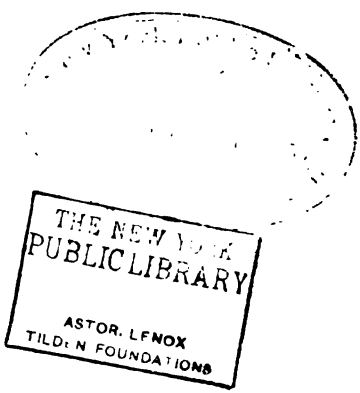
Why are all fair things at their death the fairest
  Beauty the beautifullest in decay?
  Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever new apparelling the rarest?
  Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove,
In the green forest gloom, an absent love?
  Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird complain,
  And integrate her uncontrollable woe
To such perfection that to hear is pain?
  Thus Sorrow and Death—alone realities—
Sweeten their ministrations and bestow
  On troublous life a relish of the skies!

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THOMAS GRAY.

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GRAY, THOMAS, an English poet, born in London, December 26, 1716; died July 30, 1771. He was the son of a scrivener, a harsh, ungenial man, who was separated from his wife, and refused to aid in the maintenance of his family. Gray was educated at Eton, where his maternal uncle was master. From Eton he went to Cambridge. He formed a close intimacy with Horace Walpole, son of the Prime-Minister, who induced him to accompany him on a tour in France and Italy (1739-41). Some dispute occurred between them, and Gray returned to Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, though he never entered upon practice, but continued to reside at the University until 1759, and afterward for two or three years in London. In 1758 he received the appointment of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Soon after, his health began to decline, although a year before his death he was able to make a tour in Westmoreland, Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland, of which he wrote pleasant accounts in the form of letters. He died of an attack of gout in the stomach, and was buried in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogis, the scene of his *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*

Gray was one of the most accomplished men of his time. His knowledge of the classics was wide and accurate. He was versed in every depart-

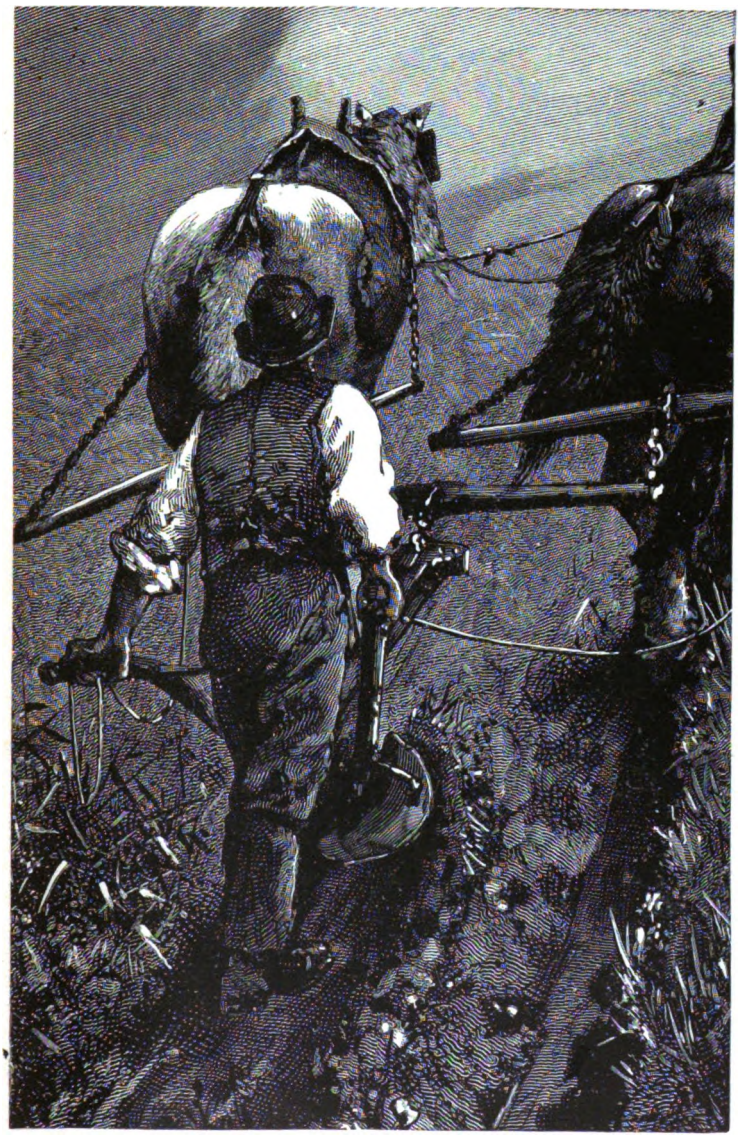
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ment of history; was a good botanist, zoölogist, and entomologist; he was an expert antiquarian and heraldist. He had excellent taste in music, painting, and architecture. His letters descriptive of his travels on the Continent and in Great Britain are graceful and animated. Sir James Mackintosh says that "he was the first discoverer of the beauties of Nature in England, and has marked out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it." But he was of a nature so delicate and fastidious that his casual acquaintances looked upon him as finical and effeminate. The Cambridge students called him "Sister Gray." His letters were never designed for publication, and his fame rests upon a few poems, none of them of any considerable length. The *Ode to Adversity*, *The Bard*, and *Progress of Poesy*, contain many noble passages. The *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, written at the age of twenty-six, is, upon the whole, superior to either of these. The *Elegy*, however, is Gray's masterpiece. It was finished in 1749, although commenced seven years earlier; so that only in a restricted sense can it be said to have been "written in a Country Churchyard." In the earlier manuscripts of the *Elegy* were several stanzas which he omitted in the printing. These, marked by brackets, are here restored.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

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"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.

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Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

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Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

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[The thoughtless World to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the Brave, and idolize Success ;
But more to Innocence their safety owe,
Than Power and Genius e'er conspired to bless.]

[Hark how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still, small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still—(erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked)—
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

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Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

["There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly press the ground."]

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

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ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's holy shade!
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  Her silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
  Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
  The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which inthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,

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And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind ;
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigor born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day ;
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
And show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band ;
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

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The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
  That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
  Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
  A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
  Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
  The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
  And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
  'Tis folly to be wise.

SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, DRYDEN.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
  In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
  What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
  "This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."

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Nor second he, that rode sublime
  Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
  The secrets of the abyss to spy,
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

—*Progress of Poesy.*

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
  Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
  The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
  Virtue—his darling child—designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
  And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
  Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
  And leave no leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

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Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
  Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
  With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
  Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
  Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
  Not circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
  With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddess, wear,
  Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
  To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
  Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

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GREELEY, HORACE, an American journalist and historian, born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811; died at Pleasantville, Westchester County, N. Y., November 29, 1872. He was the son of a farmer, and received a common-school education. When fourteen years of age he was apprenticed as a printer in the office of the *Northern Spectator*, published at Poultney, Vt. In 1831, after the suspension of the paper, he made his way to New York, worked for ten years as a journeyman printer, and then in company with Francis V. Story undertook the publication of *The Morning Post*, a penny paper. Its failure at the end of three weeks did not discourage him. He had become a contributor to the papers on which he was a compositor, the *Spirit of the Times*, and *The Constitutionalist*, a lottery organ. In 1834 he assisted in establishing the *New Yorker*, a weekly literary paper, highly popular, but unsuccessful financially. He also wrote for the *Jeffersonian* and *The Log-Cabin*, political campaign papers. In 1841 he established *The Tribune*, in which the *New Yorker* and *The Log-Cabin* were soon merged. To this paper he gave the best efforts of his life. In 1848 he was elected to Congress to fill a vacancy. He introduced the first bill giving homesteads to actual settlers on the public lands. He received three other nomina-

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HORACE GREELEY.

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tions for Congress, but was not elected. In 1871 he was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The excitement of the political campaign, and the long illness terminated by the death of his wife, told heavily upon his strength, and induced an inflammation of the brain, of which he died in November, 1872. Besides a great number of editorials and other articles in newspapers, he published *Hints Toward Reforms* (1850); *Glances at Europe* (1851); *History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension* (1856); *Overland Journey to San Francisco* (1860); *The American Conflict* (1864–66); *Recollections of a Busy Life* (1868); *Essays on Political Economy* (1870) and *What I Know about Farming* (1871).

A DEBTOR'S SLAVERY.

The *New Yorker* was issued under my supervision, its editorials written, its selections made for the most part by me, for seven years and a half from March 22, 1834. Though not calculated to enlist partisanship, or excite enthusiasm, it was at length extensively liked and read. It began with scarcely a dozen subscribers; these steadily increased to 9,000; and it might under better business management (perhaps I should add, at a more favorable time), have proved profitable and permanent. That it did not was mainly owing to these circumstances: 1. It was not extensively advertised at the start, and at least annually thereafter, as it should have been.—2. It was never really published, though it had half-a-dozen nominal publishers in succession.—3. It was sent to subscribers on credit, and a large share of them never paid for it, and never will, while the cost of collecting from others ate up the proceeds.—4. The machinery of railroads, expresses, news companies, news offices, etc., whereby literary periodicals are now mainly

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disseminated, did not then exist. I believe that just such a paper issued to-day, properly published and advertised, would obtain a circulation of 100,000 in less time than was required to give the *New Yorker* scarcely a tithe of that aggregate, and would make money for its owners, instead of nearly starving them, as mine did. I was worth at least $1,500 when it was started; I worked hard and lived frugally throughout its existence; it subsisted for the first two years on the profits of our job work; when I, deeming it established, dissolved with my partner, he taking the jobbing business and I the *New Yorker*, which held its own pretty fairly thenceforth till the commercial revulsion of 1837 swept over the land, whelming it and me in the general ruin.

I had married in 1836, deeming myself worth $5,000, and the master of a business which would thenceforth yield me for my labor at least $1,000 per annum; but, instead of that, or of any income at all, I found myself obliged throughout 1837 to confront a net loss of about $100 per week—my income averaging $100, and my inevitable expenses $200. It was in vain that I appealed to delinquents to pay up; many of them migrated; some died; others were so considerate as to order the paper stopped, but very few of these paid; and I struggled on against a steadily rising tide of adversity that might have appalled a stouter heart. Often did I call on this or that friend with intent to solicit a small loan to meet some demand that could no longer be postponed nor evaded, and, after wasting a precious hour, leave him, utterly unable to broach the loathsome topic. I have borrowed $500 of a broker late on Saturday, and paid him $5 for the use of it till Monday morning, when I somehow contrived to return it. Most gladly would I have terminated the struggle by a surrender; but, if I had failed to pay my notes continually falling due, I must have paid money for my weekly supply of paper—so that would have availed nothing. To have stopped my journal (for I could not give it away) would have left me in debt, besides my notes for paper, from fifty cents to two dollars each, to at least three thousand subscribers who had paid in advance; and that is the worst kind of bankruptcy. If any one would have taken my

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business and debts off my hands, upon my giving him my note for $2,000, I would have jumped at the chance, and tried to work out the debt by setting type, if nothing better offered. If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than $5,000 to $7,000, I have only to say that even $1,000 of debt is ruin to him who keenly feels his obligation to fulfil every engagement yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged, and penniless is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horrors of bankruptcy. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shinning," and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt.

Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—"Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!" Of course I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations; but I speak of *real* debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, from all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore.—*Recollections of a Busy Life.*

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THE PRESS.

Long slumbered the world in the darkness of error,
And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall;
To the sceptre and crown men abased them in terror,
Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall;
When a voice, like the earthquake's, revealed the dishonor—
A flash, like the lightning's, unsealed every eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
While round it men gathered to conquer or die!

'Twas the voice of the Press, on the startled ear breaking,
In giant-born prowess, like Pallas of old;
'Twas the flash of intelligence, gloriously waking
A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold;
And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
Sought a lasting retreat from its powerful control,
And the chains which bound nations in ages benighted,
Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the mole.

Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of Freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of truth;
We pledge to her cause, (and she has but to need them),
The strength of our manhood, the fire of our youth;
Should despots e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,
We pledge that the earth shall close o'er our deploring,
Or view her in gladness and freedom again.

But no!—to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds;
And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
Her champion who triumphs—her martyr who bleeds;
And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
While millions shall listen to honor and bless,
Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong emotion,
And the earth echoes deep with "Long Life to the Press!"

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